The Outlook

Vol. 75 December 5, 1903 No. 14

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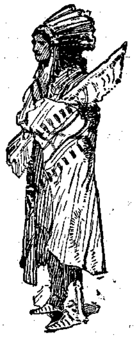
If you are in the habit of sending blankets to a professional cleaner you do not realize how satisfactorily they can be washed at home with Ivory Soap. The Ivory is made of the purest vegetable oils, which, while cleansing thoroughly, preserve the softness and elasticity of the wool fibre. To prove how good it is for blankets have any fine woolen piece carefully washed in Ivory Soap suds. It will be found as soft and light as before and beautifully clean.



TO WASH BLANKETS AND RETAIN THEIR SOFTNESS.—Dissolve shavings of Ivory Soap in boiling water; add cold water until nearly lukewarm. Immerse a blanket and knead with the hands; rinse in clean warm water in which also some Ivory Soap has been dissolved. Dry in a place that is neither very warm nor very cold.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Marking Time in Congress In the Senate a unanimous agreement was reached last week that the Cuban Reciprocity Bill should be voted upon December 16. This definitely assures the passage of the bill. Even the beet-sugar representatives have stopped fighting it since the adoption of the amendments pledging that sugar duties shall not be further lowered during the next five years. These amendments probably guarantee that the price of sugar in this country will not be reduced by the lowering of the duty on raw sugar from Cuba, but that the whole advantage from the reduced duty shall go to the Cuban planters. For this reason the producers of beet sugar in this country are no longer much concerned by the concession to Cuba. The whole cost of this concession seems now to fall upon the public treasury, which will collect one-fifth less tax upon Cuban sugar than heretofore. Upon the reaching of this agreement in the Senate the leaders in that body demanded an adjournment of the special session. The animus of this demand seemed in some quarters to be a desire to tell the country that the special session of Congress was unnecessary, and Speaker Cannon took the natural position that courtesy to the President required that the special session perform the work for which it had been summoned. The Republican leaders of the Senate, however, insisted that, with the Senate rules of unlimited debate, they were powerless to secure a vote before the date accepted by the Democratic minority, and that, as few Senators cared to make speeches on the Reciprocity Bill, it was a waste of time for Congress to remain in session. The House Republican leaders did not accept this view, and the House refused to adjourn for a longer period than three days. This action of the House made it a violation of the Constitution for the Senate to adjourn for a longer period. Both Houses, therefore, have kept up perfunctory sessions. In the Senate the most interesting debate was on the resolution introduced by Senator Newlands, of Nevada, inviting Cuba to join the Union. All the Republican Senators who discussed it, including Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, strongly condemned the suggestion of Cuban annexation, however peaceful the method proposed, and no other Democratic Senator came to Mr. Newlands's support. In the House the most interesting debate has been upon the refusal of the Republican leaders to utilize the time by taking up other matters, such as tariff revision or reciprocity with Canada. Mr. Payne, of New York, the Republican leader on the floor, declared in explanation that the party was too wise to revise the tariff just before a Presidential campaign.

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The Promotion of General Wood The investigation now being held by the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate has found that there are both opposition and objection to the promotion of Brigadier-General Leonard Wood to the rank of Major-General. The opposition comes largely from the feeling in military ranks that General Wood has been promoted with undue rapidity, to the holding back of officers who have seen more active service. The objection comes from those who maintain that General Wood, while Governor-General of Cuba, committed certain personal and official acts which were improper and make him an unfit subject for promotion. As to the first point, it may be said that whether General Wood's military career justifies his promotion is a question which certainly the public, and we think also the Senate, may well leave to be determined largely by his military superiors. It is right, however, to say that the hostility to him in certain journals has belittled his military services, and done something to create a false impression respecting them. In 1886 he was commended by Captain Lawton as the one officer who had accompanied Lawton throughout the whole campaign against Geronimo's hostile Indians, and the highest praise was accorded to "his courage, energy, and support during the whole time, his encouraging example to the command when work was the hardest and prospects darkest." In 1894 this indorsement was repeated, with the statement that he voluntarily assumed military duties as a combatant or line officer in the most difficult and dangerous work, and "by his determination and courage rendered a successful issue of the campaign possible." For his service in this campaign he was recommended to be brevetted by General Miles, and subsequently a Congressional medal of honor was presented to him for his distinguished gallantry. In a letter addressed to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, formerly Captain, then Governor, Lawton, urging the appointment of Captain Wood to military command in the Spanish war, said of him, "I served through the war of the rebellion, and in many battles, but in no instance do I remember such devotion to duty or such an example of courage and perseverance. It was mainly due to Captain Wood's loyalty and resolution that the expedition [against the Apache Indians] was successful." His military work in Cuba received scarcely less enthusiastic approval from Major-General Joseph Wheeler and Brigadier-General S. B. M. Young. Later General Shafter recommended General Wood as "by far the best man to leave in command of this post, and perhaps of the whole district." Finally, his administration in Cuba received the highest praise from Elihu Root, Secretary of War, whose acquaintance with its results, our readers will remember, was derived from a personal visit to the island. From his indorsement we quote a few sentences: "Out of an utterly prostrate colony a free Republic was built up—the work being done with such signal ability, integrity, and success that the new nation started under more favorable conditions than has ever before been the case in any single instance among her fellow Spanish-American Republics. This record stands alone in history, and the benefit conferred thereby on the people of Cuba was no greater than the honor conferred upon the people of the United States." In our judgment, appointments to the higher offices, whether in military or civil service, cannot be made by seniority alone, exclusively or even chiefly. They must be based on evidence afforded by past service of the peculiar ability to render the sort of service demanded of the higher class of officials. Of that ability the President and Secretary of War are far better judges than the newspaper press, and even the Senate can do little more than satisfy itself that the recommendations of the President and Secretary of War are really based upon service rendered, not upon political or personal favoritism.

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General Wood's Conduct The personal objections to General Wood are, in large part if not wholly, brought forward by Major Rathbone, and include several distinct matters. Some of these relate to the orders given by General Wood with relation to the prosecution of Major Rathbone and others accused of postal frauds in Cuba. It is not denied that such frauds did exist, and that in one or more cases the convictions were just, and, this being the case, those who believe that administrative honesty is a thing to be attained by all lawful means will regard with some suspicion the source of these charges. But it is also asserted that General Wood granted, or helped to grant, a ten years' concession to the managers of an athletic game called Jai Alai, which, it is alleged, is carried on chiefly for gambling purposes, and that he received as a testimonial, and largely from the promoters of this affair, a silver service valued at five thousand dollars. It is also charged that General Wood planned, with Major Runcie and a magazine writer who was visiting Cuba, the preparation of an article which was afterwards published in the "North American Review"—an article which threw discredit on the administration of General Brooke, General Wood's predecessor. The article was written before General Wood became Governor-General, but was not published until after that event. Major Runcie testified at Washington last week, as reported in press despatches, that he was the confidential adviser of General Wood at Santiago, that they lived in the same house, that the magazine article in question was discussed between the magazine writer, General Wood, and Major Runcie, and that its object was to make an attack upon General Brooke's administration which should result in his removal and the appointment of General Wood. Major Runcie testified positively that the article was written at General Wood's request. It has been further charged in connection with this last matter that General Wood falsely denied any responsibility for the publication of the article. If these charges are in effect true, General Wood should not only not be promoted, but should be court-martialed and cashiered; if they are not true, Major Runcie should be held up to public obloquy and disgrace. Some minor offenses are alleged, but the more important ones are as above outlined. With regard to these charges against General Wood's conduct, it may be said that the Senate Committee is acting to a certain degree as a court; is, as we understand it, taking evidence with the precautions and limitations of a court and in an authoritative way; and that General Wood's statement and defense have not yet been made public. It must be admitted that the charges are sufficiently serious to require thorough investigation, and there is every reason to believe that they will receive this. Until that investigation has been completed, and until the full facts are before the public, it would be unfair and wrong to form any conclusion whatever.

General Wood's Campaign in Sulu

Just at the time when General Wood's military services are being discussed come the reports of his campaign in the island of Sulu, or Jolo, as many prefer to call it. Full reports are still to be received, but the origin of the present campaign (heretofore we have had no serious trouble with the Moros in this island) appears to have been the killing of one or more American soldiers (for what cause does not appear) by individual Moros belonging to the Sultan's forces. A demand was made for their surrender, and refused; thereupon General Wood sent an expedition into the interior, met the Sultan's forces in the Taglibi hills, and killed a number variously estimated at from seventy-five to three hundred, while the American loss was at the most one killed and two wounded. It is evident that these Moros are not acquainted with modern methods of warfare, and it is hoped that this engagement will be sufficient to prevent them from undertaking further futile resistance to American arms. General Davis lately gave the following interesting account of the condition of things among the Moros. It applies, as we understand it, to Mindanao, where there has been some resistance to our army, which appears now to be entirely repressed, and to the Sulu Islands, where General Wood is now operating:

> The Moros are accustomed to suffer all of the caprices of their despotic authority. The laws of centuries permit men to be recruited for any purpose whatsoever. The debtor who cannot pay becomes, with his family, the slave of the creditor. The debtor thus loses all his rights, and his children can be sold throughout the archipelago. He can, however, buy the liberty of his family at the risk of his own life; *i.e.*, for the largest number of Christians whom he can slay. If the debtor accepts that proposition, he becomes that moment a juramentado, knowing perfectly well that if he manages to get in the midst of a Spanish settlement all hope for escape is gone. Death is therefore certain for all juramentados. When they arrive at a sufficient state of exaltation, but never before, they are sent into a Christian community.

The Bates Treaty with the Sultan of Sulu is considered quite unsatisfactory, and one result of the present operations will probably be its abrogation, a firmer treatment of the slave question, and a refusal longer to recognize the Sultan as the ruler of the islands.

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Mr. Cleveland's Explicit Statement So many public men have declined to be considered as candidates for high office, in much the fashion in which the small boy at the party declined to take a second piece of cake unless urged, that it is refreshing to read Mr. Cleveland's letter to Mr. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle," declining "in any circumstances or upon any consideration" ever again to become the nominee of his party for the Presidency. "My determination not to do so," he adds, "is unalterable and conclusive." The explicitness of this declination recalls General Sherman's famous reply when it was proposed to stampede one of the Republican National Conventions by presenting his name for the Presidency. "I will not," said the old soldier, "accept if nominated, or serve if elected." This downright form of speech confirms the hold of the men who use it upon the admiration of their supporters, and is respectfully suggested for the consideration of Senator Hanna. Mr. Cleveland's characteristic statement, following Mr. Bryan's unqualified declaration that he cannot be suggested for the Democratic nomination next year, makes somewhat easier the still difficult task of restoring Democratic unity.

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San Domingo: The Victory of the Insurgents The insurgent forces under General Jiménez appear to have been completely triumphant in the desultory warfare which has been going on for several weeks in the much-disturbed island. President Woz y Gil last week surrendered the capital to his opponents, and took refuge on a German war-ship. So far as can be learned at this distance, the fighting was not very severe, but already seven months had elapsed since Woz y Gil's revolution against President Vasquez, and the uneasy and ebullient spirit of the partisan factions seemed to require an outlet. Our United States Minister at San Domingo, Mr. Powell, is reported to have read the people of San Domingo an instructive lecture on the subject of revolutions. He pointed out that periodical revolutions interrupted commercial relations with other peoples, increased the debt, endangered international peace, and he is reported to have added that the present revolution, if continued, would imperil the sovereignty of San Domingo. The Government at Washington naturally and promptly gave out the semi-official statement that Mr. Powell's remarks were entirely unofficial, and made without direction; but to this official disclaimer was added an intimation that our State Department did not wish to be understood to disagree with the truth of Mr. Powell's assertions. Our Government has recognized the *de facto* administration at the city of San Domingo.

❀

Industrial War in Montana Every feature of the industrial war in Montana is extraordinary. Twenty thousand men, or nearly one-fifth of the working population of the State, have suddenly been thrown out of work by the shutting down of the copper-mines, and this shut-down is not due to a war between labor and capital, but to one between rival capitalists. It is as purely a kings' war as any we read of in mediæval history, and the pawns are as preeminently the sufferers. A young man of thirty-four is the principal figure in the conflict—F. Augustus Heinze, who graduated from the Columbia School of Mines a few years ago, and took a position at five dollars a day as assistant engineer in the Boston and Montana mine at Butte, soon made himself the master of his work, and gradually bought claims to a vein of copper running between this mine and the Anaconda. Both of these great properties now belong to the Amalgamated Copper Company, which instituted suits to prevent Mr. Heinze from working his claims. Mr. Heinze responded by instituting suits denying the legality of the absorption of the Boston and Montana mine by the Amalgamated Company, won these suits in the lower courts, and finally obtained from Judge Clancey, of the Second Judicial

District in Butte, a permanent injunction restraining the trust from taking further dividends from the Boston and Montana mine. The Amalgamated responded by shutting down all of its mines in the State, and appealed to the Governor of Montana to call the Legislature together to pass a "fair trial law" by which mining cases may be transferred from one court to another, when the judge before whom they are brought has shown prejudice. The officials of the Amalgamated, which is capitalized at $155,000,000, claim that Judge Clancey has been unduly influenced by Mr. Heinze. Governor Toole has personally opposed the passage of the legislative act which the Amalgamated Company has demanded as a condition precedent to its resumption of work, but, in response to the petitions which have flooded in upon him from all parts of the State, he has consented to call the Legislature together. Naturally, conservative papers find peril in the fact that a great corporation should thus appeal to the legislature to set aside an act of the judiciary. Judge Clancey's decision was subject to appeal to the Supreme Court of Montana, though this appeal could not, probably, have been reached by the higher court for several months. It is too early to say what the outcome of this extraordinary case may be; but it is not too early to say that to permit a rich corporation to call for and get an extra session of a Legislature is to establish a precedent that is both preposterous and dangerous.

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The Colorado Coal Strike

Colorado has come to be a storm-center in labor troubles; class lines are now drawn with a more dangerous sharpness in that commonwealth than in any other. The great strike in the metal mines which occasioned so much disorder, and led Governor Peabody to take such vigorous repressive measures, has gradually lost in strength. According to a Colorado correspondent, the metal mines are running almost at their full capacity, and the troops have nearly all been withdrawn. But a coal strike, more serious to the people of the State, is now occasioning a widespread prostration of industry. The union coal miners of Colorado are a part of the labor federation known as the United Mine Workers of America, of whom Mr. John Mitchell is President. A demand was made for a twenty per cent. increase of pay and for an eight-hour day (the present hours being from nine to eleven), and for the employment of union labor. The demands were refused, and a strike was ordered early in November. In the northern part of the State a compromise was proposed by the mine owners shortly after the opening of the strike—ten per cent. increase in wages and an eight-hour day, provided that eight hours should be agreed upon in the southern field; otherwise the number of hours to be fixed at nine. This compromise was voted down by the miners. The vote was so close that it was thought at first to have been accepted. Last week the mine owners of the northern fields offered to grant practically every demand, and Mr. Mitchell urged the union to accept, but the radicals carried the day against him. The strike of the northern miners is now purely sympathetic. The center of the struggle is in the southern part of the State, where the mines are almost without exception the property of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the owners of the great steel plant in Pueblo. The company has always held to the principles of the "open shop," making no discrimination between union and non-union men. Before the strike, about half of its employees were non-union men, but when it was declared, a large number of non-union men, perhaps two thousand, joined the union. The company has met the issue by closing a part of its steel plant and sending about two thousand of the employees, thus released, to work the mines of the company. Thus far the strike has been orderly and without violence. The union seems to be well supplied with money and is caring for the men. One unusual feature is the fact that the union is paying the fare of striking miners to other fields, such as Texas and Kansas, where there is a shortage of union mining labor. The coal shortage is likely to be serious. Several towns are already short of fuel, and at least three different lines of railway in the State have already begun to confiscate commercial coal for their own use. The coal companies are not likely to yield unless public sentiment, aroused by the suffering of the poorer classes, forces them to do so. At present they seem likely to win. About five thousand men are said to be at work in the mines, and the numbers are likely, as time goes on, steadily to increase. Public sentiment, outside of the wage-earning classes, has been, and is, strongly with the mine owners. During the last few years the prosperity of the State has been repeatedly and seriously checked by the labor wars, and there has developed a strong opposition to labor unionism. This has crystallized in the Citizens' Alliances that have been organized in eighteen cities and towns. In many cases these bodies are publicly supporting the employers in the great strikes, and in the future they are likely to play an important part in labor contests.

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Roman Catholic Students in Non-Catholic Universities

A correspondent has reported to us a rumor that the Trustees of Cornell University have received a letter from the Roman Catholic women in the University, of whom there are a score or more, stating, with expressions of regret, that Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, had enjoined on them to withdraw from the University, on pain of excommunication if recalcitrant, and that the Trustees had decided not to do anything about it at present. In order to give correct information to our readers on this subject, we addressed an inquiry both to the President of Cornell University and to the Bishop of Rochester. President Schurman informs us that the Trustees have received no such communication from the Roman Catholic women attending the University. The Bishop of Rochester, in answer to our letter, in which we asked not only for information respecting this report, but also for trustworthy information as to the view which the Roman Catholic Church takes respecting the liberty of its communicants to attend universities other than those under the direction and control of the Roman Catholic Church, writes us as follows:

> The Bishop of Rochester begs to say to the Editor of The Outlook, in answer to his letter of the 23d, that:
>
> No Catholic young lady can become a pupil of any college in which the teaching in philosophy, psychology, or history is such as is universally taught in non-Catholic colleges and universities; that attendance at chapel exercises, as is customary in such institutions on one pretext or another, is forbidden by the Catholic Church; that co-education for young ladies at the age of those frequenting these houses of learning is perilous, and therefore to be avoided.
>
> In the judgment of the Bishop of Rochester, a young lady needlessly exposing her religious faith to danger, sins; sins unrepented of cannot be absolved in the tribunal of penance.
>
> For a second reason, the Bishop wishes to remark that, in these days of doubting and calling in question almost everything appertaining to the Christian revelation and Christian belief, it is the conscientious duty of a Catholic lady, seeking a college education, to frequent a Catholic college, in which her faith will be sedulously safeguarded by adequate instruction in philosophy, religion, and history.
>
> There are such Catholic colleges of high grade in the Eastern and Western sections of the United States, in which are found Catholic ladies still loyal to their Church, and ambitious to attain to the highest ideals of pure, cultured, and noble womanhood.
>
> Rochester, New York, November 24, 1903.

Whether the young ladies at Cornell University have been officially informed of the views of the Bishop of Rochester or not, it is clear from this letter that attendance upon a non-Catholic college is not approved by him. As we understand it, Roman Catholic priests are not now permitted to discipline their members for sending children to the public schools instead of to the parochial schools. Bishop McQuaid's condemnation applies to attendance on a college or university in which philosophy, psychology, or history is taught. Whether the principle which he here inculcates is held by Roman Catholic bishops in other dioceses we do not know; but we do not understand that it has ever had formal sanction by either the Vatican or the American hierarchy. It seems to us an error to attempt to limit the sources of instruction to either men or women who have attained an age sufficient for entrance upon the higher universities, The Protestant must, however, remember that the Roman Catholic Church claims to stand in a certain way *in loco parentis* to all the members of her communion, and to exercise an authority over their lives which is not claimed by any Protestant clergy and would hardly be acceded to by any Protestant layman. Our object here, however, is not to discuss the principles which Bishop McQuaid has so clearly laid down, but to report them for the information of our readers.

❀

The Jamestown Celebration One of the most interesting anniversaries to which the country is now looking forward will occur on May 13, 1907, when the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the first English settlers in this country will be observed at Jamestown, Virginia. The Jamestown Exposition Company has been organized, with General Fitzhugh Lee as President, and has outlined plans which include a naval and marine exhibition in Hampton Roads, with the greatest assemblage of monitors, battle-ships, armed cruisers, gunboats, and other war vessels of every kind which has ever been made, the foreign navies as well as the United States navy being represented. It is proposed to rebuild a considerable portion of Jamestown as it was in colonial days, in order that visitors may see, on the spot where English civilization was born in this country, a reproduction of that civilization as it appeared to the men who founded it three hundred years ago. Indian villages will be built in the neighborhood, and employees will be dressed in colonial costumes. The site for the Exposition, which is to embrace three hundred and thirty acres of ground at Sewall's Point, Norfolk County, Virginia, on Hampton Roads, will soon be marked by the erection of the Exposition buildings; and the company has purchased outright the land upon which the Exposition is to be held, for the purpose of affording additional security for stockholders. The Exposition will be international in its scope, and its features will be chiefly historical, industrial, and naval. The company proposes to provide money for the undertaking by the issue at par of $1,000,000 of non-voting preferred stock, in shares of $100 each. This Exposition ought to be one of the most interesting in the history of the country; and if the managers do not attempt to cover too much ground, spend too much money, or combine too many features, but confine themselves to those points which the superb location and the historical conditions suggest, the Jamestown Exposition, while necessarily smaller than the great expositions which have preceded it, ought to equal the most important of them in interest. The enterprise will be conducted largely under the direction of Virginians, but it belongs to the whole country, and in its success the whole country will take a deep interest.

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Typhoid in Colleges Reports indicate very wide prevalence of typhoid fever this autumn, and there is much speculation as to its causes. The rapid growth of the population in a great many localities, combined with ignorance or neglect of the sanitary measures which ought always to accompany increase of population, and the great number of new summer resorts which have sprung up in localities in which the care of milk and water is not properly attended to, go far to explain the prevalence of this dreaded disease. It has appeared from time to time in colleges, and last year made a terrible record at Ithaca. Considerable alarm was caused last week by the announcement that it had appeared among the students at Williams College and at Brown University. In both cases the situation was taken in hand at once with a courage and skill which left nothing to be desired. President Hopkins was in New York when the local authorities decided that several students who had been in the college infirmary for two or three days had typhoid fever. The despatch reached him at one o'clock. Two hours later he was on his way to Williamstown, accompanied by a sanitary expert and a bacteriologist, and at nine o'clock that evening these gentlemen were in consultation with the local Health Board and the physicians of Williamstown. Dr. Hopkins at once called the students together and explained the situation in detail, promising them that nothing known to the authorities should be concealed from them. An adequate corps of nurses was secured and installed in the infirmary. Nine cases developed, of which only one is serious. No new cases have appeared, and there is every reason to believe that the epidemic has reached its limit. Williamstown is one of the most healthful as well as one of the most beautiful villages in the country. Its water has always been irreproachable. The experts who have made an examination found it of an unusually pure quality, and the dairies of the locality showed not a trace of typhoid contamination at any point. Dr. Soper, the sanitary expert, reports that no trace of any contamination has been found either in the milk or in the water' supply, and that the drainage, both surface and underground, of the college properties is eminently satisfactory. The physicians have not yet agreed upon a statement in regard to the probable sources of the disease, but it appears to be settled that its source is outside Williamstown, and as no later cases have occurred, there appears to be no further cause for anxiety. At Brown University, where the same prompt steps were taken to investigate and to prevent the spread of the disease, its source has not been discovered. There are less than the usual number of typhoid cases in Providence, and the students who have been ill—seven in number—live in various localities. There, as in Williamstown, no further cases have developed, and it is believed that there will be no further trouble.

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Relief for Macedonia

As in former emergencies in Armenia and in India, the missionaries of the American Board in Macedonia are devoting themselves to the relief of the destitute and starving survivors of the recent sanguinary commotions. The condition of these is reported in a recent letter to the Board as "appalling." The Board has authorized its missionaries to act as a relief committee without charge to the funds contributed. Thus, every dollar given here is bestowed there without deduction. It is well that the relief work is in the hands of those so well conversant with the people and their needs. It is understood that the Red Cross Society undertakes no part of the task. The latest reports show great need of food, clothing, and bed-covering. For the last-named purpose over five hundred heavy woolen carpets had been given out, "many of them large enough to cover a good-sized family." Temporary work is found for refugees in the making of coarse but warm garments. Over ten thousand pounds of flour had been procured, to be doled out in small quantities. The country at that time was not yet free from pillage and murder committed by bands of Turkish soldiers, and on top of these miseries the tithe-gatherer was after the wretched people. Relief contributions may be sent to Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., bankers, Boston, Massachusetts.

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A Notable Portrait Exhibition

Few exhibitions of paintings have ever been held in America more deserving of patronage than is the present loan exhibition for the benefit of the Orthopædic Hospital, at the American Art Galleries, New York City. The display of portraits has, we think, never been equaled in this country. Among the old masters are represented Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Ferdinand Bol, Romney, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Copley, Madame Le Brun, and Gilbert Stuart. Among modern artists the American school is well to the fore, with Mr. Sargent leading. The hanging of his portraits side by side emphasizes his lack of poetic delicacy, but also his brilliant if at times seemingly brutal frankness—a frankness, however, always full of genius and suggestiveness. Messrs. Alexander, Chase, Millet, Weir, Porter, Beckwith, Benson, Kenyon Cox, and other Americans are represented by portraits which are some of them as admirable as Mr. Sargent's, and at least as remarkable as those by MM. Carolus-Duran, Helleu, and other eminent foreign contemporaries. Lastly, Mr. Saint Gaudens shows several bronze reliefs which are in some respects the most notable feature of the exhibition. The whole event is another and an impressive indication of the development of the standards of taste and skill among American artists and art lovers.

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Modernized Congregationalism

The Congregational churches of Boston and vicinity have taken a forward step in consolidating their forces for greater efficiency. The three conferences into which they have been divided—Suffolk North, Suffolk South, and Suffolk West—have come together in a Union Conference. The feature new to Congregationalists which this introduces is a board of five commissioners, whose function is "to consider the duties and responsibilities of the Congregational churches of Boston and vicinity for Christian work, and take such initiative as is necessary." A rather singular and, as it would seem, a belated case of the extreme independency out of which the Congregational churches gradually worked during the last century appeared in the opposition which this plan provoked at a recent meeting of the Congregational Club in Boston, on the ground that it proposed to substitute for the autonomy of the churches a sort of oligarchical control. This seems rather an extravagant suspicion to attach to a proposal for taking the initiative in Christian work, a thing which has certainly never yet been overdone, and the effect of which must always depend on the voluntary support which it can persuade. The problem of Congregationalism, as a mode of church order, is how to combine the advantage of local autonomy with that of the unified action of more centralized systems. This problem has been worked at for a century with gradually advancing success, but at every stage it has been obstructed by the objection offered in the present case. The Congregational Church Union of Boston and vicinity, as now organized, is further strengthened by an annually elected directorate of twenty-one, including the five commissioners *ex officiis*. Evidences appear in other parts of the country, both East and West, that Congregationalists are awakening to the need of closer organization and concerted action for the full development of their ability to meet the changed conditions, both urban and rural, of the present time.

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What People are Reading

There is perhaps no better indication of the civilization of a country than the books it reads. So many contradictory statements have been made about the number of people in the United States who are reading and about the kind of books they are reading, that The Outlook has invited a librarian of large experience who has become an authority in his department, a publisher in the first rank, a bookseller who has had unusual opportunities of knowing the kind of books that people buy, and a woman whose connection with the work undertaken for farmers at Cornell University has given her command of a body of information never before collected in this country, to give to its readers their impressions of the extent to which books are read by Americans, and the kind of books that are most popular. An ounce of actual knowledge is worth a pound of theorizing on this subject. The views of these competent judges will be found elsewhere in this number of The Outlook. The casual observer who knows the quality of many of the books which sell into the tens of thousands, and who looks over the mass of publication which comes from the press, jumps to the conclusion that everything is going to the bad in a literary way. But Mr. Dana, whose opportunities of studying the situation at first hand are such as very few people possess, believes that possibly two or three millions of people are reading standard literature of all kinds, and that this throng grows larger every year; that it includes all classes of people, young readers being very much in the majority, one-third of all the books loaned from the public library of Newark going into the hands of readers of this class, and seventy-four per cent. of these young readers taking fiction in some form. Mr. Dana is of opinion that recent writers about nature, while they may have infused too much sentiment into their work, have done not a little to open the eyes of children to the mystery and beauty of the world around them. As a result, scientific books are taken out much more frequently than ten years ago. In social science, one hundred and ninety books are now read where one hundred were read ten years ago. Adults do not seem to be reading history and biography in increasing number, but young readers have raised the total loans in ten years in these departments by seventy and twenty-four per cent. respectively.

With reference to the reading of cheap sensational newspapers and equally cheap sensational books, Mr. Dana has a word to say which sheds light on the situation. He reminds us that we are turning out of school every year a million young people who have learned to use print a little, but who have not learned to judge of the relative value of things which they find in print. About one-half of these untrained readers, Mr. Dana estimates, become newspaper readers and feed the constituency of the "yellow" journal, the trifling novel, the flimsy magazine, and the cheap story paper. When one considers the number and success of these inferior newspapers, magazines, and novels, one is likely to conclude that the taste of the country is steadily deteriorating; whereas the fact is, in the judgment of this experienced librarian, that school attendance grows steadily larger every year, that more children are found each year in school as they come to the working ages, and that every year the million who leave school have had a longer training in the use of print. School libraries and public libraries, under modern management and with modern methods, are steadily reaching these children in greater numbers with better books. The explanation of the support of so many cheap newspapers and books is not to be found in the deterioration of the taste of the reading public, but in the fact that the constituency of readers grows larger every year. This great mass of untrained readers take what suits their tastes, and the penny paper and five-cent "dreadful" are to most of them introductions to better things. Side by side with the growth of the yellow journal and the still more yellow novel Mr. Dana notices the growth of the clean and wholesome journals, which, he says, during the last two decades has been wonderful; and he predicts that, while cheap newspapers will go on increasing in numbers, the better papers will also increase in numbers; that in twenty years we shall consume a great deal more print per capita than we are now consuming; that books will multiply, that novel-reading is in its infancy, and that the public libraries co-operating with schools will go far to educate public taste.

Misleading comparisons are often made between the condition of things in this country and those in Great Britain, and Mr. Brett, who is familiar with conditions in both countries, points out the fact that in a small country like Great Britain it is possible for a book to be known and read in all parts of the country within twenty-four hours after its publication, whereas in a country of vast extent like ours books may be heard of first in New York, later in Chicago, and finally in San Francisco; the movement being as a rule, though not always, from East to West, and books often attaining very wide popularity in sections before they have attracted the attention of the whole Nation. It is his opinion that the books which thirty years ago attained great sales were not comparable in quality with the popular books of to-day, and he instances the success of writers of such quality as Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and Mrs. Wharton. Mr. Brett also calls attention to the interest in serious biography; the demand for Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" putting that elaborate and expensive publication well within the group of popular books of the season, a group in which must also be placed General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War" and Senator Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years." Mr. Brett's declaration that in his experience he has never known a really good book to fail to make its mark and find its public is in flat contradiction of a great deal of current opinion on this subject, but is amply justified by the facts. It is true that books of inferior quality often attain wide popularity, but it also is true that superiority of quality bars no book from wide reading and general acceptance. Mr. Brett also notes as one of the hopeful signs of the times that the literature of pessimism and decadence, so extensively written and so widely read on the Continent during the past fifteen years, has never awakened any real interest in this country; a fact explained, no doubt, by the statement of a distinguished French novelist two or three years ago that there was very little in our life which interprets that kind of literature.

Mr. North notes the growing demand for American histories and the constant sale of the best essayists, as well as the growing popularity of out-of-door literature.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer throws light on the reading habits of a class who form the backbone of our society. It is interesting to note that farmers are reading journals of the standing of the "Independent," "The World's Work," the "Sunday-School Times," the "Youth's Companion," and books of high quality in history, fiction, poetry, and sociology. The range of their reading runs from the Bible and Shakespeare to "A Fool's Errand."

If these observers are not all astray, there is a steadily growing constituency of readers in the United States; if the untrained readers are increasing in numbers, their growth is fully matched by that of people of fairly educated taste, with a constant tendency to exchange the poorer for the better reading. Cheap magazines and newspapers are sold in depressing numbers, but good magazines and newspapers are also sold in vast numbers, and the tendency is distinctly upward. Nothing has done more to create this tendency toward better things than the increased attention given to the use of books in the public schools, to the co-operation of the libraries with the public schools, and to the cheerful and in many cases enthusiastic service of the librarians, as the friend and helper of those who come with untrained tastes but with the willingness to be guided.

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Wasted Sympathy

Sympathy and judgment cannot be wholly divorced. They ought not to be wholly divorced. When the Southern States attempted to secede from the Union, the North rightly called on Great Britain not to sympathize with a Confederacy whose corner-stone had been declared to be slavery. If the North had been fighting for the Union in order to maintain slavery, and the South had been fighting against the Union in order to destroy slavery, the issue would have been very different. Much of the pro-Panama discussion has assumed that Colombia is an unhappy nation threatened with dismemberment by her powerful neighbor the United States. In fact, we believe that Colombia is an unscrupulous State, of whose despotism Panama has long been a victim, and Panama an oppressed province, whose endeavor after freedom should have our sympathy as did Greece in her revolt against Turkey, and Hungary in her revolt against Austria.

After suffering three centuries of Spanish misrule, the people, by the opening of the nineteenth century, had become strong enough to undertake a revolution, and in 1821, "by a general and spontaneous vote throughout every part" of the Isthmus, Panama "declared herself free and independent of the Spanish Government." The people wished Panama to remain a sovereign State, but they were far too weak to withstand Spanish aggression. Hence, for the purpose of defense, they joined themselves by a federal bond to the also recently constituted Republic of Colombia, which then included Venezuela and Ecuador. The history of the succeeding eight years, however, exhibits Colombia following Spain in a bigoted and brutal domination. Venezuela and Ecuador seceded; Panama tried to do so, but was not able to maintain her individuality. For ten years she fought Colombia, now become New Granada; in 1840 obtained independence, under the title of the Republic of the State of Panama; retained it for nearly two years; then was reconquered by New Granada.

Thirteen years later, in 1855, the Panamese regained their freedom, but not their independence. They were allowed to draft their own constitution, choose their own officers and their own legislature, and when some years later Panama joined the new Confederation called the United States of Colombia, it still maintained its title State of Panama. The Panamese were not satisfied even with this measure of local autonomy, as was shown by the organization of independent though very short-lived governments in 1868 and 1885. Neither were the Colombian politicians satisfied to leave them in possession even of such freedom as they had. Eight years ago, under the lead of Rafael Nuñez, a supposedly liberal President, the Colombians decided to put an end to confederation. They promulgated a constitution by which the hitherto federated States were reduced to the departments of a centralized Republic, and, in the case of Panama, always the most refractory of the States, to a territorial dependency. In place of the popularly elected President there was a Governor appointed from Bogota. A concordat was established under which all the Colombian schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, and other public institutions, including those of Panama, were turned over to the priests. As if this were not enough, political aggression was further accentuated in 1900, when Vice-President Marroquin kidnapped President San Clemente, and took the office by a *coup d'état*. To adopt the language of Rafael Nuñez, the Colombian President has "been generally more of an autocrat or a military dictator than a civil magistrate responsible to the people." Truly, says I. N. Ford in his "Tropical America," of all the travesties of popular government which have been witnessed in Spanish America, the political play enacted in Bogota and Cartagena is the most grotesque. Whenever Panama could escape from the domination of its stronger neighbor, it has done so. Whenever it could not, it has been taxed for its stronger neighbor's benefit. To sympathize with Colombia against Panama is to sympathize with Russia against Poland, with Turkey against Greece, with Austria against Venice, with the despoiler against the despoiled.

The oppression by Colombia of Panama does not of itself justify the course of the United States. It is not every wrong-doing that we have a right to correct. The justice of our action must be determined by our obligations to Panama and to the civilized world. But sympathy for Colombia is singularly wasted.

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Professor Bassett on the Race Problem

Professor John Spencer Bassett, of Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, has tendered his resignation of his professorship. The Trustees have not at this writing acted on his resignation. It is to be hoped that they will not accept it. For in his resignation is involved the question whether professors in Southern colleges have that right of free speech which is accorded to professors in colleges and universities in all other Anglo-Saxon communities. The fact that reputable papers in the South have demanded his resignation goes far to justify those who declare that the South is still half a century behind the age. For they are acting to-day on the principle on which New Englanders acted in the early part of the nineteenth century. There was then a certain standard of orthodoxy in theology. If a teacher departed from this standard, he was pronounced unfit to teach in orthodox schools or colleges, although his department might be wholly non-theological. Professor Bassett has departed from the position that the negro must be made to know and keep his place, which has heretofore been the orthodox position in the South on the race problem; and his resignation is demanded, although his chair has nothing to do with sociology.

The real ground of complaint against Professor Bassett is not his statement that Booker T. Washington is "the greatest man, save Lee, born in the South in a hundred years." That was not a very wise statement to make. Superlatives are never wise. Greatest in what respect? Greatest athlete? or poet? or novelist? or orator? or statesman? No man is, or well can be, "take him all in all, the greatest man." But only an extraordinarily hysterical person would demand the resignation of a college professor because he had made a mistaken estimate of one man. In this particular case the estimate was in a paragraph against the "baseless optimism" which generalizes respecting the whole negro race from one man:

> A man whose mind runs away into baseless optimism is apt to point to Booker T. Washington as a product of the negro race. Now, Washington is a great and good man, a Christian statesman, and, take him all in all, the greatest man, save General Lee, born in the South in a hundred years; but he is not a typical negro. He does not even represent the better class of negroes. He is an exceptional man; and, endowed as he is, it is probable that he would have remained uneducated but for the philanthropic intervention of white men. The race, even the best of them, are so far behind him that we cannot in reason look for his reproduction in the present generation.

This is not the obnoxious feature in Professor Bassett's article. The single sentence respecting Mr. Washington has been picked out by not over-scrupulous journalists as a convenient club. The objection is to the whole tone of the article. It begins by declaring that "in the last five years there has been a notable increase in the general opposition to the negro," both in South and North, but "in the South it has manifested itself more strenuously than in the North." It is seen in the restrictions on the negro vote, the Jim Crow cars, the resort to lynching, the disposition of the Southerners "to take fire at the hint of a 'negro outrage.'" The causes for this increasing antipathy to the negro are "inherent race antipathy, the progress of the negro himself, and the fact that the negro problem is, and has been for a long time, a political matter." The "antipathy is not mutual." The negro "is quite willing to have equality. The race feeling is the contempt of the white man for the negro." "Both his progress and his regression under the régime of freedom have brought down on him the hostility of the whites." The regression is exaggerated. "The notion that the ante-bellum negro was a benign old man or a gracious old 'mammy,' a guardian of the family children, and a dignified expression in ebony of the family honor," is a "false notion." "The typical ante-bellum negro was the field hand." For a picture of him we are to go, not to Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "castles in Virginia," which are also "castles in the air," but to the instructive pages of Olmsted or of Fanny Kemble's Journal. "Nine-tenths of the negroes now in America are descendants from this part of the old slave population." But "the progress of the negro has brought him opposition as well as his regression." "As long as he was merely a laborer, it was not hard to draw the line which divided him from other people. It was at that time not hard for him to be content with inferior hotels, or with accommodations in the kitchens of better hotels. In these days he is becoming too intelligent and too refined to be content with these things. He demands a better place." This antagonizes the fundamental notion of "most white Americans." "To make him [the negro] know his 'place,' and to make him keep his 'place,' sum up the philosophy of many people in reference to this intricate and perplexing problem." But "the 'place' of every man in our American life is such a one as his virtues and his capacities may enable him to take. Not even a black skin and a flat nose can justify caste in this country." A still more serious cause of the race antipathy is the fact that the negro question "has gone into politics." "It has been seized upon by party leaders as a means of winning votes." "It is now good party tactics to keep the negro question before the people. Booker T. Washington's dinner at the White House was seized on for this purpose." "This political agitation is awakening a demon in the South. There is to-day more hatred of whites for blacks and of blacks for whites than ever before. Each race seems to be caught in a torrent of passion, which, I fear, is leading the country to an end which I dare not name." There is but one solution. "In spite of our race feeling, of which the writer has his share, they will win equality at some time. We cannot remove them, we cannot kill them, we cannot prevent them from advancing in civilization. . . . Some day the white man will beat the negro out of his cowardice, and then 'red shirts' will exist no more. Some day the negro will be a great industrial factor in the community; some day he will be united under strong leaders of his own. In that time his struggle will not be so unequal as now. In that time, let us hope, he will have brave and Christian leaders." "As long as the one race contends for the absolute inferiority of the other, the struggle will go on with increasing intensity. But if some day the spirit of conciliation shall come into the hearts of the superior race, the struggle will become less strenuous. The duty of brave and wise men is to seek to infuse the spirit of conciliation into these white leaders of white men."

We do not wonder that this article has aroused a storm of passionate invective. John B. Gough used to tell the story of a man coming home furious with passion. Some one, he said, had called him a liar. "Never mind, John," said his wife, soothingly, "he can't prove it." "Ah! but," replied the infuriated husband, "he did prove it." What has angered men in the South who aspire to be leaders but who do not deserve to be is that, in the main, this article is true. It is true that nine-tenths of the negroes in America are descended from the old half-barbaric and almost wholly heathen field hands. It is true that their progress has aroused hostility against them on the part of the poor white population. It is true that unprincipled politicians are endeavoring to set race against race and section against section, as indifferent respecting the effects on the Republic of America as Catiline was respecting the effects of his agitations on Rome, so long as by keeping the South solid they can keep themselves in place and power. It is true that they can delay but cannot prevent the education and progress of the negro race; the stars in their courses fight against all such endeavor to thwart the progress of God's children toward a higher and better life. It is true that "in spite of our race feeling, the negro will win equality at some time," if by equality we mean equality of opportunity, equality of chance to be all and do all that he is or can become capable of being and doing. And it is true that the solution and the only solution of the race problem is in the endeavor of brave and wise men to infuse into the hearts of the superior race that spirit of chivalry which will lead it to use its superiority to help, not hinder, the highest and best development of the inferior race. Professor Bassett has shown himself both wise and brave as a leader of men. It remains to be seen whether the Trustees of Trinity College have the bravery to support him, and in supporting him support the right of free speech in Southern educational institutions.

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Letters to a Minister

The Function of the Ministry

Is there any longer any need for a church and a ministry? This question may not be put to you personally, but it will be put by men to themselves and to one another in your parish, and it is well that you should consider it. There will be some men who will come to the conclusion of Strauss that religion is a weakness, not a strength, that it belongs to the primitive condition of mankind, not to its developed condition, that it is to be ranked with superstition, that ignorance is the mother of devotion. These men will look—and there are some such in every community—with contempt upon the forms of religion, because they look with contempt upon religion itself. There will be others who regard religion less as a weakness of men than as an idle imagination and emotion. All that concerns the Infinite and Eternal, they believe, lies beyond the horizon of knowledge; and, as such, they discard it, saying, with Professor Huxley, that all talk about God is like sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. There will be more who will say to themselves, and if you could get an opportunity for frank talk with them would say to you, that religion is so pervasive, so universal, such a fundamental instinct of the heart, that we do not need institutions to conserve it; it is in all men and is by all various instrumentalities cultivated and developed. These men also will be ready to discard the institutions of religion, not because religion is useless, but because religion is universal. They will tell you that other forces have come in to develop the religious spirit. Peter gives the elements which go to make up manhood: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love." These men will say to themselves, and perhaps to you, Society is doing this in various ways. Virtue? Athletics produces virtue or manliness better than a sermon. Temperance? Temperance is produced by the requirements of business; a man cannot get on if he is a drinking man; we do not need a church to preach temperance. Patience? You cannot carry on business any great length of time without learning patience; you will learn it better in the counting-room than in the church. Brotherly kindness? Society is developing brotherly kindness. Love? Our wives and our children teach us love. Godliness? Godliness depends on temperament. Such men you will have to meet; and it will be all the more difficult to meet them that they will not present their point of view to you. But they will be in your parish, saying it to themselves and to others.

There will be others who will substitute a worship of humanity for a worship of God. Reverence is needed, they will say, and something that used to be called godliness is needed; but humanity serves as the subject of our reverence, humanity serves in place of godliness. In a little volume called "Letters from a Chinese Official," though I do not think a Chinese official had anything to do with them, I find the following paragraph:

> Humanity, they [the Chinese] are taught, is a Being spiritual and eternal, manifesting itself in time, in a series of generations. This Being is the mediator between heaven and earth, between the ultimate idea and the existing fact. By labor, incessant and devout, to raise earth to heaven, to realize in fact the good that exists as yet only in idea—that is the end and purpose of human life; and in fulfilling it we maintain our unity each with every other and all with the Divine. Here surely is a faith not unworthy to be called a religion.

If religion is a perception of the Infinite, that is not worthy to be called a religion. If faith is looking upon the things that are unseen, that is not worthy to be called faith. Looking at one's self in the glass and worshiping one's own image is not religion. Spelling humanity with a capital H and worshiping that is not religion. But that will be offered, if not to you, to the members of your community, as an excellent substitute for religion.

Then there will be still more men in your community—and a good many of these—who will say, Religion is important, and the church and institutions of religion are important, and we are willing to do something to help the church and institutions of religion, but we do not need them; our wives and our children need them, but we do not. Men whose attitude of mind will be like that of the man who, when he was asked if he was connected with the church, said, "Yes, by marriage; my wife is a Methodist sister." Men who will say, We do not need the church, we have gotten beyond it; the minister tells us nothing we did not know before; we do not hear as good music in church as we hear at the opera; we do not get as much out of the church as we get out of nature, and so we stay at home and read. Parenthetically, I may remark that what they read is apt to be the Sunday newspaper.

It becomes necessary, therefore, for you to understand very clearly exactly what is your function in the community; for certain functions that the ministry once exclusively performed are now performed by others, as well as we can perform them, if not better. To some consideration of these functions I ask your attention in this and in one or two subsequent letters.

The church was originally the administrator of charity. When the church was born, there were no organized charities in the world. You will find expressions of charity in the ancient moralists, no doubt, but charity, organically, wisely, systematically administered, did not exist in pagan Rome, and was not developed by pagan literature. When, therefore, the Christian churches came into existence, they had not only to inspire the spirit of benevolence, they had also to organize benevolence, because there were no organizations into which they could put the expression of the new life. They were not in touch with the great political organizations; these they could not affect. If the work of benevolence was to be done at all, it must be done by the church; and the church, therefore, became an organized charitable society; and this work of charity, done by the church, became one of its most important functions.

Now that function of the church has become relegated to a second place; not because the church has failed, but because the church has succeeded. For the church has so permeated Christendom with the spirit of humanity that it no longer needs itself to exercise through its own organism the work of charity. This work is done in other ways. The city, the State, the Nation, have become charitable organizations. The system of penology has become a system of reform. Hospitals and poorhouses and orphan asylums are founded, some by the political organism, others by private enterprise. And it is a little difficult for the philosopher to see why church charities should exist to any great extent. Why should we have a Presbyterian hospital and an Episcopal hospital? Is there a Presbyterian method of setting a broken bone, or an Episcopalian method of curing typhoid fever? Nor can it be said that church hospitals are doing any better or any different work than the hospitals which are inspired by the Christian church, but not directed by it.

It is not, then, your function, as a Christian minister, primarily, to be an almoner of public charity, or to be an administrator of philanthropic work. Whether it is best that a church should be what men call an institutional church or not, will depend altogether upon circumstances. If you are situated in a community where that kind of work is already adequately and sufficiently done, or in a community where you can inspire men to do it by other than distinctively church organizations, that is the better way. It is better to inspire the Young Men's Christian Association to carry on a gymnasium than for the church to carry on a gymnasium. It is better to inspire the city to maintain a hospital than for the church to maintain a hospital. It is always better to set some one else to do a piece of work than to do it yourself, because then you are free to do something else yourself. The primary work of the church is, not to carry on an institutional work, but to inspire the spirit that does carry on institutional work.

Moreover, if the conditions of the community require an institutional church, the more institutional it is, the more necessary that you should make it inspirational. These subsidiary institutions—the boys' club, the girls' club, the gymnasium, the kindergarten—as carried on by a church, are but the instruments by which you are to serve men in the higher life. If you allow yourself to forget your great work, which is the promotion of the life of God in the soul of man, in order that you may establish a philanthropic institution or a gymnasium or a kindergarten or a sewing-school, you will allow yourself to be diverted from the higher and nobler service to one that is less important. It is a great mistake if the modern minister allows himself to substitute the charitable administration of a philanthropic machine for the inspirational work of the pulpit—kindling in men the flame of human love and of godly reverence. To do this is to do exactly the reverse of that which the Apostles counsel; they said, "We cannot leave the word of God, and serve tables." The word of God is the revealing of God to men; serving tables is philanthropic ministry to the lesser, though more apparent, needs of men.

L. A.

What the American People Are Reading

A LIBRARIAN'S EXPERIENCE
A PUBLISHER'S VIEW
A BOOKSELLER'S STANDPOINT
READING IN THE FARM HOME

I.—A Librarian's Experience

By John Cotton Dana

Librarian of the Free Public Library of Newark, N. J.

THE American people have doubled their consumption of newspapers and periodicals in the last ten years and quadrupled it in the last twenty. Libraries have more than doubled in number in twenty years, and have quadrupled the volumes on their shelves in the same time. They now lend perhaps a hundred million novels in a year, with twenty-five million books of other kinds. Things to read and readers to enjoy them increase in ways we scarcely note, and with results none can estimate. If man is better for knowing more, then no generation has matched our own in excellence. To be informed is not the same as to be wise; but certainly it is a step away from ignorance.

Every roadside fence is now a primer for the passer-by, every trolley-car a first reader to the traveler, and every hoarding a treatise on zoölogy, manufactures, and social problems. To-day, most read a little, if only the signs and posters; some read newspapers—probably ten to twenty millions of the forty millions who could read them if they would. A few read novels; if the most popular novel finds only a million buyers in a country where forty millions could read it if they would, who can say that novel-readers are more than a few? A very few, possibly two or three millions, read standard literature and serious contributions to thought and knowledge. Surely, the procession of readers grows larger every year, relatively as well as absolutely. The change in the character of what it reads, of this much can be said, little can be proved. The penny-dreadful and the Beadle of delightful memory led the way to the nickel library and the copious chronicles of the little things of home. Alonzo and Melissa have their successors on every news-stand, and "Scottish Chiefs" still give us blissful thrills, with no change of scene or costume and with slight deference to the latest fashion in dialogue. The best poetry seems to follow old models, and, as ever, there is little of the best, and that little, little read. Gibbon wrote good history long ago; Darwin put forth the great book of science before most of us were born; and we get good histories and good science still. But now, as then, their readers are few.

The reading from the Newark library is probably fairly typical, in its distributions among the several classes, of that from public libraries throughout the country. In the last ten years young people have come to form a greater proportion of the borrowers, taking now nearly a third of all books lent. Like their elders, the children are fond of story-books, and select them seventy-four times out of a hundred. Adults read seventy novels to thirty other books, showing an apparent increase in the popularity of the "other books" of about forty per cent. in ten years.

Some complain that our natural history runs now to sentiment, and that the sentiment is only a little less false than the natural history. Glory be to the sentimentalist none the less. The librarian now enjoys with the teacher the sight of countless thousands of children eager to learn of the joys and trials of those other children of the wild. Thus sympathy comes and interest with it, and the habits of kindness and gentleness follow after. Every public library in the land is to-day a whole Kindness-to-Animals Society in itself, through the books of nature stories on its shelves.

The geography of the schools is a far broader subject than it formerly was. The teacher now supplements the text-book in a hundred ways. She calls on her public library for all that can throw light on the country under review, and travels written to attract the young are her especial delight. Yet our figures show no increase in travel reading. This awaits explanation.

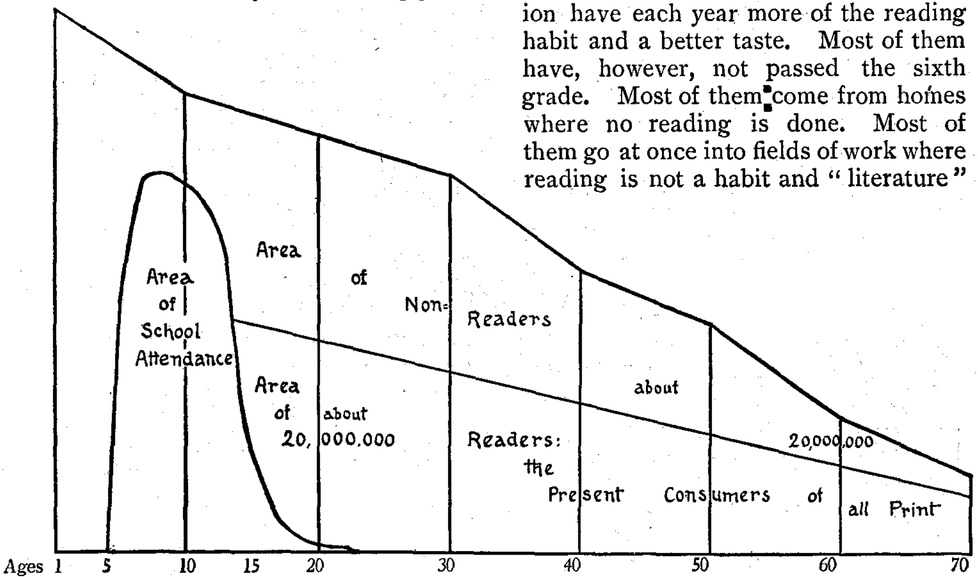
Where our people took one hundred books on social science ten years ago they now take one hundred and ninety. This is not due to a greater interest in partisan politics, which in libraries goes chiefly with history and biography. The newspapers seem to give the people a surfeit of party platforms, issues, and candidatorial platitudes.

Of history and biography the use among adults seems not to increase; but children call for them, and have raised the total lendings in ten years by seventy and twenty-four per cent. respectively. This is encouraging to the librarian, even though he knows he must chiefly thank his helpmeet the teacher for the change. From the historical story which the writer of boys' books weaves about Ticonderoga and Ethan Allen, to a biography of Allen and a history of the Revolution, is an easy step, under a teacher's guidance. Moreover, with us in Newark, the child of foreign parents, still speaking his mother tongue at home, is eager to know of his new country, and calls for books of history and biography—real, true things he wants—where the American boy more often asks for stories. This phenomenon is not yet fully explained. It is observed in all libraries near centers of foreign population. It is one aspect of that astonishing assimilative power which our country possesses, and uses, almost unconsciously, to mold to its own ways all who come within its influence.

But, after all, the change in reading for the better, as library statistics demonstrate it, is rather slight. The figures seem to indicate a drift from overmuch of literature of feeling—the novel—to literature of thinking; from emotion to judgment. They suggest it only; they do not demonstrate it. Such a change cannot be expected. None the less, we may find much cause for congratulation in the present situation.

I have made a diagram illustrating the print-using habit in the life of our people. If read from left to right, the whole area represents the whole population of the United States. Its height represents, at the extreme left, all persons living who are under one year of age, and then, passing to the right, all those of each successive age, up to seventy, as indicated by the numbers at the bottom. The heavy curved line is the line of school attendance. School begins to gather in the children when they are four; at seven it holds, for a time each year, seventy per cent. of all of that age. Nearly all who enter remain until they are from ten to twelve. Then they begin to leave in large numbers, and hardly more than thirty per cent. enter the high school at fourteen or fifteen, and the merest fraction enter college at nineteen or twenty. This tells the story. We scarcely do more than teach our children to read.

Between those who read much and those who read none there is of course no such hard and fast line as I have suggested. There are but few who do not read at least the signs on the street-cars or the posters by the country road. But reading, even in a very broad sense of the word, has not yet become a universal habit. Those who teach, those who read many things themselves, those who write books or contribute to newspapers, all associate chiefly with reading people.



READERS AND NON-READERS

They see countless opportunities for reading thrust under the eyes of every one. They consider the newspapers, the schools, the libraries, their own children, their own associates, and they conclude that every one reads. Then they take note of the character of the print which confronts all eyes, the yellow journal, the trifling novel, the flimsy magazine, the nickel story papers, the torrent of that literature which they scorn, which rarely gets even the compliment of condemnation from even the most trivial of literary journals, the literature of the submerged ninety per cent.; and, viewing all these things, they conclude that not only does every one read, but that most read wretched stuff, and that the reading public's taste steadily deteriorates. Whereas the situation in fact is this: School attendance grows steadily larger every year, relatively as well as absolutely. It includes more of the children of five and six. It gathers more of the four and five-year-olds. And especially does it hold in school more children as they come to the working ages of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen. This means that every year the million who leave school have had a longer training in print-using. At the same time, through school libraries and public libraries, and a wiser use of good literature for reading lessons, these million have each year more of the reading habit and a better taste. Most of them have, however, not passed the sixth grade. Most of them come from homes where no reading is done. Most of them go at once into fields of work where reading is not a habit and "literature" is an unknown word. And to these we must add the many thousands who do not pass through the school area at all, not even for a few short years. We have, then, coming to-day into this vast kingdom of print—so appallingly vast, so depressingly commonplace—a procession with the same general characteristics it has long had: a handful of college graduates, a larger group of high-school graduates—combined, not ten per cent. of the whole—and a rank and file which reads very little, and that with difficulty. The procession, I say, has the same characteristics it has had for several generations past; but it is larger, vastly larger, and grows larger every year. The demand for something to read comes now from millions, formerly from a few thousand. They demand reading suited to their capacities and tastes, and the supply comes forth. The bill-board, the penny paper, and the five-cent dreadful, these are their third and fourth readers, their literary primers, their introductions to better things. In reading them they are teaching themselves and improving themselves, and in almost the best possible way. They get what they wish, they read with interest and pleasure, they take profit therefrom. Moreover—and this is the other weighty fact in the case—they steadily improve in their choice. The chronicle of the growth of clean and wholesome journals, daily, weekly, and monthly, in the past two decades is just as wonderful in its way as that of the growth of those yellow papers which make us cringe.

Cheap and loud newspapers will go on increasing in number. The better papers will do the same. The day of the newspaper is yet to come. In twenty years we, as a people, will consume many times the daily print per capita we now take in. Books also will multiply. Novel-reading is in its very infancy. And so of other fields. Meanwhile the library, on the one side, joins forces with those who work in the field of school attendance, and helps to give the youngest product of the schools at least a glimpse of the pleasures and profits of good books. On the other side, it tries to make itself, as it were, the universal journal, the newspaper of all time, the handy book of reference for the worker and the laboratory of the scholar.

II.—A Publisher's View

By George P. Brett

President of the Macmillan Company

FROM the standpoint of the publisher no more interesting subject than this could possibly be found, as it is upon his knowledge and discernment in this direction that the success or failure of his business depends.

It is necessary, however, in writing on such a topic, to define somewhat more clearly what we mean, as it by no means follows that the people of San Francisco or New Orleans, for instance, are reading the same books as the people of New York or of Chicago; the fact being, as is perhaps known to a good many of your readers, that this country is far too large for any single book of the ordinary type to dominate its many literary centers at one and the same time.

In a small country like Great Britain it is possible for a book to become known and be read throughout the land within twenty-four hours of its publication, so that readers may there all be said to be reading the same book at the same moment; whereas here we have waves of popularity in books, just as we have waves of popularity in songs, which may be heard first in New York and Eastern cities, later in Chicago and St. Louis, and usually last in San Francisco and the Southwestern cities; and the movement in both cases is nearly always from the East to the West and very rarely the reverse, although sometimes this happens, as in the case of the late Henry George, whose name was a household word in San Francisco long before his "Progress and Poverty" made him generally known throughout the world; and, in later years, in the case of Jack London, whose stories were known and read throughout California long before "The Call of the Wild" brought him to the attention of Eastern readers.

In a somewhat similar way, a book not of the most compelling class will very often begin its wave of popularity in the Eastern cities and find a sale in Western communities long after the readers in the East have apparently forgotten its existence.

When we speak of books that people are reading, or of the books that are most read, we are apt to think at first simply of fiction, as we read of this novel being in its four hundredth thousand, and of this other novel being the best-selling book in four or five different cities, *i.e.*, centers of literary influence, at one and the same time; and there is no doubt that the first effect of the increased educational facilities and leisure and increased means that this country stands for, as against almost all other countries in the world to-day, is an increased consumption of fiction as a means of recreation, and as a means, to some extent, of instruction; and it seems to me a good sign that this latter is true, most of the novels which have attained really great sales in the last few years having had something more than mere story interest in them: Mr. Churchill's "The Crisis" and other books, for instance (on the whole more popular than those of any other living writer), really give a true picture of their times and much historical information combined with the fiction and romance which is their foundation.

Much as novels are read, and as they will, I believe, continue to be read, being on the whole the cheapest as well as the most enduring form of amusement and recreation from the standpoint of the people, they are still not read to any greater extent in proportion to the population than novels were read twenty years or so ago; but we may note, I think, and congratulate ourselves on a tendency on the part of the great reading public to read a much higher type of novel than was then the case.

It was not that at the time of which I speak novels did not have as large a sale, comparatively speaking, as they do at present, but that the novels which then had a large sale were novels of a wholly different and lower type. I can, for instance, remember hearing, when I first went into the trade, in the early seventies, of this novel having a sale of two hundred thousand copies, and that other story having been sold to the extent of a quarter of a million copies, these stories, however, being in no way comparable, either from the standpoint of art or from the standpoint of value, with the books which to-day are achieving the same sort of sale and finding the same host of readers. Compare the books, in late years, by such writers as Maurice Hewlett, Mrs. Wharton, James Lane Allen, and other popular authors whose works have a great and enduring sale to-day, with the books most popular at that time, and it will be quite clear, I think, that the standard of popular taste, during even so short a period as twenty or thirty years, has been not merely improved but greatly improved.

Another encouraging sign of the times is the increased demand which there is for books of the more serious sort. For instance, to take the books with which I am most familiar, the biography of the late Lord Tennyson, although published at an exceptionally high price, was without doubt the book of its year from the standpoint of sale in books of this class; and there can be no doubt that this year the long-looked-for Life of Mr. Gladstone, by John Morley, will similarly occupy, both from the standpoint of sale and from the standpoint of importance, a unique position, and be read by many thousands of people, not only here in the East, but throughout the country as well; and this increase in interest in books that may be called really the great books of their year is another evidence of growth towards a better standard in literature.

If you recollect, too, the growth of public interest in such a writer as Walter Pater, you will be encouraged to a belief in the better standard of the time. This author's works as they successively appeared found almost no readers, and I well remember purchasing more than one of them from booksellers' "remainder" lists. Last year, on the other hand, when a high-priced limited edition was offered to the public, it was subscribed for at once, and one would-be subscriber, at least, had to mourn the fact that his order was received too late.

"Good wine needs no bush," they used to say in our part of the country when I was a boy, and, belonging to a temperance family, it puzzled me then to find its meaning, until my experience in later life in publishing taught me that good books needed no "bush" either, that the public was always sure to find them out, and authors who complain of lack of public appreciation may take what comfort they can from this fact. In a publishing experience of nearly thirty years I have never known a really good book fail to make its mark and find its public. It would be interesting to inquire how, but, as one of our popular writers is wont to say, that is another story, and may remain to be told in its own place.

Some years before the day when international copyright came with its blessings to American as well as to European authors, I recollect, being then in the importing business, that we received a consignment from a London publisher of a few hundred copies of one of the outdoor books—a new field at that time, or comparatively new, although now there are so many, perhaps too many, examples of this kind of literature. No one in the office, I remember, thought very much of the book, perhaps the general feeling being, more than anything else, that the English, after all, could not do this sort of book well from the American standpoint. No copies of the book were sent out for review, it was never advertised, and yet in the course of a few weeks additional copies were ordered; and then, by and by, a Boston bookseller, who has "discovered," I think, more books of worth than any other dealer in the country, sent over for two hundred and fifty copies, and eventually nearly one hundred thousand were disposed of without either advertising or mention in the newspapers of any sort. The reprinters finally got hold of the book, as they did in those days of almost everything that was worth while, and I have no doubt that more than half a million copies of the work have been disposed of in this country; but, in connection with the preceding paragraph, the thing I want to call attention to is the fact that nearly one hundred thousand copies were sold of the author's edition, for the most part imported from abroad, without any of the ordinary channels of communication with the public being used for the benefit of the book.

This better standard of taste of which I have been speaking is due, doubtless, partly to the increase in education among the people as a whole, and partly because of the real effort towards learning and information which the facilities for education have brought about.

Not many years ago it was a matter of comment that a serious book seldom found the public so alive to its merits on this side of the ocean as abroad; but latterly a change has come about in this direction, and many books, not only by American but by English authors, find their first acceptance on this side, Mr. Kidd's book on "Social Evolution" having, if I recollect rightly, attained a very considerable circulation on this side of the water before it achieved a similar sale abroad, and numerous other instances of the same kind might be cited.

The publishers have noted in recent years, too, a great increase in the demand for books on special subjects, particularly on subjects relating to the science of electricity and other special sciences, such books having been called for by the public in increasing editions and finding a market where a few years ago there seemed to be but a slight demand.

One of the greatest changes that has taken place in the publishing trade during the time that I have been connected with it is in connection with the publication of religious books. A number of years ago it was the common practice of the comparatively well-known as well as the better-known clergy to publish volumes of sermons, all of which seemed to find circulation and a reading public. At any rate, the publishers' catalogues of twenty-five or thirty years ago contained more volumes of sermons, if I recollect rightly, than books of any other single class. To-day, on scanning the publishers' lists, I find very few examples of literature of this sort, and the occasional volume that is issued, unless by some author very well known indeed, seems to find few readers. This is not meant to imply that the public interest in religious beliefs has waned, because works on religious subjects still form a large class in booksellers' catalogues, and the large sales of special works by such writers as Fairbairn, Ramsay, and others amply attest to the contrary; but the publication and sale of volumes of sermons have very greatly lessened.

Other things being equal, a book by an American author will find more circulation here than a book by an English writer on the same subject, and supposing the books to be of the same comparative worth; and this presages, I think, our growth towards a National literature, a literature more truly American than much that has gone before. In this connection it may perhaps be well to remember that the welding of many races produced in the English a strong people which voiced in time a great literature, and that it is not at all improbable that the greater amalgamation of races going on around us to-day will produce a greater nation than the world has yet seen and with a corresponding place in its literature.

I am afraid that I have taken up much more than the space allotted to me, and without being able to cite many of the facts about this interesting subject; but in conclusion I should like to point out a class of literature which finds considerable acceptance in Great Britain and on the Continent also, if I am rightly informed, and which is non-existent in this country, at any rate as far as American writers are concerned, or which finds little interest from the standpoint of our readers; and that is the literature of pessimism and decadence, of which many clever examples have appeared in foreign literature within the past few years. No book of the kind, if I recollect rightly, has, under any circumstances, found any considerable sale in this country, the fact being that no one, I think, can look out upon the prospects of this country from any standpoint without becoming a confirmed optimist as to the future material welfare of the country as well as to the place which it must finally attain in literature and in art.

III.—The Bookseller's Standpoint

By Ernest D. North

WHETHER the public means the Average Reader or the Gentle Reader is a point that a mere bookseller is unwilling to decide. However, it may be more satisfactory to go upon the supposition that the Gentle Reader has retired into the quiet recesses of the luxurious library, among shelves filled with meditations and disquisitions of writers who appear clothed in sober leather, or in sentimental blue and gold.

The Average Reader is always with us, more especially, perhaps, if we frequent the busy department store; but he is to be reckoned with and respected by publisher, author, and bookseller alike.

If the emphasis be placed upon the selling of books, probably the standpoint of the man who sells them must be commercial. If we allow him individuality, his customers may be obliged to buy what he tells them to.

Persons of a confiding nature and vague intellect have been known to say to the patient seller of mental pabulum, "I want a book—I can't remember the name of it—nor do I recall the author—but it was something a friend told me was fine. Have you got it?" If the bookseller is quick-witted, he can sell that customer either "Mr. Barnes of New York" or John Fiske's "New France and New England," just as he chooses. One of the pleasures in the retail book trade is the consciousness of the influence the book man can exert upon readers in the choice of books. It is in many instances as great as that of a librarian. Yet if he sold only such books as he believed in, the business would be in the hands of but a few people, and probably some of the librarians and many of the publishers would be obliged to retire.

The motives that actuate the buyer of books are very different; some wish to pass an idle hour, book in hand, without great mental exertion; others want to own the books that one would like to read some time in the future; another class follows the fashion and buys the books that are seen on every one's shelves. The best buyer loves his books, and knows them as he does his friends.

The accessibility of reference and circulating libraries, and the large number of book clubs and reading circles, have made Americans a widely read people; but they do not buy largely. It is interesting to note that in the city of Philadelphia there is no first-class bookseller outside of the department store, and in many of the cities of smaller size the old-fashioned bookshop has gone completely out of existence.

In support of the statement that the reading public is not the buying public, one has but to note the enormous increase in the population of three or four of the largest cities, and compare it with the increase in the number of book-stores. Boston, for example, has no more book-stores with a population of half a million than it had with a population of two hundred thousand; nor has Greater New York with a population of three and a half millions than it had with a population of one.

So, at the outset, what I wish to demonstrate is the fact that the public as a whole does not buy books.

One might easily make an article on what the public does not buy, and it would be most interesting reading. For example, a fellow-bookseller, with an experience of over thirty years, recently informed me that he had never sold a set of the works of Thomas De Quincey, nor had he ever sold a copy of the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." The same bookseller was commenting on the Century Company including in their list of English classics De Foe's "Journal of the Plague in London," and stated that it was a book he had never sold.

What, then, do the public read? The novel holds first place as favorite, and fortunately there is a large percentage of good in the great number published. Our better-known novelists are prolific, and almost every year familiar names appear on new title-pages. To mention a few of these names is to suggest others. In 1902 new novels appeared by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Bret Harte, Aldrich, Crawford, Hopkinson Smith, Henry James, Howells, Cable, Stockton, and Joel Chandler Harris. It was particularly an American year, and fewer foreign novels were imported than usual. Within the past few months there has been an active demand for the new novels by Allen, Fox, Page, and Jack London, to mention only a few of the familiar names.

Many writers, in vogue at one time, later lose popular favor. For example, twenty years ago the works of George Eliot were in constant demand and considered of permanent value. It is seldom now that there is a call for her novels, though we are living in the era of reprints. Fielding, Smollett, Mme. d'Arblay, Sterne, Lamb, Richardson, Marryat, Ainsworth, Kingsley, and Edgeworth have all been presented to the public in attractive form, but I doubt if the publishers have reaped the rich harvest that they anticipated.

Next to fiction come biography, correspondence, and memoirs, with examples too numerous to mention. The new Life of Gladstone by John Morley will be, and the Life of Browning by Chesterton has been, read.

Attracting much the same character of mind are modern works on history, and American writers stand high in this field. John Fiske, Woodrow Wilson, Hart, McMaster, Schouler, Lodge, and Eggleston are in constant demand. It is possible that this especial taste is cultivated through the various organizations to promote American patriotism, among readers of all ages and classes.

In the realm of poetry, with the exception of Aldrich, Kipling, Phillips, and possibly a few others, no living poet commands a large following.

This leads one to our group of modern essayists. Arnold, Pater, Woodberry, Mathews, Birrell, Saintsbury, Mabie, Howells, Trent, and some others have an assured sale. The immense appetite for out-of-door literature is evidenced by the great output of books by such writers as Thoreau, Burroughs, Parsons, Mathews, Torrey, and Mabel Osgood Wright.

All books relating to sports have shown a marked increase in popularity. Books on tennis, cycling, automobiling, yachting, hunting, and fishing are all in steady demand, and it does not seem to make any serious difference whether they are well written or not. The demand keeps up with the supply.

Books on art, music, and drama appeal only to a limited number.

Some one has said that all of us can read and that most of us would rather lie down and die than think. One is reminded of this remark when works on philosophy, metaphysics, psychology, and theology are kept completely in the background in the average book-store. Certain it is that, if these books be widely read by the general public, they must be taken from the libraries or bought direct from the publisher, as they do not appear for sale to any considerable extent in the ordinary market.

It is a curious comment on public taste to note that everything in the form of French history and memoirs is always salable.

Whether the reputation of the French kings and their favorites accounts for this popular demand we know not, but lives of Mme. Du Barry, Mme. de Pompadour, Mme. de Montespan, Marie Antoinette, Princess Lamballe, and all such well-known figures in French history command eager attention.

In examining the statistics of the year showing the number of books printed and the classes they represent, one gets an idea of what the public really reads. The following figures, although representing the publishing end of the business, are also fairly representative of the bookselling end. Fiction, imported and home-made, heads the list of 1902 by an output of between seventeen and eighteen hundred. Aside from technical publications which are merely tools for the workman, the entire lists of other works of literature for the same year, upon an acknowledged approximate estimate, number only between two thousand and two thousand five hundred.

We must accept, then, the fact that in these days we prefer our mental pabulum served in the form of fiction, and acknowledge at the same time that the boundaries between fiction and philosophy or psychology, or scientific statements, have quite disappeared, and everything included in the entire universe can, it now appears, be put into a story.

IV.—Reading in the Farm Home

By Martha van Rensselaer

THE long, quiet evenings on the farm offer one advantage over town and city life, where interruptions are frequent, and where there is more entertainment to divert the mind from quiet reading and study.

Delightful associations have sprung up in the companionship of books about the farm hearth. The accompaniment of roasted chestnuts and apples has not decreased the enjoyment one whit. Life on the farm is by some associated with loneliness and a separation from many of the enjoyments of life. However, no one is much alone who has the companionship of books.

Notwithstanding the advantage of uninterrupted time in farm life, there are other obstacles to be surmounted. The farmer and his wife are hard workers. When the active, physical labor is accomplished for the day, the body is tired and the spirit lacking for delight in books. Then it is that reading becomes perfunctory. The best efforts of the individual have been spent in physical labor, which taken alone soon causes the spirits to flag and leads to monotony.

There is much in farm life which is mere drudgery unless brightened by interest in that which will cause one to look beyond the work to something more inspiring. The man who toils in the city finds his enjoyment in the companionship of his fellow-workers, and in the varied experiences always open to him. The toiler on the farm is left alone with his plow, or she with her frying-pan. Robert Burns found delightsome comfort in the wee mouse in the furrow and the daisy in the field. The average farmer lad or girl will either grow spiritless in the work, or restless for a change, unless there is an appreciation of nature and books.

During the past few years Cornell University has sustained in its State Extension Department a Reading Course for farmers, and one for farmers' wives.

The subject matter has differed widely in the two courses to fit the needs of the worker in the home and the one in the field. Still, there has been a common interest, for the woman engages in farm councils as well as in some of the farm work, and the man, partly by reason of his frequent presence in the home, and the fact that the family needs are supplied directly from the farm, has interested himself in the economics of the home. One lesson in this course has been on the subject of Reading in the Farm Home.

A quiz accompanies these lessons, and in this way the supervisors of the work have been able to determine much regarding the habit of reading in the farm home. No better idea can be gained as to the actual amount and the kind of reading, with the obstacles in the way, than is afforded by the answers to some of these questions from the farmers' wives. It must be remembered that the farmer's wife is an intelligent woman, having enjoyed in early life the same school advantages as many of her friends who have married doctors, lawyers, or business men, and moved to the city to spend their lives in different lines. We must also remember that the farmer's family is brought into contact with real, living, practical problems, which demand thought, cultivated observation, and intelligent study.

It is noticeable in the work of the Reading Courses that the farmer and his wife are not trammeled by conventionality. Their opinions are pronounced, they express their real feelings and experiences freely. Their testimony on the reading habit is therefore the more interesting as coming from them direct.

Among other questions contained in the quiz was the following:

What is the greatest obstacle which you have to reading?

The answers given indicate the thought of the majority, and not the exceptional condition.

"In my family the principal difficulty is to get them to stop reading. I think it is better to read one good book six times than six good books once."

"The greatest difficulty is to get the time to read. We have so much to do, yet we read good and useful books and papers with practical suggestions, and I am greatly interested in the Reading Course for Farmers' Wives, and thank you very much for it."

"Most of us read quite a lot. Poor eyesight is the principal difficulty. I should not think that I could afford to buy books."

"There is none, unless it is money to procure the books; still, we borrow many."

"Lack of time, with only one pair of hands to provide for a family of five and the occasional hired help out-of-doors."

"There are two of us. In the evening I have to sew, etc., and my husband is a hard worker. We have a large farm, and the buildings are in poor repair, so that much of the winter is spent in getting material for repair. He often feels too tired to read aloud, if at all."

"Lack of funds to buy books, and poor eyesight."

"My principal difficulty is to get the children away from their books and papers, and not to give more time than I ought to my reading. I think one can read too much as well as not enough. I know that I am inclined to do so. It is a great temptation to read just one more chapter."

"We do not read more because one daughter gives so much time to her music and the other daughter to her painting, and on account of poor eyesight, but we always read aloud a great deal—farm papers, religious, temperance, and political papers."

"I think we will try a traveling library in the grange next winter."

"If men would spend their tobacco-money on books that their children want, it would be the greatest investment of their lives, and would not be felt. Dances, card parties, and other social events are the greatest detriments to home life and reading."

"One member of our family reads aloud hours and hours, which is a help to me in some ways. But when one reads so long, and the others are obliged to work, it taxes the nerves, and one cannot digest it all."

"My husband reads while I sew, or I read while he prepares apples for the next day's baking of pies. We both enjoy it better, and I can read more in that way."

"When the day's work is done, we

want to rest. We do not feel like exercising our minds over books. We seek the bed, or walk to the neighbors."

"Am sorry to say I have not read one book the past year. Have three small children; do all my own work; have the care of the milk and butter; do not make my work a drudgery; it is a pleasure to me, but it keeps me busy."

In order to learn what reading is to be found in the farm home, this question was asked:

> *Read things that will make a lasting impression on the hearers, something that they will think about afterwards.*—Many of the most entertaining stories and poems have this merit. Besides entertaining for the time being, they make you "feel better," they inspire, they help you over hard places, they give information that you want, they make you determined to do something.
>
> What books which you have read this year have been the most helpful to you? Mention the desirable qualities of each.

The answers returned would indicate that the reading done in the farm home reaches a high standard. To be sure, the family that will be interested in a reading course is not one that is fed on trashy books and papers, nor one that lives in a bookless home.

"'Arnold's American Dairying' taught me what to do with cream that would not come, and the 'Fool's Errand' makes me feel more independent, has given me a broader view and larger charity for the unfortunate."

"I am sorry to confess that the books which I have read recently have not been helpful. Papers and magazines have given me better reading."

"My son reads everything pertaining to stock with much interest. He reads quite promiscuously—that is, nearly everything he can get. (He don't get many trashy stories to read.) His general complaint is, 'I wish we had more papers or something new to read.'"

"Our reading is not 'books,' but magazines, papers, etc. We take two daily papers, one weekly, and six monthly magazines."

"Our weekly and monthly periodicals, seven in number, make about as much reading as I have time for. I have read 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,' and am about to read 'A Fool's Errand.'"

"One semi-weekly paper, one daily, and a couple of monthly ones, and all else I can get except trashy ones. I do not spend any time reading that stuff. Am fifty-five years old, so must save my eyes for good reading.

"Works of Ernest Seton Thompson, Abbott, Alcott, Cooper, and 'Youth's Companion,' 'Ladies' Home Journal,' and the weekly papers."

"Shakespeare, English history, and am studying sociology."

"The Cornell Reading Course for Farmers' Wives, the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' the New York 'Independent,' 'Sunday-School Times,' 'McClure's Magazine,' 'Country Gentleman,' 'New York Farmer,' Utica 'Press,' 'Youth's Companion,' and various books from our circulating free library, etc."

"What I can catch from the weekly, dailies, and monthlies, and circulars that come in the house. Have read about five of the books of the day, among them 'History of Education " and 'History of the United States' before the first of April."

"My reading is generally bits from the newspaper and the Bible, occasionally a book of history."

"Have just been reading Maclaren's works, 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'The Bonnie Briar Bush,' and Kate Carnegie,' also 'Black Rock.' I am going to begin a history or rather Life of Lincoln next. It rests one so to sit down, even in the midst of work, and read five or ten minutes."

"Longfellow's poems, Bible stories, stories written in an interesting manner that seem true. My son considers it a waste of time to listen to unreasonable stories. No fairy stories for him. Do you think the 'Arabian Nights' and fairy stories cultivate the imagination? Some think so."

"'Elizabeth and her German Garden' has a great charm for me, and I feel I have many feelings in common with her, though I have to do my own gardening, which she often wished to do. I have studied the 'Wild Flowers of America' in connection with Gray's Botany, and enjoyed it very much. I have now 'How to Know the Ferns.' 'The Making of an American' is a delight to me—so modestly written. I also enjoyed

'Lorna Doone,' never read before though so old, especially the farming part of it."

"Ralph Conner's works, showing what men will do with and sacrifice for love of their fellow-men. 'The Trouble Woman,' 'Cosmopolitan,' May, 1902, showing how small and puny our troubles are compared with others. 'Cornell Nature Studies,' making one observant of things God has placed all about us. 'Lessons to Farmers' Wives,' 'Rural New Yorker.'"

Another suggestion made to the farmer's family brought fewer answers. When the child upon the farm is brought to have a cultivated interest in the beautiful world about him, he will see more of the "books in the running brooks," and dwell less on the hard lines of farming.

Just as soon as the boy or girl expresses a desire for a book on any practical or rural subject, get it. If one of the children likes poultry, buy a poultry book. You may need one on birds, or gardening, or trees, or horses, or pets. Remember that a good book well read *is a good investment.* No child is beyond hope if it likes to read in the sight of father and mother. The child that steals away to read in secret should be looked after. Can you not afford five books in 1903 on subjects connected with the out-of-doors? What are the principal difficulties which interfere with the reading habit in your family?

"There is but little to interfere. Reading is about the only recreation we have. I cannot afford five on subjects connected with the out-of-doors, but hope to have one."

"We might, perhaps, afford five books this year, but I should want them entertaining. Our evenings are short even in winter. We get twelve newspapers every week, and that takes about all the time for reading we have."

"No difficulties except lack of time for all we would like to do in that line. Do not know that we can afford five books, but will try some good book on birds soon, as boys are especially interested in them."

"Can you suggest what five books would be most helpful to husband and me? I would try to afford them. If anything, we read too much. I wish you could suggest some other way of spending our evenings—just two persons, past forty."

"We will think about the books on subjects connected with the out-of-doors. Are always getting books on birthdays, and the holiday books figure very conspicuously."

The formation of reading clubs is being urged by the Extension Department of the University, and the movement is gaining ground. One of the questions and suggestions proposed was as follows:

Set aside one evening in the week for family reading.—Take turns reading aloud. Let your neighbors know that you keep open house that evening, if they wish to drop in. Do not try to make an "entertainment," but spend a quiet, restful evening.

Can you, with a group of women, form a reading club and use a traveling library? Make an effort and report progress.

An arrangement has been made with the New York State Library whereby there could be sent to the clubs of the Farmers' Wives' Reading Course traveling libraries composed of practical works on home economics, biography, fiction, travel, and poetry. The library may be kept six months, and a nominal fee paid to the State Library covers transportation both ways. Clubs receive ten books for $1, twenty-five for $2, fifty for $3, seventy-five for $4, one hundred for $5.

In presenting the subject of reading to the farmers' wives, the following appeal was made:

The character of the farm home depends in great measure on the women who keep it; and the character of the women depends in good measure on the amount and character of the reading.

We want to know what is read in the farm home. Will you not co-operate by telling us what you read, what you find to be best, and how you solve the problem of reading in the home? Questions are appended to this lesson. Will you not fill them out as best you can and return to us? Our future agricultural condition will depend to a large extent on what and how much is read in the farm home. We want your help.

Read something that the children will like. Do not try to elevate the children to your points of view. If you do, the reading will be "dry," and the children will not stay to hear it unless they are obliged to do so. If you find that your boy is reading trashy stuff, do not upbraid him, for it may be partly your own fault. Read him a good story, but one that is full of the real, living, jumping, hilarious boy. If you have no such story, or do not know of one, ask your neighbor or the teacher or the minister to go to the village library. Write to us; we will try to help you.

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen

BY

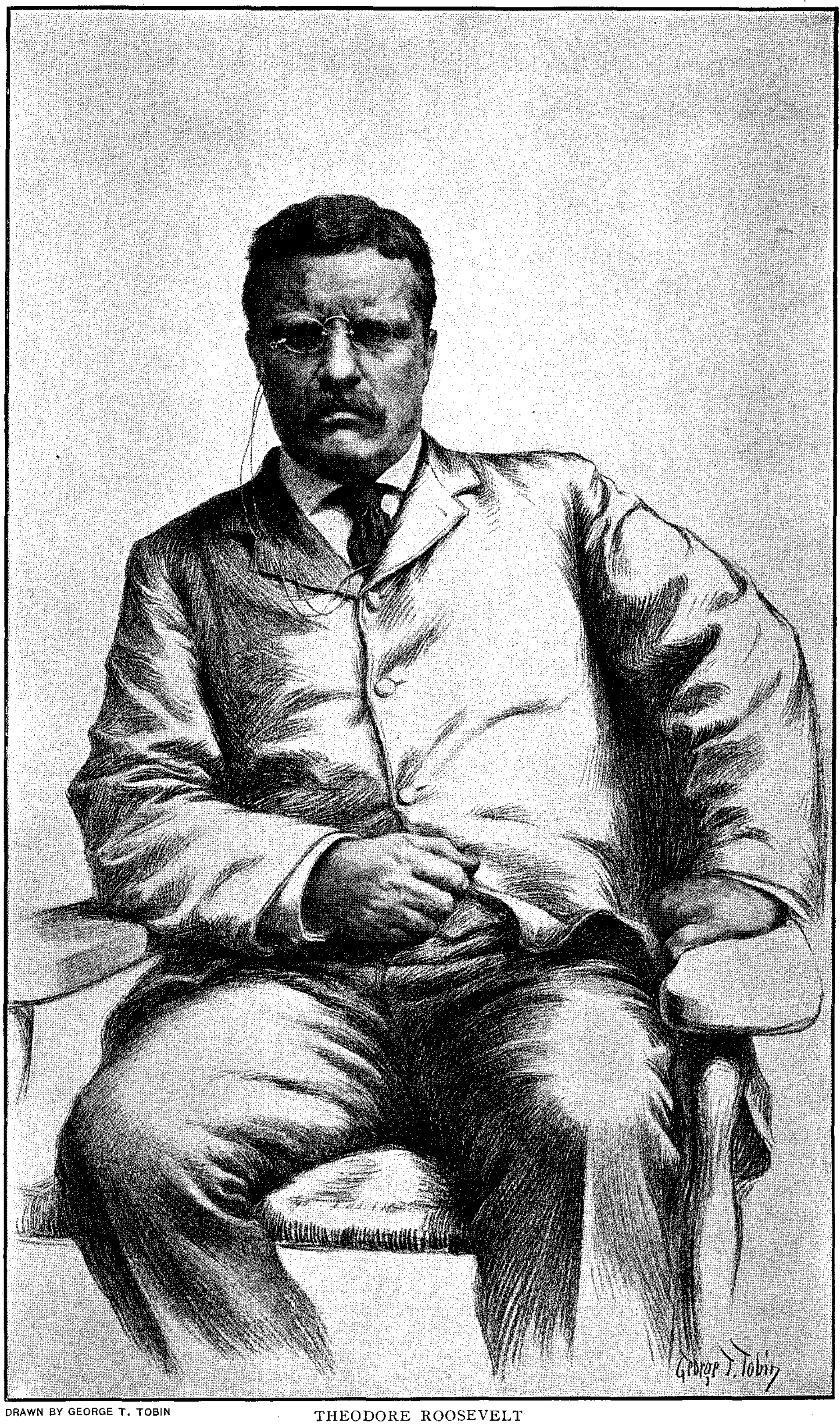
JACOB A. RIIS

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN,"
"HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES," ETC.

WITH A NEW PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT DRAWN BY

GEORGE T. TOBIN

BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR THE OUTLOOK
AT OYSTER BAY BY ARTHUR HEWITT


George T. Tobin

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter I.—Boyhood Ideals

ALL summer I have been fighting for leeway to sit down and write about Theodore Roosevelt, as I promised The Outlook many months ago, and glad am I that I have come to it at last. For there is nothing I know of that I would rather do. But let us have a clear understanding about it. I am not going to write a "life" of him. I have seen it said in print that that was my intention. Well, it was. That was the shape it took in my mind at the start; but not for long. Perhaps one of the kindest things the years do for us as they pass is to show us what things we can not do. In that way they have been very kind to me. When I was twenty, there was nothing I could not do. Now I am glad that there are stronger and fitter hands than mine to do many things I had set my heart on. They must do this, then. And, besides, it is both too early and too late for a life of Theodore Roosevelt. Too late for the mere formal details of his career; everybody knows them. Much too early to tell the whole story of what that strong, brave life will mean to the American people, his people of whom he is so proud, when the story is all told. No one can know him and believe in the people without feeling sure of that.

There remains to me to speak of him as the friend, the man. And this is what I shall do, the more gladly because so may it be my privilege to introduce him to some who know him only as the public man, the President, the partisan perhaps—and a very energetic partisan he is—and so really do not know him at all, in the sense which I have in mind. The public man I will follow because he is square, and will do the square thing always, not merely want to do it. With the partisan I will sometimes disagree, at least I ought to, for I was before a Democrat and would be one now if the party would get some sense and bar Tammany out in the cold for its monstrous wickedness.[1] Of the President I am proud with reason, but the friend I love. And if I can make you see him so, as a friend and a man, I have given you the master-key to him as a statesman as well. You will never need to ask any questions.

For still another reason I am glad that it is to be so: I shall be speaking largely to the young, whose splendid knight he is, himself yet a young man filled with the high courage and brave ideals that make youth the golden age of the great deeds forever. And I want to show them the man Roosevelt, who through many a fight in which hard blows were dealt never once proved unfaithful to them; who, going forth with a young man's resolve to try to "make things better in this world, even a little better, because he had lived in it,"[2] through fair days and foul, through good report and evil (and of this last there was never a lack), sounded his battle-cry, "Better faithful than famous," *and won.* A hundred times the mercenaries and the spoilsmen whom he fought had him down and "ruined" in the fight. At this moment, as I write, they are rubbing their hands with glee because

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[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

[1] I am bound to say that I see no signs of it, and also that I am rather relieved, with Roosevelt to run in another year.

[2] His speech to the Long Island Bible Society, June 11, 1901.

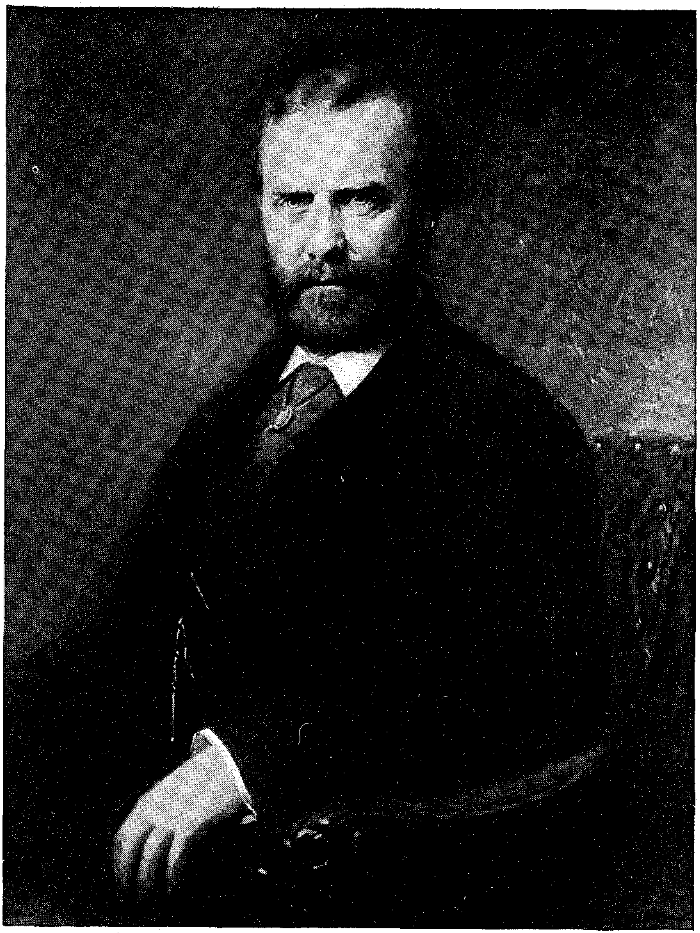
at last he has undone himself, bidding organized labor halt where it was wrong. Last winter, when it was right, he "killed himself" when he made capital stop and think. They were false prophets then as they are now. Nothing can ruin Theodore Roosevelt except his proving unfaithful to his own life, and that he will never do. If I know anything of him, I know this, that he would rather be right than be President any day, and that he will never hesitate in his choice.

That is the man I would show to our young people just coming into their birthright, and I can think of no better service I could render them. For the lying sneers are thick all about in a world that too often rates success as "what you can make." And yet is its heart sound; for when the appeal is made to it in simple faith for the homely virtues, for the sturdy manhood, it is never made in vain. This is Theodore Roosevelt's message to his day, that honor goes before profit, that the moral is greater than the material, that men are to be trusted, if you believe in the good in them; and though it is an old story, there is none greater. At least there is none we have more need of learning, since the world is ours, such as it is, to fit for the kingdom that is to come, and nowhere is there another plan provided for doing it.

So, then, it is understood that I am absolved from routine, from chronology, and from statistics in writing this story. I am to have full leave to "put things in as I think of them," as the critics of my books say I do anyhow. A more absurd charge was never made against any one, it has always seemed to me; for how can a man put things in when he doesn't think of them? I am just to write about Theodore Roosevelt as I know him, of my own knowledge or through those nearest and dearest to him. And the responsibility will be mine altogether. I am not going to consult him, even if he is the President of the United States. For one thing because, the only time I ever did, awed by his office, he sent the copy back unread with the message that he would read it in print. So, if anything goes wrong, blame me and me only.

And now, when I cast around for a starting-point, there rises up before me the picture of a little lad, in stiff white petticoats, with a curl right on top of his head, toiling laboriously along with a big fat volume under his arm, "David Livingstone's Travels and Researches in South Africa," and demanding of every member of the family to be told what were "the foraging ants" and what they did. It was his sister, now Mrs. Cowles, who at last sat down in exasperation to investigate, that the business of the household might have a chance to proceed, for baby Theodore held it up mercilessly until his thirst for information was slaked. Whereupon it developed that the supposedly grim warriors of the ant-hill were really a blameless tribe—"the foregoing ants" in fact. We are none of us infallible. The "foraging ants" are a comfort to me when their discoverer is disposed to laugh at my ee-wee lamb that but for my foreign speech should have been a plain ewe. But, then, I dwelt content in the bliss of ignorance. He, explorer in baby petticoats, could not be appeased till he found out.

I suppose they called him Ted in those days. In my own time I have never found any one to do it who knew him, and the better they knew him the less liable were they to. You can tell for a certainty that a man does not know him when he speaks of him as "Teddy." Not that he frowns upon it; I do not believe that he has often had the chance. But, somehow, there is no temptation to that kind of familiarity, and this does not imply any less affection, but just the reverse. He may call me Jake and I like nothing better. But though I am ten years older than he, he was always Mr. Roosevelt with me. His rough-riders might sing of him as Teddy, but to his face they called him Colonel, with the mixture of affection and respect that makes troopers go to death as to a dance in the steps of a leader. The Western plainsmen quickly forgot the tenderfoot in the man who could shoot and ride though he came out of the East and wore spectacles, and who never bragged or bullied but knew his rights and dared maintain them. He was Mister Roosevelt there



THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S FATHER

from the second day on the ranch. But in those old days at home he was Ted with the boys, no doubt. For he was a whole boy and got out of it all that was going, after he got it going. He has told me that it took some time, that as a little fellow he was timid, and that when bigger boys came along and bullied him he did not know what to do about it. I have a notion that he quickly found out and that they did not come back often.

A woman who lived next door to the Roosevelts in East Twentieth Street told me of how, passing in the street, she saw young Theodore hanging out of a second-story window and ran in to tell his mother.

"If the Lord," said she, as she made off to catch him, "had not taken care of Theodore, he would have been killed long ago."

In after years the Governor of New York told me, with a reminiscent gleam in his eye, how his boy, the third Theodore in line, had "swarmed down" the leader of the Executive Mansion to go and hear the election returns, rather than go out through the door. There was no frightened neighbor to betray his exploit then, for it was dark, which made it all the more exciting. It was the Governor himself who caught him. The evidence is, I think, that the Theodores were cut out pretty much on the same pattern.

Of that happy childhood's home, with the beautiful mother of blessed memory and the father who rode and played with the children, and was that, alas! rarest of parents, their chum and companion as well as their just judge when occasion demanded, I have caught many a glimpse I wish I might reveal here, but that shall be theirs to keep. The family romps at home, the strolls on forest paths which their father taught them early to love; their gleeful dashes on horseback, he watchfully leading on, the children scampering after, a merry crew; of how at his stern summons to breakfast, "Children!" they one and all fell downstairs together in their haste to be there, they speak yet with a tenderness of love that discloses the rarely strong and beautiful soul that was his. It was only the other day that, speaking with an old employee of the Children's Aid Society, of which the elder Roosevelt was a strong prop, I learned from him how deep was the impression made by his gentle courtesy toward his wife when he brought her to the lodging-house on his visits. "To see him put on her wraps and escort her from room to room was beautiful," he said. "It seemed to me that I never knew till then what the word gentleman meant." How little we, any of us, know what our example may mean for good or for ill! Here, after thirty years, the recollection of Mr. Roosevelt's simple courtesy was a potent force in one man's life.

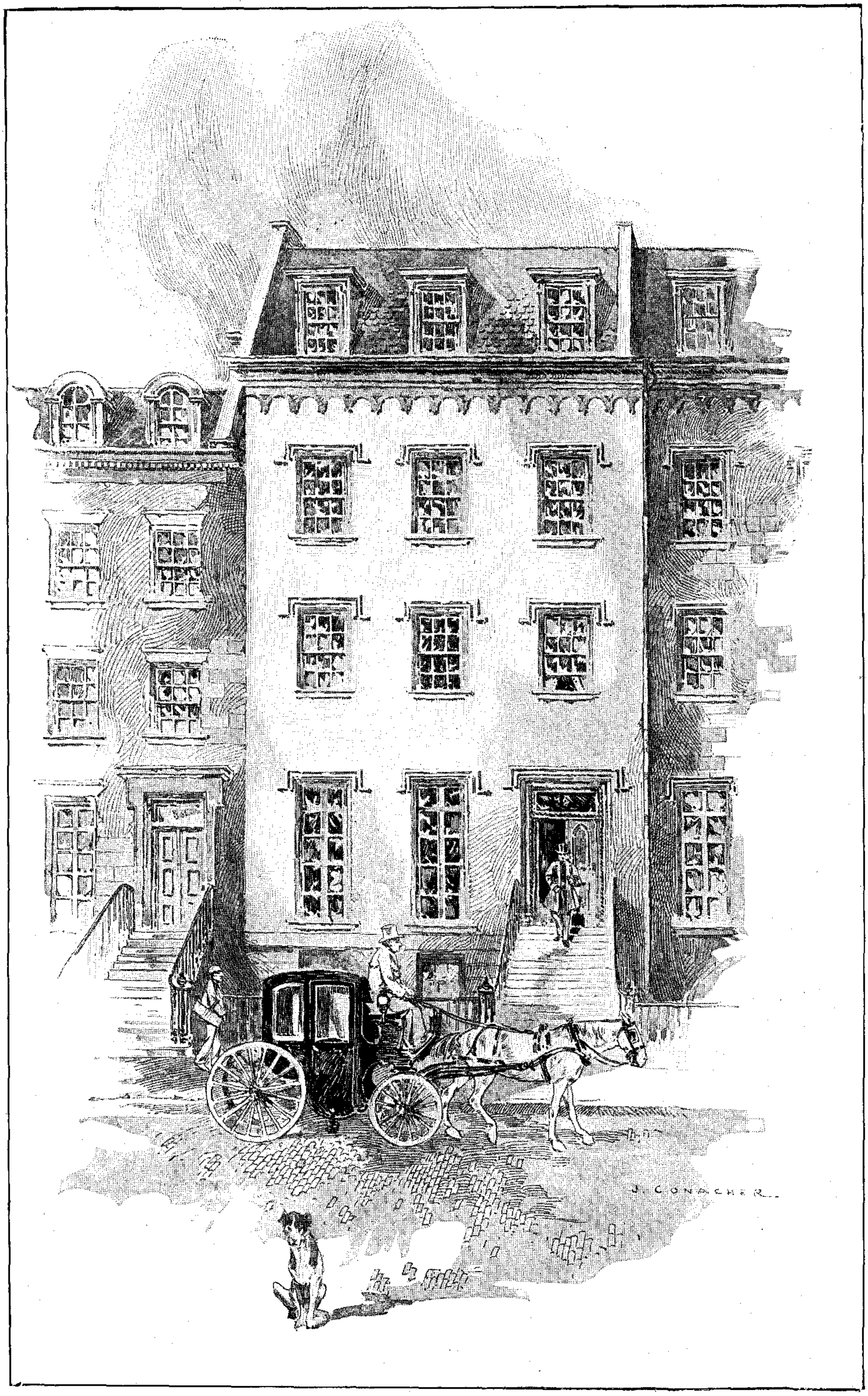
With such ties of love binding the home together, the whirlwind of anger and passion that swept over the country in the years of the war had no power to break or to embitter, even though the mother was of the South, with roots that held, while his life and work were given to the Union cause as few men's were. Rather, it laid the foundations broad and deep of that abiding Americanism that is to-day Theodore Roosevelt's most distinguishing trait. It is no empty speech of his that caresses the thought of the men who wore the blue and those who wore the gray standing at last shoulder to shoulder. It was an uncle of Theodore Roosevelt who built the privateer Alabama, and another uncle, Irwin S. Bulloch, who fired the last gun aboard her when she went down before the fire of the Kearsarge, shifting it from one side of the ship to another as she sank, to let it have the last word. The while at home his father raised and equipped regiments and sent them to the war, saw to it that they were fed and cared for and that those they left behind did not suffer. I have never been able to make up my mind which was most like the Theodore of to-day. I guess they both were. I know that as he grew, the devotion of the one, the daring of the other, took hold of his soul and together were welded into the man, the patriot, to whom love of country is as a living fire, as the very heart's blood of his being.

For play there was room in plenty in the home in which Theodore grew up; for idleness none. His father, though not rich in the sense of to-day, had money enough to enable them all to live without working if they so chose. That they should not so choose was the constant aim and care of his existence. In his scheme of life the one man for whom there was no room was the useless drone. Whether *he* needed it or not, every man must do some honest, decent work, and do it with his might: the community had a right to it. We catch echoes of this inheritance in his son's writings from the very beginning, and as the years pass they ring out more clearly. I remember his interview with Julian Ralph, when as a Police Commissioner he was stirring New York up as it had not been stirred in many a long day. I can see him now striding up and down the bare gray office.

"What would you say to the young men of our city, if you could speak to them with command this day?" asked Mr. Ralph.

"I would order them to work," said Mr. Roosevelt, stopping short and striking his hands together with quick emphasis. "I would teach the young men that he who has not wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his to the State. It is ignoble to go on heaping money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

It was hardly unremunerative work that first enlisted young Theodore's energies. Looking at him now, I should think that nothing ever paid a better interest on the investment. He was not



DRAWN BY J. CONACHER

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHPLACE
In East Twentieth Street, New York.

a strong child—from earliest infancy liable to asthmatic attacks that sapped his vitality and kept back his growth. Probably that accounts for the temporary indecision in the matter of bullies which he remembers. But in the frail body there lived an indomitable spirit before which had risen already visions of a man with a horse and a gun, of travel and adventure. Mayne Reid's books had found their way to East Twentieth Street, and they went with the lad wherever the family tent was pitched to ease the little sufferer. One winter they spent in Egypt, floating down the Nile amid the ruins of empires dead and gone. But the past and its dead got no grip on the young American. He longed back to his own country of the mighty forests and the swelling plains where men worked out their own destiny. He would be a pathfinder, a hunter. But a hunter has need of strong thews, of a sound body. And to become strong became presently the business of his life.

It was one of the things that early attracted me to Theodore Roosevelt, long before he had yet become famous, that he was a believer in the gospel of will. Nothing is more certain, humanly speaking, than this, that what a man wills himself to be, that he will be. Is he willing to put in all on getting rich, rich he will get, to find his riches turning to ashes in his dead hand; will he have power, knowledge, strength—they are all within his grasp. The question for him to decide is whether they are worth giving up a life to, and, having decided, to give it to his ambition. The boy Theodore saw that to do anything he must first be strong, and chose that. There were many things he might have chosen which would have been easier, but if you are concerned about that you will not have your way. He was not. He set about resolutely removing the reproach of his puny body, as it seemed to him. He ran, he rode, he swam, he roamed through the hills of his Long Island home, the same to which he yet comes back to romp with his children on his summer holiday. He rowed his skiff intrepidly over the white-capped waters of the Bay that once, when I had long been a man, carried mine, despite all my struggles, across to Center Island and threw me, skiff and all, upon the beach, a shipwrecked mariner doomed to be ignominiously ferried across on the yacht club's launch. I thought of it the other day when I came ashore from the Sylph and half a mile from shore met young Kermit battling alone with the waves, hatless and with the salt spray in his eyes and hair, tossed here and there as in a nutshell, but laughing and undaunted. I do not know where he was going. I doubt if he did. His father and mother were ashore and on their way home. He was just having it out and having a good time. It was his father over again, and we cheered him on and let him go. I don't suppose we could have stopped him had we tried.

No more could you have stopped Theodore in his day. What he did he did with the will to win, yet never as a task. He got no end of fun out of it, or it would have been of little use, and one secret of that was that he made what he did serve an end useful in itself. On his tramps through the woods he studied and classified the neighborhood birds. He knew their song, their plumage, and their nests. So he learned something he wanted to know, and cultivated the habits of study, of concentration, at the time when all boys are impatient of these things and most of them shirk them when they can, leaving every task unfinished. And all, as I said, along of a healthy, outdoor, romping life. The reward of that was not long in coming. Presently strong muscles knit themselves about his bones, the frail frame broadened and grew tough. The boy held his own with his fellows. He passed them, and now he led in their games. The horse was his; the gun loomed in the prospect. College was at hand, and then—life. The buffaloes yet roamed the plains. One might unite the calling of a naturalist, a professor, with the interest of a hunter. So ran his dreams. It is the story of one American boy who won against odds, and though he did not become professor became President; and it is a good story for all American boys to read. For they can do the same, if they choose to. And if they do not all become Presidents,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A YOUNG MAN

they can all be right, and so be like him in that which is better still.

I said he had his dreams. Every boy has, and if he does not stop at that, it is good for him. Into young Theodore's there had come a new element that spoke loudly for the plains, for the great West. The Leatherstocking stories had been added to his reading. It was with something of fear almost that I asked him once if he liked them. For I loved them. I had lived them all in my Danish home. They first set my eyes toward the west, and in later years, when I have heard it said and read it in reviews that Cooper is out of date, that he never was a first-class writer, I have felt it as a personal injury and as if something had come between me and the day that cannot love Natty Bumppo and Uncas and Mabel Dunham. And so I say it was with a real pang that I asked him if he did not also like them.

He whirled around with kindling eyes.

"Like them," he cried, "like them! Why, man, there is nothing like them. I could pass examination in the whole of them to-day. Deerslayer with his long rifle, Jasper and Hurry Harry, Ishmael Bush with his seven stalwart sons—do I not know them? I have bunked with them and eaten with them, and I know their strength and their weakness. They were narrow and hard, but they were mighty men and they did the work of their day and opened the way for ours. Do I like them? Cooper is unique in American literature, and he will grow upon us as we get farther away from his day, let the critics say what they will." And I was made happy.

Afterward I remembered with sudden pleasure that he had spoken only of the white men in the books, for it came to me that he had lived in the West, where the only good Indian is esteemed to be the dead Indian. But it was needless treachery of my thought. The red man has no better friend than the Great White Father of to-day, none who burns with hotter indignation at the shame our dealings with him have brought upon the American name. Uncas and Chingachgook, beloved friends of my boyhood, were safe with him.

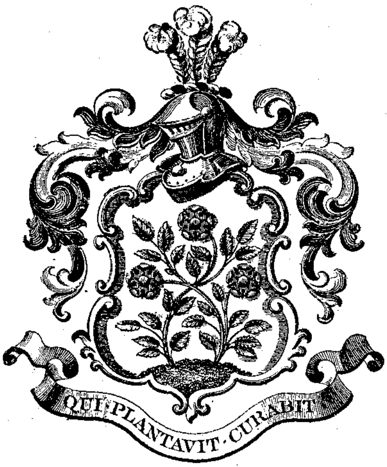
I have told you of Theodore Roosevelt's boyhood as from time to time I have gathered glimpses of it from himself and from his sister, and as I like to think of it. I did not meet him till long after both horse and gun had become living realities. When he was drifting and dreaming on the Nile I was sailing across the Atlantic to have my first tussle with the slum which in after years we fought together. And now you know one reason why I love him: it was when that same strong will, that honest endeavor, that resolute purpose to see right and justice done to his poorer brothers—it was when they joined in the battle with the slum that all my dreams came true, all my ideals became fact. Why should I not love him?

The boy had grown into a man. Since I have here spoken to the boys of his country and, thank God, of mine, let him speak now, and judge yourself how promise has squared with performance, practice with preaching:

"Of course what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud.

"In life as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



THE ROOSEVELT ARMS

Morley's Gladstone[1]

By Norman Hapgood

JOHN MORLEY has met and accomplished a formidable task with a fidelity and wisdom which will raise his own permanent literary fame and give lasting satisfaction to all students of a great man. Facing Gladstone's long and many-sided activity, the biographer might have thrown the facts, undigested, into a dozen volumes, " toe of frog and blind worm's sting," now a chapter about the hero, now a discursive saunter through some episode of history, making a quarry, perhaps, but no statue, as may have been said of Nicolay and Hay's Lincoln, for instance. Mr. Morley understands history, biography, and Gladstone. Moreover, he is a man of such will and intelligence that he conquers out of pure force of purpose. This is by far the best book he has written, although the most difficult to write. It shows more breadth, elasticity, and repose, more sweet reasonableness, and more calm grasp. It is without the militant note. It is a portrayal, just, complete, and pleasant. It is the most valuable biography given to the world in over half a century.

Gladstone is much less of an enigma to Mr. Morley, or his readers, than he has been to other critics. In spite of his inconsistencies he becomes sufficiently consistent. He becomes human, and we understand him. Politically, he gains unity also, and all this not through argument for the defense, but through the straightforward narrative of a mind capable of seeing him wholly. Without exhortation, Mr. Morley never lets us forget that Gladstone stood for public duty and private faithfulness, amid all the mire and poison and splendor of the world, lighting up in practice, even for those who had none of his genius, his belief that life is a noble calling, an elevated and lofty destiny. He tells us that, and lets Gladstone also tell it to us, in varying forms, but the facts as he unfolds them show it to us also. With this as the note, on the personal side, he brings together, and holds together, so much of the history of England and Europe as we need, and no more. History and biography have seldom been so aptly mingled.

Into the large, familiar aspects he enters adequately, but always carefully avoids fatigue. These are not the points on which a brief review can touch with any fullness. On such a topic, for instance, as Slavery and the American Civil War, Mr. Gladstone's attitude is what we all knew it to be, and yet in the full clearness of this biography it engages more of our sympathy. It wins us to read the frankness with which Gladstone hinself calls his statement that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, and that the secession State was an accomplished fact, not only a singular and palpable mistake, but the least excusable of all his errors. Lord Palmerston desired the separation because he wished to diminish a dangerous power, but he was prudent enough to hold his tongue. Gladstone believed that England's interests would suffer by the separation, and he was no partisan of the South, but spoke merely from an impulsive desire to see the struggle end. His lasting regret was the greater because the United States was that country of the world in which the most signal marks of public honor had been paid to him, and also the country in which he had been the most popular, with the possible exception of Italy, Greece, and the Balkan peninsula.

At other points where the statesman's inspiration has been doubtful, as in the conduct of the Boer war, the familiar facts gain a new appearance because we approach them with a closer knowledge of the man himself. The book, in short, does less to increase Gladstone's talents and great deeds, which were already appreciated, than to harmonize his nature and his history, put his errors into the subordination they deserve, and make of the hero, without forcing, an attractive man instead of an opportunist and a prig. "If you would gain mankind," said Bentham, "the best way is to appear to love them, and the best way of appearing to love them is to love them in reality." Mr. Morley believes, and easily leads his readers to believe, that even Gladstone's trifling interests, such as his extraordinary zeal for cheap wines, cheap books, and low fares, his harsh views on copyrights and patents, grew from true social feeling lying back of clear financial vision. "The State, or individual, or company," said Gladstone, "thrives best which dives deepest down into the mass of the community and adapts its arrangements to the wants of the greatest number." We have here a great statesman becoming the leader of democracy, not from tradition and environment, but from practical religion and the love of man.

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[1] *Life of William Ewart Gladstone.* 3 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Glimpses into the private man's character and heart abound. We see him defending Shelley's poetry in conversation against Wordsworth; missing a play because he finds "The Woman in White" so very interesting; undergoing the universal rebellion against advancing age; regretting that he has not enlarged with the circle in which he lived and moved; happy in a walk of sixteen miles at fifty-five; troubled with "the plague of quantity," the grinding power of infinite detail; feeling the steepening path, the burden ever gathering weight, the insatiable demands, the swimming for life which prevents a sight of the country through which the river winds. Seeing him frank and sensitive in private, earnest and devoted in public, we gain what I, for one, never expected to know for this particular statesman, and that is a very real affection.

"We should remember that man differs little from man," says Thucydides, "except that he turns out best who is trained in the sharpest school." Gladstone's training was sharp from the beginning. His father always demanded the strictest thinking, and political affairs were seriously discussed at home. Gladstone debated on big subjects as a boy. He discussed earnestly the merits of Cæsar and Richard II. As a young man, reading Blackstone, Mackintosh, Spanish grammar, Tocqueville, Dante, he remarks that Aristotle's Politics is "a book of immense value for all public men." How many of our public men know this book? "England," said Canning, "would not be what she is without her system of public education." Our system is better than hers at the bottom, in the early schools, but it would be difficult to obtain here that preparation for public life which Gladstone obtained in England. "Oxford on the surface," said a Whig, listening to one of his budget speeches, "but Liverpool below." A happy combination, which means the feet on earth and the head among the heights. The Liverpool with us is not often amalgamated with the Oxford. Oxford left Gladstone with greater faith in things because Aristotle or Augustine had said them than because they were true, but it made a foundation of discipline, beauty, and health which he never surrendered to the active life, with its different beauty, discipline, and health. "The reading of Dante," he wrote, "is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force*, or a lesson; it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man." At Oxford, too, he read, with serious acceptance or rejection, such literary philosophers as Rousseau and Burke, and emerged from the academic world well equipped to make a rapid digest of experience. "There is not a feature or a point in the national character," said he, "which has made England great among the nations of the world, that is not strongly developed and plainly traceable to our universities." Thus again, to bring together a few of his many contrasts, the creative democrat was the disciple of higher education, as the most radical of powerful English statesmen was the Church's strictest devotee. In the wide and genial expanse of these wise volumes contrary attributes wear the appearance, not of contradictions, but almost of supplements, a feat the more remarkable when we remember how pitilessly opposed are the religious opinions of Mr. Morley to those of his tremendous chief.

Mr. Morley's history, through his own high treatment and the vitality of his subject, does something more even than to give us an absorbing and informing narrative of great events. It is one of the books which, even more than most good books, leave the reader feeling stronger. The man who so mastered Parliament that if he "had asked the House to pass the Koran or the Nautical Almanac as a land bill, he would find no difficulty," loses, for the period of his own life, his last great fight, for Ireland. No bitterness comes to the defeated hero. To Hutton he writes that he can never quarrel with him or with John Bright. As long as no baseness is disclosed, loss of allies and defeat bring him no vexation. Old and beaten, he sat down to refute the pessimism of Tennyson's second "Locksley Hall." Not for him despondency over the spirit of his time, but still belief, as when he led, in the vast gains against the sorrows of mankind that had been made between the first Locksley Hall and its weary sequel. He had lived to a gentler time. He had seen the public conscience grow more tender. The race had reaped instead of scattering, earned instead of wasting, and he reminded his countrymen that England was still young as well as old, and that in these latest days she has not been worthy of herself. Somebody, once, in Gladstone's early days, spoke of him as probably lacking pugnacity for public life. The finest pugnacity he had—the unremitting contest for light and against despair, for expansion of happiness and against whatever was either enfeebling or wrong. At seventy-seven he cries, "O for a birthday of recollection! It is long since I have had one. There is much to say on the soul's history, but bracing is necessary to say it, as it is for the reading of Dante. It has been a year of shock and strain. I think a year of some progress; but of greater absorption in interests which, though profoundly human, are quite off the line of an old man's direct preparation for passing the River of Death. I have not had a chance given me of creeping from this whirlpool, for I cannot abandon a cause which is so evidently that of my fellowmen, and in which a particular part seems to be assigned to me." As Bacon says, "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath," and, we might add, the more objects of enthusiasm. Genius is often gloomy, as Coleridge's was, and genius may be noble or the opposite. Gladstone had, perhaps, even more nobility than genius, though I, for one, could not have said this before enjoying the privilege of reading Mr. Morley's book. "It is a great and high call," said the old man, when in misfortune, "to work by faith and not by sight." Humility, he observed at another time, could not be expressed in Greek by any word which did not imply a touch of meanness. "Humility as a sovereign grace is the creation of Christianity." Döllinger he praised as a man "purged of self." He disliked the sordid, and had a thorough dislike also for any flavor of the cynical or sardonic.

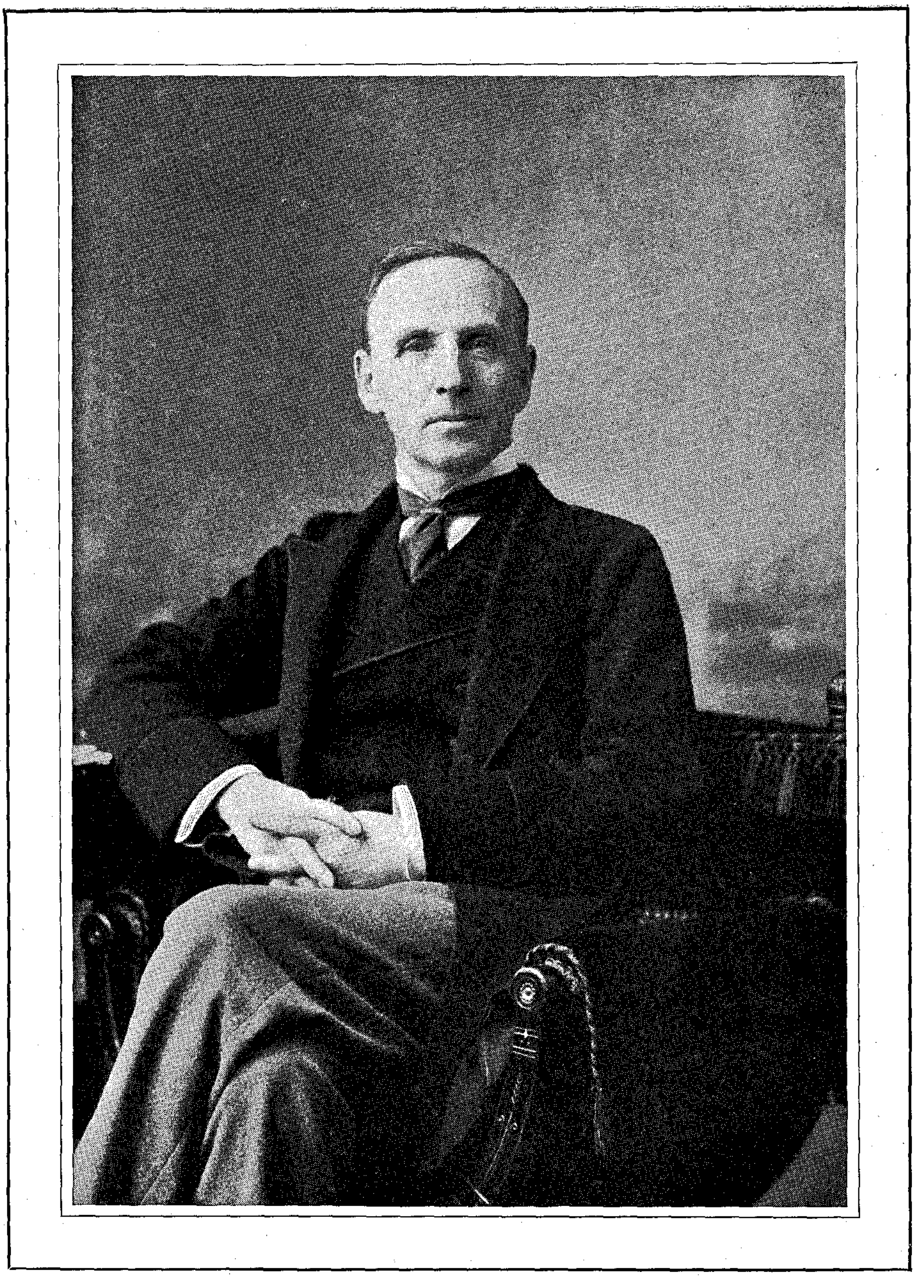
There is something lovable, too, in Gladstone's devotion to literature. Great as he was in politics, and inferior in literature himself, his loyalty to his favorite art was ardent. Tennyson's life and labors corresponded in time with his own, but to the statesman's mind the poet's field was higher and his work more enduring. The public man plays a conspicuous part, but his words have wings and fly away and disappear. "The poet laureate has written his own song on the hearts of his countrymen that can never die." Nature, too, was his. We hear less of it than of letters, but we do see him watching the breakers and exulting in the huge Atlantic swell and the beat of the rollers on the shore. Long talks between Gladstone and Mr. Morley, when the leader was eighty-three—talks wandering freely through literature, politics, and life—form the material for one of the most entrancing chapters in all biography. Merely to mention the topics talked of would be here impossible. Such pictures of the human mind in its highest liberty tend to make one act, indeed, and even feel, as if he should never die. At this great age the English statesman, like the Italian sculptor-poet at ninety, was still a learner. A splendid human figure he was, and, more fortunate than most great men, he gains in size, and infinitely in charm, through the gifts and docile independence of his chronicler.

John Morley: Writer and Statesman

SEVERAL years ago, when the Liberals were defeated in a general election, and the news of his defeat was brought to Mr. John Morley, who was staying in a Scotch country house, he said, with a note of satisfaction in his voice, "Now I shall have time to write again." The phrase "literary statesman" has often been used by the practical politicians as if it were a phrase of reproach; but the history of English public life has illustrated the fact that the public man loses neither foresight, grasp of affairs, nor the ability to deal with great interests by reason of the possession of the gift of writing. It is a misfortune that there are so few men in American public life who can discuss with breadth and power the principles which underlie our Government, or who can enforce with literary skill the policies they advocate. Mr. Morley is a conspicuous example of a man who has attained a very high position in two great professions—the profession of the writer and the profession of the statesman. As a thinker, a scholar, a speaker, a writer, and a political leader, Mr. Morley has impressed himself deeply on the England of this generation.

Born in Lancastershire in 1838, of excellent stock, educated at Cheltenham College and at Lincoln College, Oxford, called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1859, Mr. Morley was bred under some of the best English educational influences. The stamp of the university is on him, but not in any conventional sense nor in any stereotyped form. His university training shows itself rather in his breadth of view, the depth of his culture, and his capacity for dispassionate and disinterested thought. He began active life as the editor of the "Literary Gazette." From 1867 to 1882 he directed the "Fortnightly Review," and gave it a first position among English periodicals. For three years he edited the "Pall Mall Gazette," and for two years "Macmillan's Magazine." To the editorial function he brought not only thorough educational training, but the highest intellectual aims; and, although a man of very positive convictions and of quick temper, he was capable of dealing with all subjects in a large spirit, and of bringing to bear the highest intelligence in shaping the policy of the journals he edited and of securing for them the best kind of writing.

When he entered Parliament in 1883 from the Borough of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, his position as an advanced Liberal and a firm supporter of Mr. Gladstone had already given him a high place in the councils of the progressive party. His literary gift and great industry had borne fruit in his admirable study of Edmund Burke, in the lives of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the Encyclopædists, and in the biography of Richard Cobden. These studies had made a deep impression by reason of their grasp, their comprehension of a great epoch in French affairs and of certain great forces in English politics; and by the directness, lucidity, and force of their style they had put Mr. Morley in the front rank of biographical writers. So definite was the impression of his literary ability and so general was the recognition of his capacity for dealing with affairs from the thinker's standpoint, that there were many who predicted that he would be a failure in public life. His first speech in the House of Commons was awaited with unusual interest. Mr. Justin McCarthy, writing of it not many months ago in the columns of The Outlook, recalls his own interest in that speech. The general impression of the House, he tells us, was that the speech would prove a failure, many members having made up their minds, according to the fashion of the time, that a successful literary man was not likely to become a successful man in Parliament. There was a common impression that, although possessed of great gifts as a journalist and as an editor, Mr. Morley must be an impractical person. It was also known that he had been at one time an associate of the leaders of the Positivist movement in England, a co-worker with Frederic Harrison and Richard Congreve, men who are commonly regarded as dreamers, if not worse. But Mr. Mor-



PHOTOGRAPH BY DOWNEY, LONDON

JOHN MORLEY

ley promptly undeceived the House. He spoke without notes, without hesitation, in a clear, resonant voice, with a quiet manner but with distinct force, and his speech had all the precision and charm of his written style. Those who had expected a philosophical discourse found themselves listening to a very effective and influential Parliamentary speech. Practice within the House of Commons and in the country at large has made Mr. Morley one of the most persuasive and convincing speakers of his time. So completely has he lost the academic atmosphire, so entirely has he shaken off the manner of the scholar, that he is regarded as one of the most telling platform speakers of his time. He is not an orator as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright were orators; but he is a forcible, direct, and singularly impressive speaker, addressing the reason of his auditors and commanding their attention by his seriousness and by the dignity and clearness of his diction.

Mr. Morley owes no small part of his influence to his character. No man has ever questioned his integrity or his transparent sincerity; no man has ever imputed to him interested or personal motives. He belongs to that small group who in every generation have rendered the highest services to England; who, by reason of social or material conditions or quality of mind, have in important crises dealt with public affairs without any reference to party ends, and have in the highest degree illustrated the great English quality of truthfulness. When Mr. Gladstone formed what is known as the Home Rule Cabinet in 1886, Mr. Morley became Secretary for Ireland. His attitude toward that unhappy country was then what it was shown to be afterwards. Every one knew that his sympathies were with the Irish, and that, so far as was possible, under the weight of coercive and repressive laws, he would administer exact justice and protect Irish tenants. During his entire administration he commanded the support and confidence of Ireland, although his hands were tied in every direction by repressive legislation which has since been removed largely through his influence.

In the great debate on the Home Rule Bill Mr. Morley was Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man, the only member of the Cabinet who had been a consistent Home Ruler for many years. Mr. Gladstone gave him his entire confidence. It has not often happened that two men of such great ability and such marked individuality have co-operated so long and in such perfect harmony, and no man among Mr. Gladstone's contemporaries was so well equipped to write the life of that great statesman. Both were graduates of Oxford and lovers of scholarship, both were profoundly interested in the principles which lie back of political parties and policies, both were ardent Liberals, and both had been Cabinet Ministers. Both stood together for the principle of Home Rule in Ireland during the last years of Mr. Gladstone's public career.

From the professional point of view, Mr. Morley seems to have been all his life preparing to write Mr. Gladstone's life. Biography has been from the beginning the form of literature which has attracted him most profoundly, and the art of which he has learned almost to perfection. His profound studies of Burke and Cobden put him in touch with the great Liberal traditions of English public life; in the biographies of Rousseau, Diderot, and Voltaire he had studied the French Revolutionary period and had investigated the great revolutionary movement of modern times at its sources. His view of life, although not religious in the same sense in which one uses that term in characterization of Mr. Gladstone's views, is profoundly serious, his ideals of personal character quite as high as those of Mr. Gladstone, and his sense of reverence for the privacies of domestic life delicate and keen.

In The Three Greatest Libraries

by James H. Canfield
Librarian of Columbia University
and Dorothy Canfield

With Pictures and Decorations by
Edward Edwards

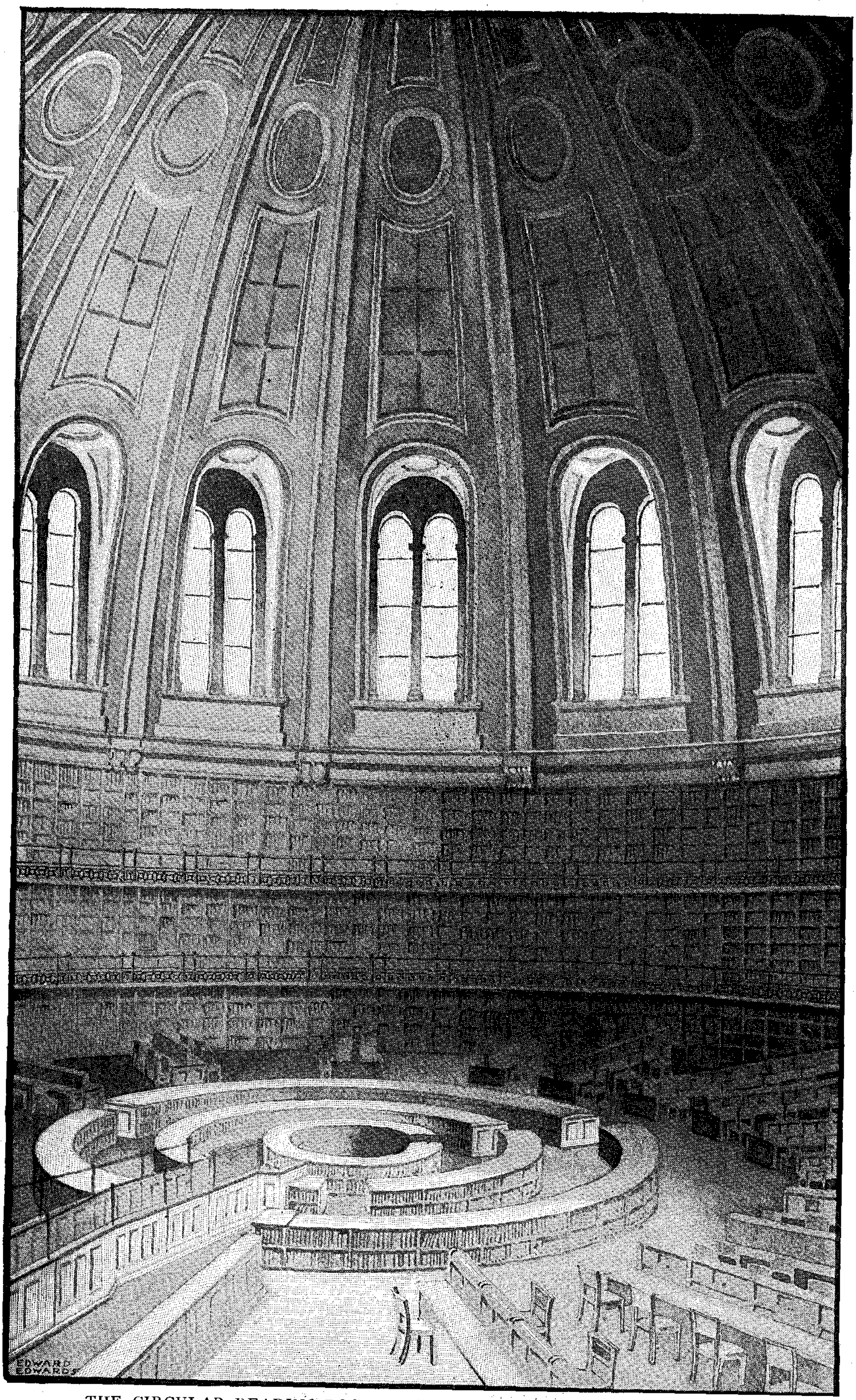
The British Museum

RIGHT in the heart of London stands the British Museum. Nothing could more perfectly misrepresent the greatest collection of books in England than this name, for it is not a museum, though in the same building with one, and it is most decidedly not British. Perhaps no other one human institution is so cosmopolitan and universal. Not only are its books gathered from every land under the sun, but the motley crowd that assembles to read them is composed of members of every known nationality.

That is what strikes the reader new to the British Museum the first time he sits down under the immense dome of the reading-room. He has worked with a Russian sociologist on one side of him and a Japanese student of music on the other. He has heard every language he ever knew, and some strange to him. He has come in contact with every class of society. There is something very exhilarating about the atmosphere created by this enormous diversity of origin fused into a common world. All the marks of superficial differences of race and color and training fall away, and the student feels that he is one of a vast community apart from the world with its surface distinctions, homogeneous and one in purpose. In the first place, the equipment is as nearly perfect as anything human can be. Every reader has a desk with ink and blotter, a shelf for his reference-books, an ingeniously arranged rest for books too large to hold, the most luxurious of large leather-padded chairs, and a footstool. Once ensconced in this agreeable nest, the reader has the world of books at his command; as a matter of fact, two million. The service is astonishingly quick and sure, and the immense catalogue almost absolutely complete.

If a reader does not find his book listed in the catalogue of the reading-room, he knows it must be in the Manuscript Room or Newspaper Room, as there are so many ways in which the classification of books may overlap. So he goes at once to one or the other of these, sure that the most priceless of manuscripts will be put into his hands freely and without hindrance—or that he will find any and every newspaper file that can possibly aid him in his work. The location of the library in the same building with the enormous collections of the British Museum is of great value.

Once he has the book he needs, and as many more as he can possibly use, he settles to his work with an ardor partly due to his surroundings. The great circular room is almost perfectly still except for the rustling of a forest of paper leaves; the attendants step quickly about, laden with books, and the great dome showers down a soft, diffused light on a company of silent figures bowed over their desks.


EDWARD EDWARDS

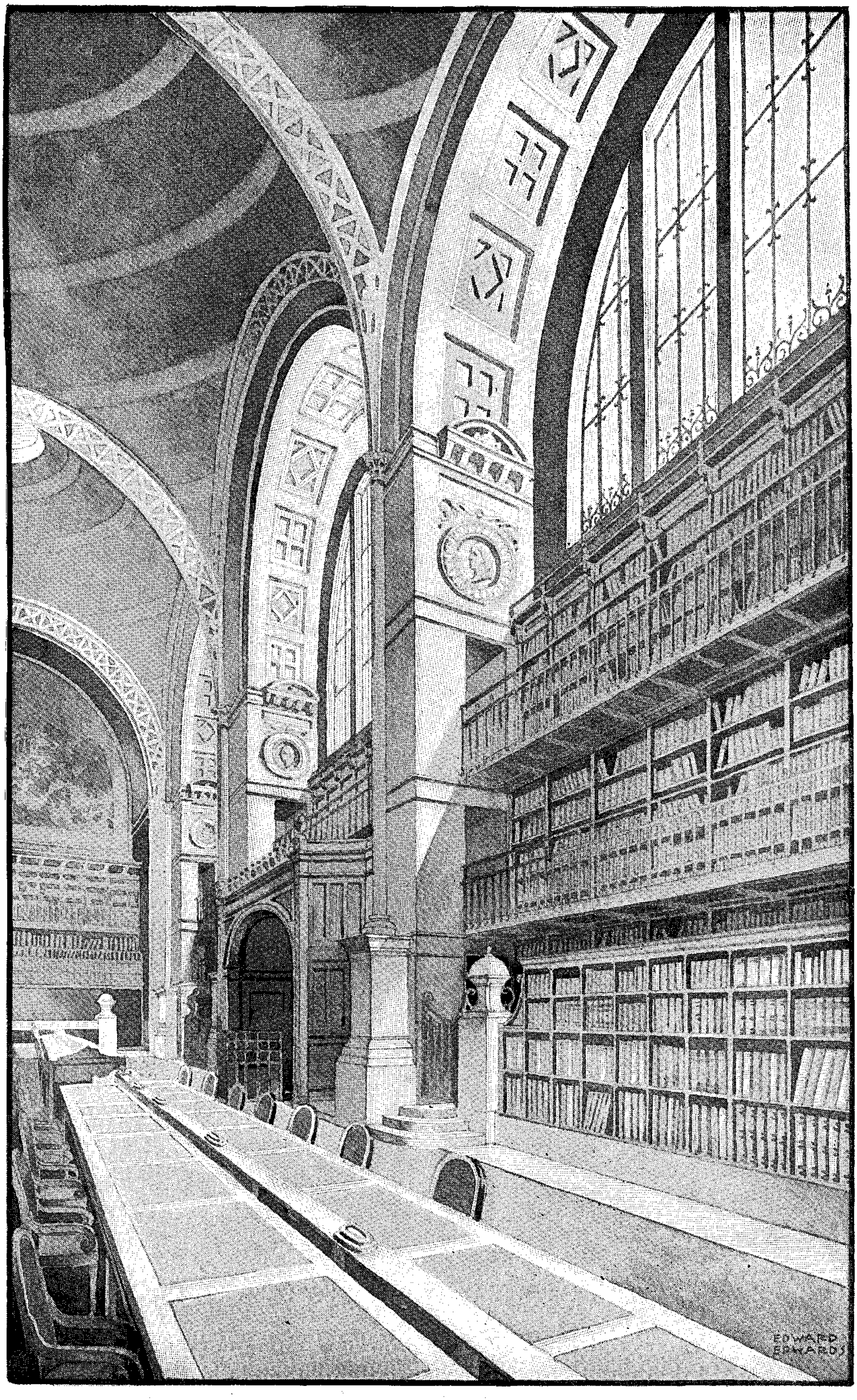
THE CIRCULAR READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AT LONDON

The National Library at Paris

PARIS is the home of the great French library. But it is really a national library; a storehouse of material for the study of every subject relating to France. Not that it is restricted to these subjects, or even weak in other lines—far from it—but these are the ones so commonly sought for here as to give the dominating note. The number of books on French history alone is 440,000. There are here, as in the British Museum, students of many nationalities—but here they are almost always from some country of Europe. No such numbers of Oriental students are to be seen here as in the institution across the Channel. Moreover, the diversity of nationality is here brought into a closer unity than in the British Museum by the fact that the majority of students are working along lines that have much in common—French art, history, language, literature, economics, religion, music.

The contents are catalogued completely only from books printed in 1875 (foreign) and 1882 (French). To all the rest of the enormous collection of 2,600,000 books the reader applies the time-honored formula of, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it!" As this is necessarily a vague process, he must expect to wait a long time to receive his books. The attendants are wonderfully adroit in looking up books and newspaper files asked for in this indeterminate manner and in utilizing the slightest of clues, but often they are gone several hours and the student must learn to keep on hand material enough to occupy him for most of the morning till he gets the book he called for on his entrance. This delay, which would irk beyond endurance the eager workers in the British Museum, is not so discordant a note in the Bibliothèque Nationale. What is perhaps in every one's mind at the mention of the French library is the enormously rich collection of mediæval manuscripts as yet unedited. For such slow, laborious work as this pioneering in unknown fields much time is required, and the student feels himself in an atmosphere of patient, scholarly research.

The treasures of charts and maps and illuminated manuscripts and rare bookbindings are admirably arranged in one or two collections. In some respects the restriction of these collections to objects that have a certain unity is an advantage as compared with the confusing universality of the British Museum.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THE NATIONAL LIBRARY AT PARIS

The Imperial Public Library of Russia

THE great library of Russia—the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg—brings another corroboration to the statement that libraries have individuality and above all nationality. It is as typical of Russia as the Bibliothèque Nationale is of France or the British Museum of England.

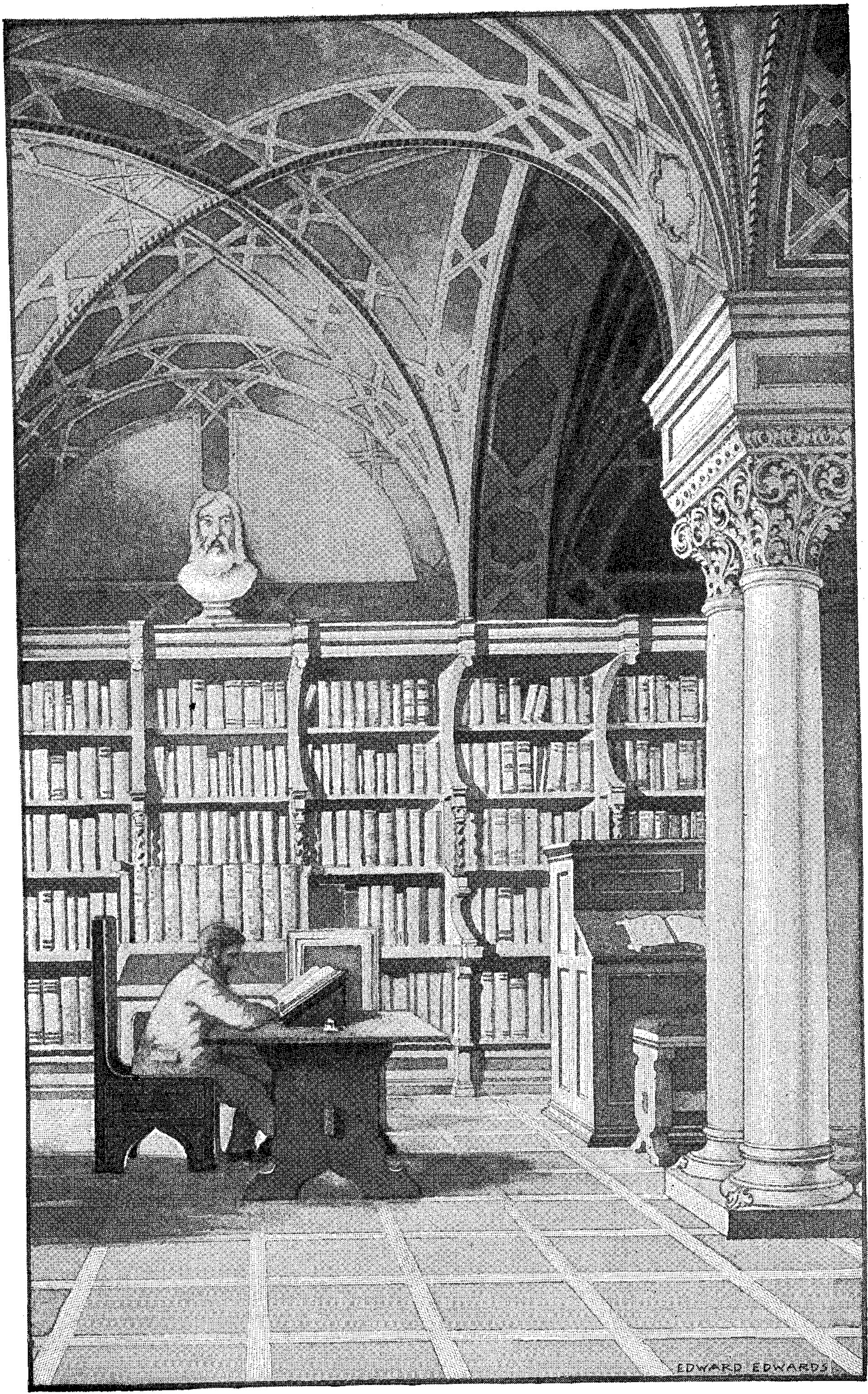
Astonishingly rich in some departments and astonishingly poor in others, unusually open to the public and unusually hard to use when once entered, in its management and contents it is full of the apparently impossible contradictions that strike the Western mind in the Russian nation as a whole. The books that are most accessible in other countries cannot be secured here, and, on the other hand, very valuable ones which a Western librarian would hesitate to intrust to a scholar are given to any applicant.

One trait this Slavonic institution has in common with the Bibliothèque Nationale—the insufficiency of its catalogues. Gaps and lacunæ of all kinds abound and the delays are extraordinary. There are not even enough of what inadequate catalogues there are, and at some times in the day it is impossible to secure one without a long wait. If the book called for is not in the nearest part of the library, the student is told that he must wait till three o'clock in the afternoon or until the next morning. As the library is open in the evening, however, this is not so positive a hardship as it would be in the Bibliothèque Nationale, which closes at dark.

Such a serious drawback as this is offset by the great ease of access to the library. Any one who presents a card with his name and address is admitted to free use of the 1,380,000 books—that is, as free as any one else has. Another primitive feature of this Russian collection is that the books are not brought to the student by the attendants. They are deposited on a central counter and must from there be transferred to the individual desks by the readers themselves. The inconvenience and difficulty of this arrangement can easily be imagined.

The class of books most used in general are here shut away from the public. Almost the entire field of belles-lettres is forbidden ground. This seemingly illogical and benighted measure is explained in a truly Russian manner. It is considered necessary because otherwise a frivolous, novel-reading public would flood the great reading-room and crowd out the workers in serious lines. There are a great many of these latter, as is not surprising when the wealth of certain departments is known. The Slavonic and Oriental manuscripts are rare and valuable beyond price, and great numbers of them as yet unedited. Hebrew documents of all kinds, Biblical codices, and Samaritan manuscripts are the specialties of the place. The collection of early Russian printed books is remarkably fine and complete.

In general, the library may be said to be distinctively Slavonic in its tendencies. It is, perhaps, on this account that it is so little known and used by European scholars.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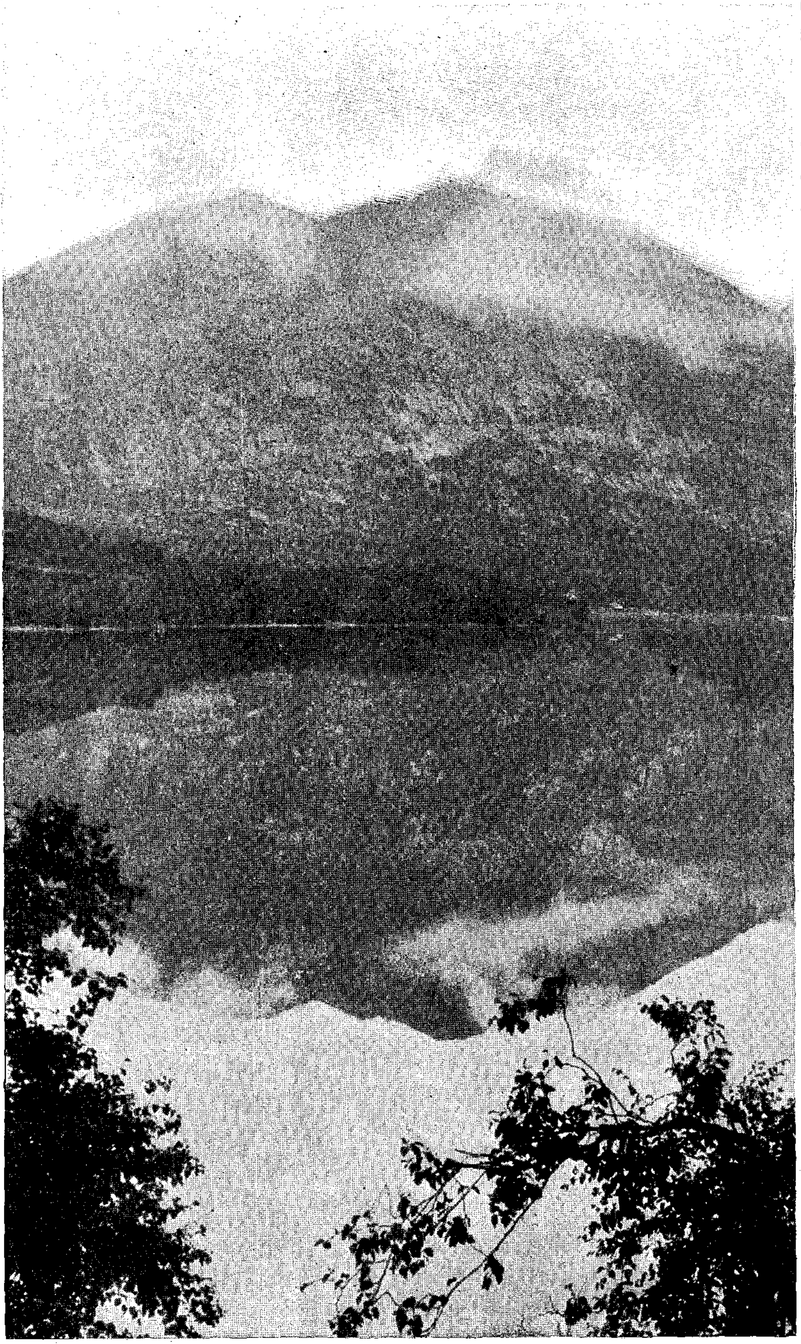
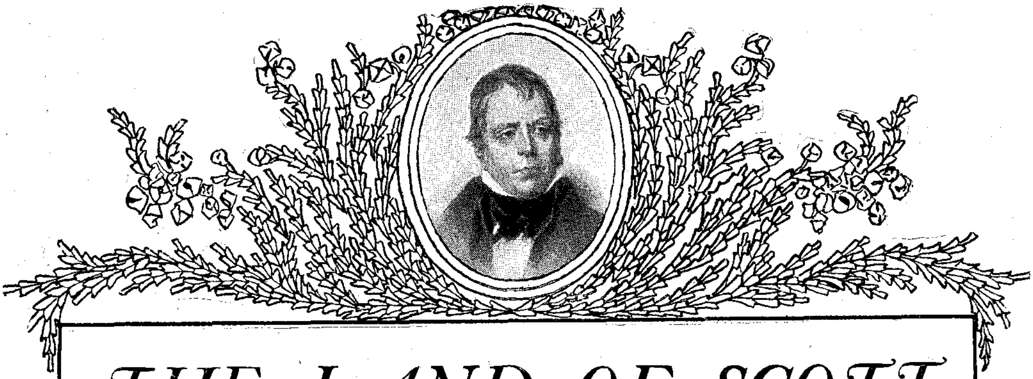
THE IMPERIAL PUBLIC LIBRARY AT ST. PETERSBURG



LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE



THE LAND OF SCOTT

By Hamilton Wright Mabie

MR. LANG has said that, often as it has been his fortune to write about Sir Walter Scott, he has never sat down to do so without a sense of happiness and elation. "It is," he writes, "as if one were meeting a dear friend, or at least were to talk with other friends about him. This emotion is so strong, no doubt, because the name and memory and magic of Sir Walter are entwined with one's earliest recollections of poetry, and nature, and the vines and hills of home." It is easy, and of late years it has been a kind of literary convention, to emphasize the defects in Scott's work; its loose and often awkward construction, the verbosity of the style, the lack of selection and the consequent overcrowding of the story, the carelessness of a born raconteur who has more incidents at command than he can wisely use. There is something humorous in the patronizing attitude of a little group of very modern, deft, expert framers of sentences toward this large, friendly, affluent mind, this warm, generous, gracious spirit, who shares with Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, Dumas, and Victor Hugo the indifference of the possessor of a great fortune to the details of his bequests to his kind. Scott ought to have been more studious of form, more fastidious of style; he ought to have written with more deliberation and revised with more rigor; but when all these defects are charged up against him, how heavily the language and the race remain indebted to him, and how painfully lacking in perception is the criticism which reports the shadows but ignores the light which streams from this great-hearted man!

If the claim of the author of "Quentin Durward" to a large place in the literature of the English-speaking peoples could not be established by putting his works in evidence, the charm of his personality and the story of his heroic struggle to die with honor would invest him with a human and romantic interest of the kind which gives wings to certain names and sends them on a level flight with time.

The sensitiveness to form as form, the delicacy of taste in detail, the nice feeling for the subtle relations between thought and speech, the light touch on the magical elements in language, which constitute the artistic equipment of Poe, De Maupassant, Pater, and Henry James, are not to be found in Scott; he belongs to another order of artists, another class of those who minister to the needs of the spirit. Even these accomplished writers present large arid surfaces, and are at times unconscionable offenders against the very taste they cultivate. Poe permits himself the most repulsive detail in the introduction of horrors from which the sensitive instinctively

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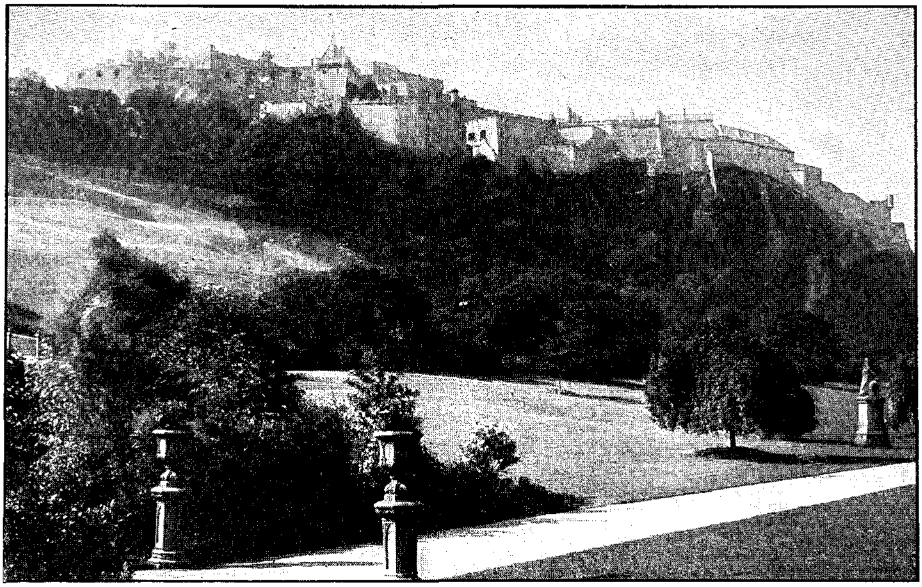
[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company. This article, with others of a similar nature from Mr. Mabie's pen, is included in the volume entitled "Backgrounds of Literature," just published by the Outlook Company, New York.



EDINBURGH CASTLE

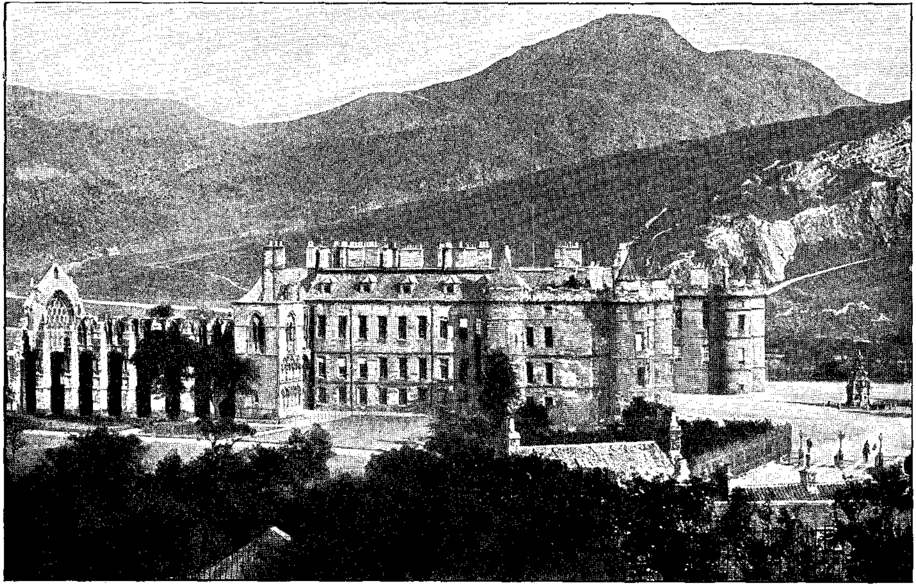
turn away; Mr. James was once described by a friendly critic of notable sanity as, "on the whole, in places, the worst writer of the time;" De Maupassant's moral sense was so dulled that in his most delicate art he sometimes gives his reader's normal instinct a blow between the eyes without the slightest consciousness that he has betrayed his defect of insight; while Mr. Pater's essay on "Style" is a terrible example of the way in which he ought not to have done it. These subtle workers in gold, ivory, and clay have their own place, and are getting more perhaps than their share of honor from this generation; but those who accept them as the final arbiters of form, the ultimate court of appeal in all questions of style, must make place for the less delicate but more vital makers of imperishable images; for the large, virile, fecund natures who, from Homer to Tolstoy, have wrought with a certain careless ease born of the consciousness of the command of inexhaustible resources. If those lovers of Scott whose taste is catholic but whose courage is weak need the confirmation of the judgment of the great, let them take heart in the companionship of Goethe, the first of literary critics, and of Thackeray, one of the first of literary artists.

The root of Scott's offending is the root of his greatness: he is not literary in the technical sense of the word. There is nothing professional about him; he is primarily a Scotch gentleman and landed proprietor. He has a natural, out-of-doors way with him which vitally relates him to his people and his country and makes him companionable to all sorts of people. It is not necessary to take a special course in the history of thought to understand him. He has no reform on his heart, save the ancient and honorable passion to make the rules of honor bear on all men's consciences and to set the ideals of courage and courtesy before every man's eyes. He was not bent on solving the problems of his time. He was fortunate enough to live in a time which did not confuse fiction with psychology. He did not write semi-historical romances because it was easy and profitable, but because his heart and imagination were equally under the spell of the rich store of Scottish legends and annals. He was, fortunately for us, a Tory, and the French Revolution confirmed his early bent. He was, in a word, in the best possible attitude to receive those elements out of early and contemporary life which gave his genius wings, and equipped him to set the spectacle of life before the world as he saw it through a vivacious, pictorial imagination.

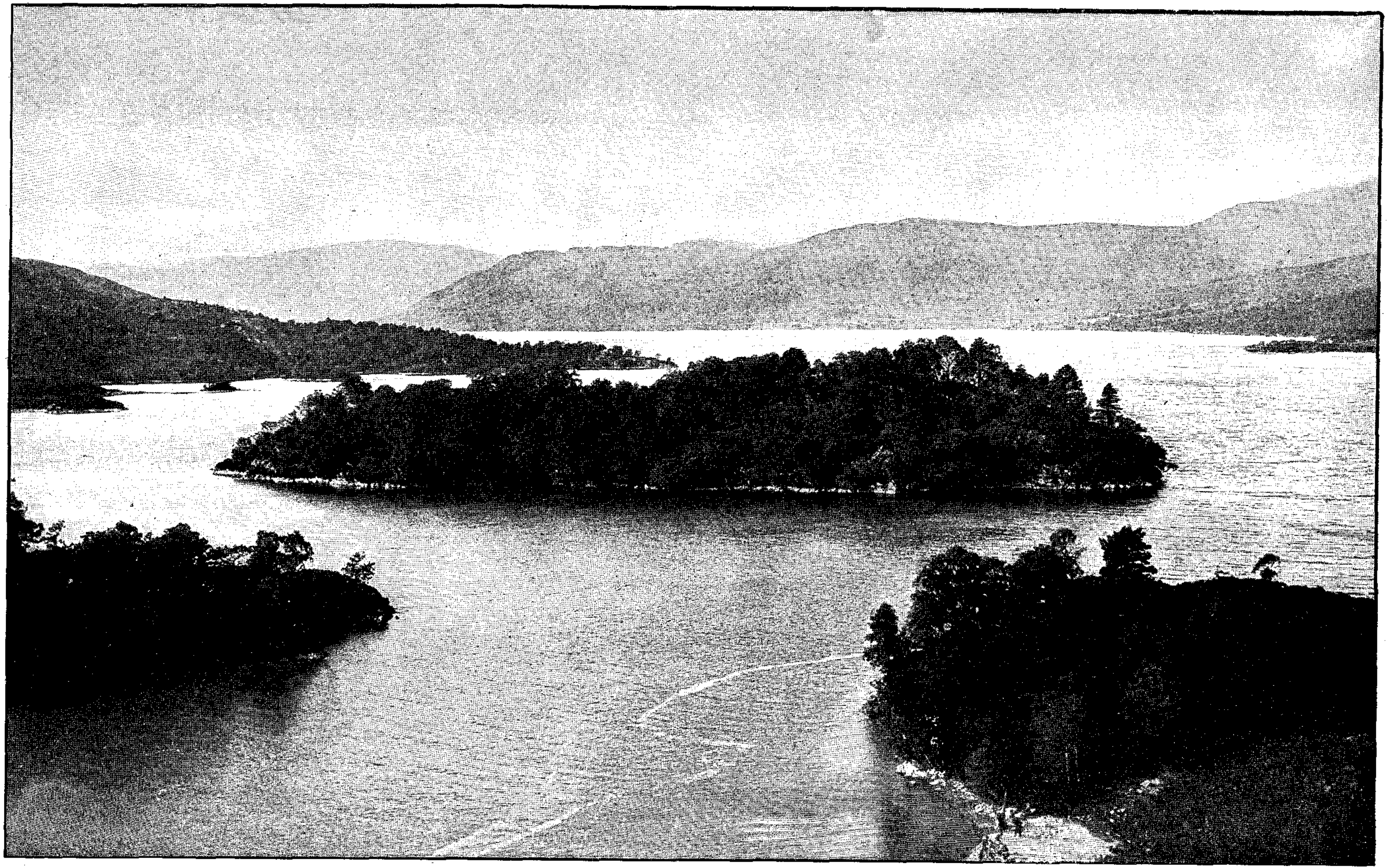
Scott was not a subtle strategist in art, playing a deep game with his readers, employing a highly elaborate technique to produce delicate effects on a few elect minds; he always moves in the open, masses his forces, and wins his way by mass and force. He deals with those fundamental experiences which, being common to all men, are, by reason of their universality, the most inclusive and profound happenings that befall human kind; and his manner has the breadth and simplicity which are harmonious with his themes. The great movements which give color and direction to human affairs are neither set in motion nor controlled by finesse, dexterity, subtle suggestion; they have their source in wide stirrings of the conscience or of the imagination, and find leadership in capacious, virile minds. Scott was entirely lacking in subtlety, but subtlety is not depth; he was without finesse, but finesse is not power. Depth he had and power in abundance; he was deep not as the pools but as the ocean, and his power was not that of delicate mechanism, but of the large, elemental forces of nature.

A man of such broad, sincere, sane genius as Scott is always vitally related to his people and his country; for genius is a spiritual rather than an intellectual gift, and makes its richest contribution to thought through divination rather than by logical processes. As Homer divined what lay in the heart of his race, as Dante felt even more deeply than he understood the Spirit of the Middle Age, as Shakespeare read the secret records which life had written in the spirit of the race, so Scott, with less insight and dramatic power, but with kindred breadth of sympathy, comprehended his country and people and made himself their foremost interpreter and historian. For Scotland lives in the books of her great romancer as she lives in no work of history. What has happened *to* her may be read elsewhere; what has happened *in* her must be sought in the Waverley Novels and the poems from the same hand.

Scott found practically all his material ready to his hand, and so intimately is his work associated with Scottish scenery, history, and legend that the bare record of the points of contact would exceed the limits of this comment on the background against which Rob Roy, Di Vernon, Jeanie Deans, Claverhouse, Meg Merrilies, Bonnie Prince Charlie, and a host of figures with whom the English-speaking peoples have long lived



HOLYROOD PALACE



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE

on terms of intimacy, move and have their being. To place the men and women whom Scott created or recalled in their local environment one must have at hand a history and a map of Scotland; it must suffice here to emphasize the importance of the background as an element in Scott's work.

It is in childhood that the intimacies of the imagination are most easily established, and nothing enters into the background of an artist's work until it has been assimilated by the imagination. Familiarity with places, with outlooks, with the richest associations, does not of itself create the mood in which a man enlarges the horizons of his consciousness so to include his surroundings that they become part of his unconscious as well as of his conscious life; to the sense of sight must be added vision; to the intimacy of physical acquaintance must be added the knowledge that comes with brooding over enchanting or impressive scenes, the meditation that opens the heart of a legend. As a boy and youth Scott became first familiar and then intimate with the country and the history of Scotland.

A great career is always the consummation of a long course of preparation, and the base of Scott's achievement was laid by his ancestry. He came of the right stock; the blood of romancers ran in his veins. If he had inherited a family memory, it would have rung with the shouts of ancient border warfare, with the cries of the clans, with all the tumult of Highland life. He was kinsman of the Campbells, the Macdonalds, the Rutherfords, the Hardens, the great feudal house of Buccleuch. He spoke humorously of the Scotchman's respect for his pedigree in the fragment of autobiography, but when he built Abbotsford he had the armorial bearings of his ancestors emblazoned on the ceiling of the great hall. The social importance of his descent was a minor matter compared with its possible bequest to his imagination.

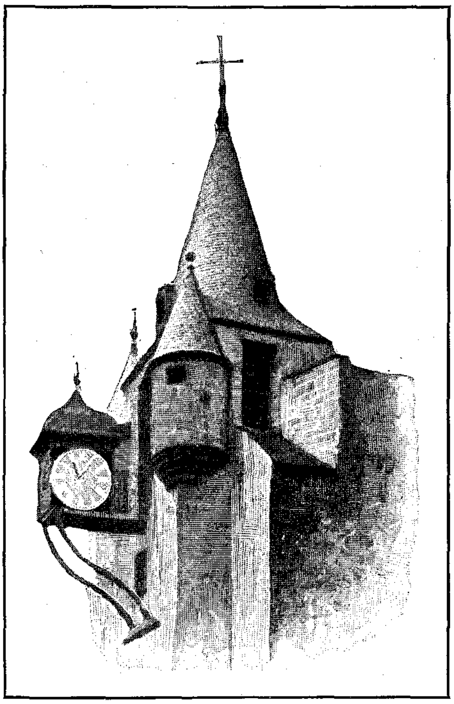
He was not only born in the ranks of the men of romance, but in one of the most romantic cities of the Old World. Always gray and often somber in the fogs and dim, wintry twilights of the far North, Edinburgh takes rank with Florence and Venice among the cities which appeal not only to the imagination by reason of a history rich in audacity, in picturesque incident, and in mysterious tragedy, but to the eye by reason of beauty of situation, nobility of structure, distinction of individuality. The great commercial cities, as a rule, run out in long lines or spread themselves over vast level areas; Edinburgh seems always visible to the eye in its entirety, so nobly do the hills rise about it crowned with castle and monument. One can stand in the heart of the Scottish capital and see it not only spread out but rising about him in impressive lines.

The city of to-day is vastly changed from the old town in which the novelist was born on August 15, 1771; there are beautiful gardens and broad streets where he may have played over open fields; but the Castle still frowns on the hill as in the earlier times, and the street runs precipitously down to St. Giles through lofty buildings in which the old wynds are still found; and Holyrood sits amid the ruins, and Calton Hill, with the High School on its slope and crowned by the unfinished line of Doric columns, not only adds a strikingly picturesque feature to the city, but interprets and symbolizes its high quality of intellectual life, its ancient and loyal devotion to learning.

The Edinburgh of to-day includes a new city, built up since Scott was born, along the base of the old city. In Princes Street this New Town has the most picturesque thoroughfare, through which the tides of life ebb and flow. Its breadth, the solidity and harmony of the buildings that line it on one side, and the beautiful gardens that give it the freshness and charm of foliage and sward on the other; the great cliff rising abruptly beyond, with the Castle on the summit, the impressive monuments and public buildings, impart to modern Edinburgh a dignity and distinction entirely its own.

The New Town and Scott were born about the same time, but the associations of his youth center in the picturesque Old Town. Here, as everywhere in this irreverent modern world intent on convenience and not scrupulous about landmarks, radical changes have been made since 1771; but High Street still runs its steep course from the Castle to St. Giles, and there, of a Sunday morning, the swirl of the pipes is still heard as the Highlanders come swinging down, with flying tartans, to the military service. "A sloping high street and many side lanes, covering like some wrought tissue of stone and mortar, like some rhinoceros-skin, with many a gnarled embossment, church steeple, chimney head, Tolbooth, and other ornament or indispensability, back and ribs of the slope"—to recall Carlyle's description of the place as he saw it in his youth.

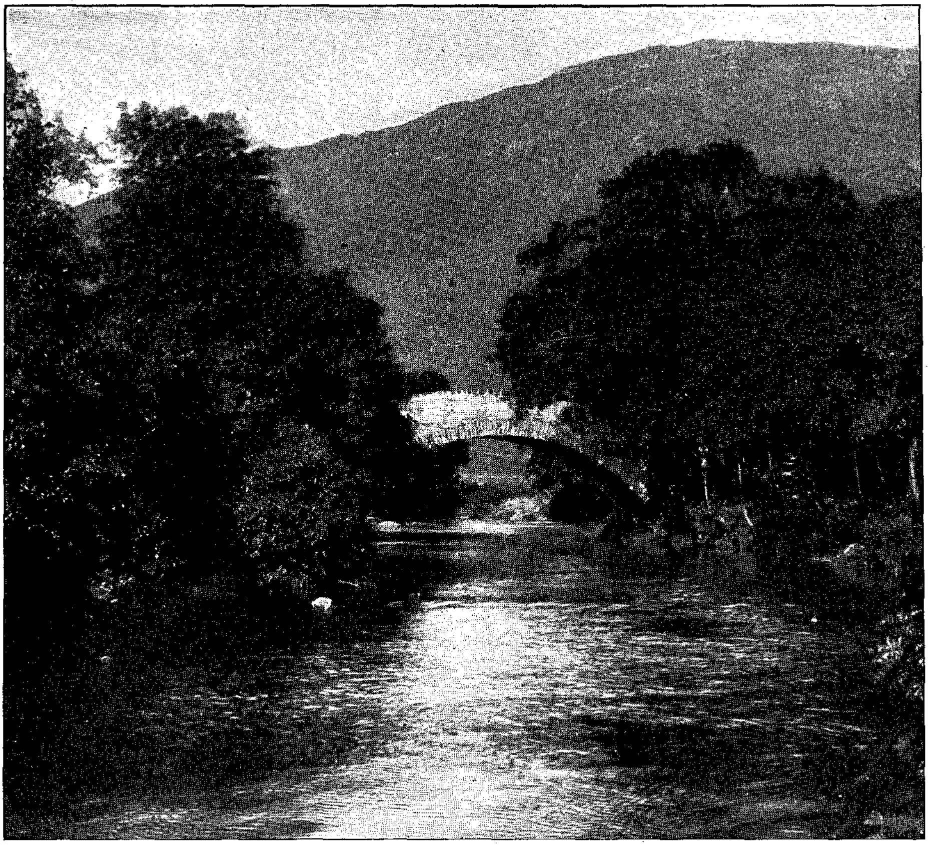
Many destructive changes had already been made, but then as now the conformation and character of the town are clearly discernible. The narrow thoroughfares, the lofty stone buildings, the dark closes, the crowding of the population on the ridge of the great rock, made old Edinburgh an extension of its Castle. A rock of refuge and a place of defense, with the Castle at one end and the Abbey at the other, it was proudly defiant of the Highlands to the north whence bands of ravagers descended and swept the land as the Norsemen the shores of France in the days before Rollo, and of the Border on the south, full of unrest and turbulence.



THE CLOCK ON CANONGATE TOLBOOTH

If the enchantments of the Middle Age did not invest the Edinburgh into which Scott was born, the wild, romantic history of centuries of struggle had left their records on every side. It was a veritable citadel of ancient tradition; nowhere else in Europe are population and historical association more congested. The old fifteen-story buildings, the forerunners of the great business structures of to-day, have disappeared, but ten stories still tower above the narrow closes and wynds, and armorial bearings, antique door-handles, link-extinguishers, carven finials, half-erased dates and inscriptions, are still to be found. Foul with the surviving odors of the evil-smelling Middle Age, full of squalor redeemed by touches of splendor, dark and gloomy but rich in haunting memories, the city which held in its heart St. Giles and the Old Tolbooth—the "Heart of Midlothian"—was a veritable fairyland to a boy of Scott's pictorial imagination. Born of an ancestry which included the "Bould Rutherfords that were sae stout," William Boltfoot of Harden, always the first "to tak the foord," the "Flower of Yarrow," whose sweetness lives in song, it was Scott's great good fortune to open his eyes on a world which preserved the records of the age of which he was to be the chief recorder, to store his memory and stimulate his imagination in those sensitive years in which a man instinctively reaches after the things which belong to his temperament and genius, and takes them to himself without knowing that he is making ready for his work.

The son of a "Writer to the Signet," with a fondness for "analyzing the abstruse feudal doctrines connected with conveyancing," Scott was born not far from the heart of the Old Town, in a house which stood at the head of College Wynd, then a fashionable quarter. Here Oliver Goldsmith had once lived in the days of his study at the University, and through this street in Scott's infancy



THE BRIG O' TURK

Boswell conducted Dr. Johnson to the University. The house in which the senior Walter Scott lived was pulled down to make room for the present University building, which was begun in 1789 and completed nearly half a century later.

The death of six children in rapid succession gave ground for the suspicion that College Wynd was not a wholesome locality, and shortly after the birth of the future novelist the family removed to George's Square, a more open section of the town, of which Lord Cockburn writes: "With its pleasant, trim-kept gardens, it has an air of antiquated grandeur about it, and retains not a few traces of its former dignity and seclusion." Here, in a neighborhood crowded with historical and literary associations and memories, Walter Scott lived during his boyhood and youth and well on into his early manhood. He could not walk the few squares to his first school in Bristo Street, or, later, to the high, narrow building in the High School Yards, or, still later, to the "Town's College," as the University was called, without being assailed from every quarter by the memories of great men or of those great events which wait upon great men.

Before he was two years old, Scott lost the use of his right leg, as the result of an illness, in a way that baffled the skill of the physicians, and was sent to his grandfather's farm, Sandy-Knowe, in order to secure better and freer conditions. The village of Smailholm, in Roxburghshire, was then a small hamlet, in that Scottish Border of which the poet and romancer took such complete possession by the power of his imagination that it has become "the Scott Country" for all time: the home of romance and poetry, through which the Tweed flows, dear to all the world because its murmur was music in the ears of the broken but heroic man who came home to Abbotsford to die in 1832.

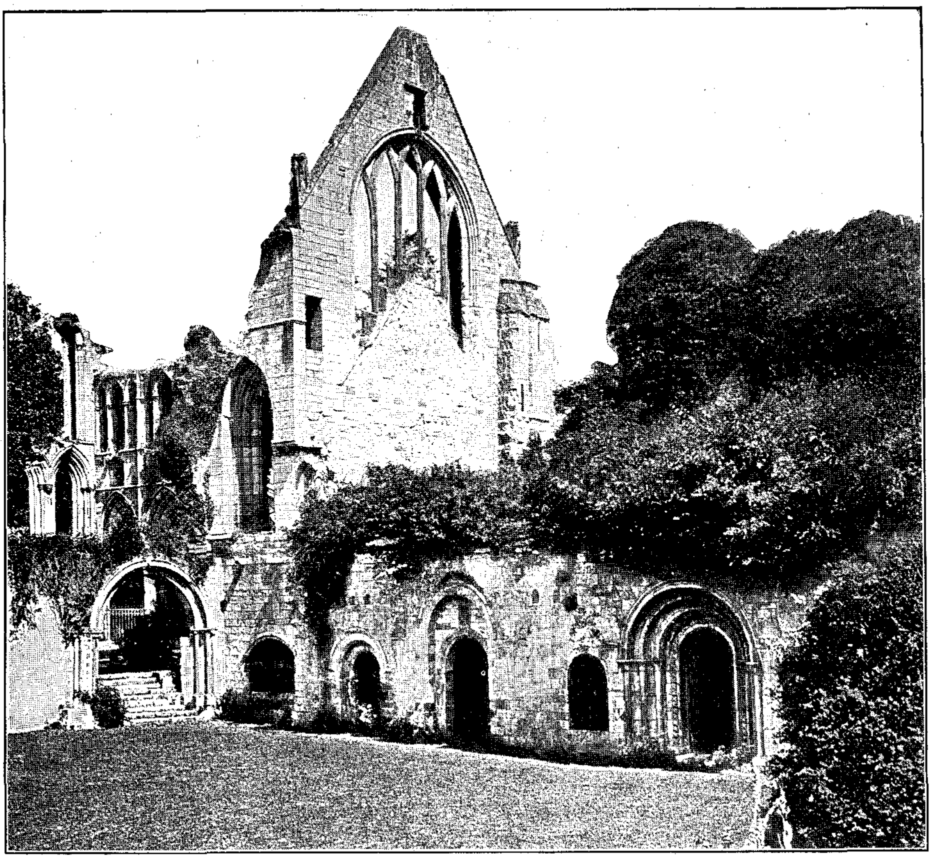
Smailholm lies on a ridge and commands a wide landscape to the Cheviot Hills and the slopes of Lammermoor. In the simple farm-house the "puir lame laddie" was tenderly watched over, and there he heard for the first time, with conscious interest, those stories of daring and of achievement which were to form the richest material of his education. In a volume of Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany" in the library at Abbotsford he wrote: "This book belonged to my grandfather, Robert Scott, and out of it I was taught 'Hardy Knute' by heart long before I could read the ballad myself. It was the first poem I ever learned—the last I shall ever forget."

The countryside was rich in romantic association, and the list of its localities to-day reads like a résumé of Scott's life and work. Mertown's Halls; the Brethren Stanes; Dryburgh, where Scott and Lockhart sleep together in one of those burial-places the very loveliness of which is a symbol of immortality; the landmarks of Yarrow and Ettrick; the peaks of Peeblesshire; the crags of Hume; the vale of the Gala; "such were the objects," writes Lockhart, "that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels."

It was in the farm-house at Smailholm that Scott first became conscious that he was in the world and a very considerable part of it, and one of his earliest recollections was lying on the floor of the little parlor, "stripped and swathed up in a sheepskin, warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal." The child's grandmother was a repository of Scottish legend and tradition, in whose youth the stories of the Border depredations were matters of comparatively recent history. She told him many a tale of Watt of Harden, Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead, and heroes of kindred spirit—"merry men all, of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John." A very pretty picture of Scott at this earliest period remains in the record of an acquaintance of the grandparents: "Old Mrs. Scott sitting, with her spinning-wheel, at one side of the fire, in a *clean*, *clean* parlor; the grandfather, a good deal failed, in his elbow-chair opposite; and the little boy lying on the carpet at the old man's feet, listening to the Bible, or whatever good book Miss Jennie was reading to them." Miss Jennie was one of those invaluable aunts whose happy fortune it is to read fairy stories to children and to be always touched with the glow of romance which streams from their fascinating pages.

In his fourth year the boy was taken to Bath in pursuit of strength. He had gained greatly in general vigor, and his life was probably saved by the prompt and thorough measures taken by his father. He had lived largely in the open air, and those fine days when he was carried out and laid on the rocks by the old shepherd while the sheep browsed around them had invigorated his body while they nourished his imagination. He now became a sturdy child, with a slight limp, but able to share to the full the pleasures of exercise and of sport. In London he saw the Tower and Westminster Abbey, but the chief incident of this first journey and residence in England was a night at the theater, where he saw "As You Like It." Years afterward he wrote that the witchery of the whole scene was still alive in his mind; and he remembered being so much scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene that he cried out, "A'n't they brothers?" Later he recalled with pleasure the Parade in Bath, with the winding Avon, the lowing of cattle on the opposite hills, and the splendors of a certain shop in the town. He was afflicted at this time by a superstitious fear of statuary, and was cured of this failing by familiarity with a statue of Neptune which stood beside the river.

There were rapid changes of place in the search for health during the next few months, and the boy's time was unevenly divided between Edinburgh, Sandy-Knowe, and Prestonpans. It was at this time that an accomplished lady, after spending a night in the home in George's Square, wrote these prophetic words to a friend the following day:



DRYBURGH ABBEY

"I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they all perish!' After his agitation he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully." At Prestonpans he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a veteran who was resting in the village on half-pay after his campaigns, and who found in the boy an eager and patient listener, with an insatiable appetite for tales of adventure and descriptions of military feats.

After a short attendance at a private school in Edinburgh, and, later, instruction at the hands of a tutor, Scott's formal education was begun in the High School, where he describes himself as popular by reason of his good nature and ready imagination, but much given to frivolity and neglect of study. He had already begun to write verses, chiefly remarkable, as youthful verses often are, for piety and lack of inspiration:

ON A THUNDER-STORM

Loud o'er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet 'tis thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky;
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
And hardened sinners thy just vengeance fear.

This didactic mood, so normal in an undeveloped boy, was humanized by wholesome activity; for Scott was "more distinguished in the yards than in the class." The boy had early resolved not to let his lameness stand in the way of a free and vigorous physical life, and before he left the High School he had become one of the boldest and surest-footed climbers of "the kittle nine stanes"—a perilous passage on the face of the Castle rock.

The interval between leaving the High School and entering the University was spent with the aunt who had already had so large a place in his vital education, in a cottage at Kelso. He was then twelve years old, and at the age when the imagination is most easily stirred and impressed. His surroundings during those impressionable months left ineffaceable images in his memory, and had no small place in his preparation for his work. He described Kelso as the "most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland, presenting objects not only grand in themselves, but venerable for their associations." The cottage stood in a garden, with long paths between hedges of yew and hornbeam; there were thickets of flowering shrubs, a bower, and an arbor accessible only through a labyrinth. Chief among the trees of the garden was a great platanus under which the boy took a long leap in his education when "Percy's Reliques" fell into his hands for the first time. He attended the Grammar School at Kelso during this period, but his real teacher was the noble country about him, through which he walked with the energy of an explorer and the joy of a poet. Two rivers, beautiful in themselves, and flowing out of the fairyland of Scottish song and story—the Tweed and the Teviot—were close at hand; ancient and picturesque ruins were within reach. He was fast coming to his own, though he did not know it until years later, and he was instinctively taking to himself the stuff of life in nature and books which was to enrich his spirit and give his genius strength of wing.

He found the most fascinating and, in a way, the most liberating of all his text-books in the Kelso library, and read them out-of-doors in the shade of a plane-tree. "I remember well the spot," he wrote later, "where I read those volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbor in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read, to remember, was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm." This was perhaps the most significant moment in Scott's education, as was the reading of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" in the education of Keats.

James Ballantyne, whose acquaintance, made at this time, was probably the most momentous happening in his external life, tells us that during this period Scott was devoted to antiquarian lore and was the best story-teller he ever knew. "He soon discovered that I was as fond of listening as he himself was of relating; and I remember it was a thing of daily occurrence that, after he had made himself master of his own lesson, I, alas, being still sadly to seek in mine, he used to whisper to me, 'Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story.'" And Scott has been inviting the world for eighty years to sit beside him and listen, and the magic is still potent.

He has left a very definite report of the deep joy which entered his soul in those days of his dawning intellectual life, the glow of his imagination, under the spell of the beauty of the Border and of its romantic associations. From this time the love of natural beauty, especially when associated with ancient splendor, became a passion with him.

In November, 1783, Scott entered the Humanity and Greek classes in the

University of Edinburgh; but these formal studies did not interrupt the education which, by the instinct of genius, he had marked out for himself. Every Saturday, and more frequently during vacations, he was in the habit of climbing Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, with a bundle of books from the circulating library; and in the silence and solitude of the summit, Edinburgh at their feet, the Firth in the distance, the bluebells about them, and the shadows resting on the Pentland hills, these boys read together Spenser, Ariosto, Boiardo, and the other masters of the romantic mood. This habit, kept up for several years, made Scott so familiar with stories of knight-errantry and of romantic love and adventure that he could recite them from memory by the hour. In this extra-university fashion, after the manner of boys of talent since colleges began, Scott learned Italian until he could read it with ease, and began a collection of ballads of which six volumes are preserved in the library at Abbotsford. He learned enough Spanish to read and enjoy "Don Quixote." Pulci, the Decameron, Brantôme, he knew; and Froissart, it is hardly necessary to say, he had at his fingers' ends. He fastened like a tiger, he tells us, on any collection of old songs and romances that came in his way. Of his intellectual interests and occupations at this period he probably gives a faithful account in "Waverley:" "In English literature he was master of Shakespeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction—of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination before the passions have roused themselves and demand poetry of a more sentimental description." James Sibbald's circulating library in the Parliament Square had more to do with Scott's education, it may be suspected, than the University; and what the library could not teach he learned on the Tweedside and in the Highlands.

The details of Scott's career at the Bar, as a translator, editor, poet, and, finally, as a novelist, would be out of place in this endeavor to bring into clear relief the background of his work by showing the great part which it played in his education. Notwithstanding his lameness, he was one of the most active men of his time in most forms of exercise. During his High School and University days he came to know the country about Edinburgh by heart, in numberless long walks. Later he wandered farther afield on foot or on horseback, and his father began to protest that he was becoming a strolling peddler. His principal object in these long excursions, he tells us, was the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery and of visiting localities associated with historical events.

Wandering over the battlefield of Bannockburn gave him deeper delight than the noble view from the walls of Stirling Castle, not because the sweep of that great landscape did not appeal to him, but because his interest in all historical memorials was so keen and his genius for discovering their significance so great. "Show me an old castle or a battlefield and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description." Such glimpses into Scott's mind bring into clear light the sincerity and integrity of his selection of his material. The age and genius of chivalry, the habit and costume of feudalism, were as real and vital to him as were the standards and manners of the society in which Becky Sharp lived to Thackeray, or as the "form and pressure" of the life of the hour is to the most uncompromising of contemporary realists.

Scott's acquaintance with the Border was intimate and began with his earliest childhood; his knowledge of the Highlands probably dates from his fifteenth year. His first excursion into a region which was still distant and wild was made in the autumn of 1786 or 1787, as the guest of an ardent Jacobite of Invernahyde, who had taken part in the risings of 1715 and 1745, whose loyalty to the exiled house of Scotland was a steady flame, and who, in his old age, cherished the hope of drawing his claymore once more before he died. Never was a writer of romantic temper more fortunate than was Scott on this memorable visit to the section whose tragic story he was to write with inimitable pathos and humor. It was a true journey of discovery; a veritable conquest of the imagination. When the vale of Perth first opened before him, he tells us that he pulled up the reins without meaning to do so and gazed on the scene as if he were afraid it would shift, like the scenes in a theater, before he could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince himself that what he saw was real.

But still deeper was the delight with which he listened to the stories of his enthusiastic host, who was not only the custodian of the history and legends of the Highlands, but the incarnation of the intrepid and romantic temper of the Highlander. From the lips of this veteran of the last heroic stand for a lost cause and a fallen house in Scotland the future author of "Waverley" and "Rob Roy" listened spellbound to the moving tale of the campaigns with Mar and Charles Edward; of his hiding in a rocky cave not far from his own house, which was in the hands of English troops, after the battle of Culloden; of his broadsword duel with Rob Roy; of a hundred other incidents which fired the boy's heart and stored his memory with romantic material.

Year after year these expeditions into the wilder parts of Scotland were repeated, until Scott came to have not only complete knowledge of the topography of the Highlands and of the coast, but to carry in his mind a kind of historical and legendary map of Scotland in which all the centers of story and points of interest in the Border and the Highlands were distinctly marked.

His first sight of Loch Katrine, which he was to endear to the whole world, was gained under military escort, while he was a writer's apprentice and on legal business, the little cavalcade being in charge of a sergeant who was a repository of local traditions. These raids, as Scott called them, gave him acquaintance not only with the country but with people of every rank and condition, and with the rich fund of song and story that floated about Scotland from vale to vale and from farthest Sutherlandshire to the English border. To know men who had known Rob Roy, to hear the story of the two risings which had shaken Scotland like an earthquake, to be a guest in remote and lonely castles, to be guided through wild defiles and over vast mountain ranges by kilted clansmen whose only speech was Gaelic and whose claymores were still at the service of their chiefs—this was the real education of the writer who was to be the scribe of his country, the truest of her historians. He had taken the hand of the man who sent the fiery cross through Appin before the last and most tragic pouring out of fanatical loyalty in the Highlands; he had a portrait of Prince Charles, purchased by some of his earliest savings; there was still a "king over the sea," and many were the glasses that were dashed to the floor after his health had been drunk in Scottish castles and homes; the heroic age was still so near that its glow had not faded from the imagination: surely no poet and romancer was more fortunately born than the author of "The Lady of the Lake" and of the romances which bear on their title-pages the name of Walter Scott!

The Highlands had a large place in Scott's imagination, as they have in his novels, but his heart was in the Border, and Ruskin was well within the truth when he wrote: "Scott's life was, in all the joyful strength of it, spent in the valley of the Tweed. Rosebank, in the Lower Tweed, gave him his close knowledge of the district of Flodden Field, and his store of foot traveler's interest in every glen of Ettrick, Yarrow, and Liddel Water." Smailholm and Kelso were among his earliest homes, and when he chose the place which of all others appealed to him most he turned instinctively to the banks of the Tweed.

Scott saw Abbotsford in his mind's eye long before the first stone had been laid. Not far from the place where the house stands the last of the great battles between the clans was fought in 1526, and the elder Walter Scott went over the ground with the future Laird when the latter was still a boy. In 1811 the boy, become a man of distinction and considerable fortune, purchased the farm property of Cartleyhole, with a small house fast going to decay. The Tweed flowed through the very heart of the landscape, gentle hills gathered about it, the glens of Ettrick and Yarrow were within reach, and Melrose and Dryburgh were not distant.

To-day the whole region seems like a page in the life of the builder of Abbotsford; but during the first years of his ownership the most unambitious designs were in his mind. In 1812 he wrote to Byron: "I am laboring here to contradict an old proverb, and make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, namely, to convert a bare hough and brae into a comfortable farm." In thirteen years the cottage became a castle and the farm an estate; and this transformation had involved the expenditure of great sums of money.

For a time Scott was supremely happy; he had a noble estate in the heart of the country he loved; his house was a museum of antiquarian objects; he had a fine library; guests came and went in long procession. Into the house, as into everything to which he set his hand, Scott put his heart; it was the expression of all the manifold interests of his life: "Abbotsford was reared on no set plan, but with the desire to reproduce some of those features of ancient Scottish architecture which Scott most venerated. It was at once a monument of the high historical imagination from which sprang his more enduring memorial, and of the over-zeal which may be lavished, with very disastrous results, on the mere 'pomp and circumstance of time'—the all-absorbing passion

"To call this wooded patch of earth his own,
And rear the pile of ill-assorted stone,
And play the grand old feudal lord again."

In the dining-room he hung the portraits of his ancestors, and there, on a quiet autumn afternoon in 1832, the brave struggle over, the end came: "A beautiful day, so warm that my window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." From that sacred place and scene came a word which the world will never forget—the last word to Lockhart: "Be a good man, my dear."

It has been charged against Scott, in the years of reaction against the romantic spirit in fiction, that he is the painter of the life and manners of Feudalism, and therefore a dealer in fictitious values, a vender of obsolete wares. But nothing that was once real and vital is ever less than real and vital to the genius that penetrates to its heart and revitalizes it. In this sense "Quentin Durward" is as genuine and sincere as "Vanity Fair" or "Eugénie Grandet." Shakespeare is a better historian of Cleopatra, if the chief function of history is to make the dead live again, than Plutarch; and Scott is not to be counted less authoritative because he was a recorder of life after the fact instead of contemporaneous with it. Nor must it be forgotten that it was the soul of Feudalism which appealed to his imagination; "the spirit of chivalry, by which, as by a vivifying soul, that system was animated," "founded on generosity and self-denial."

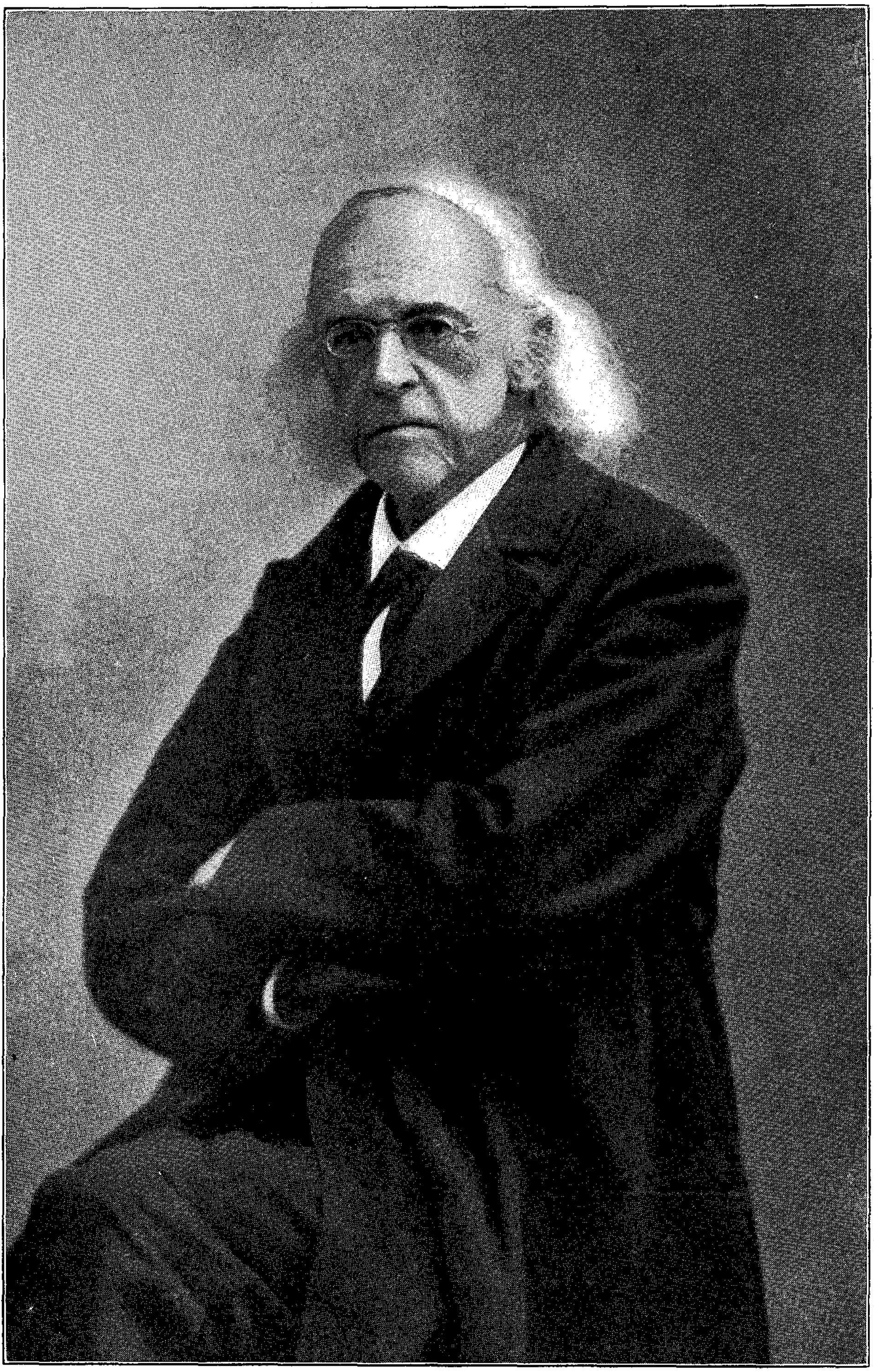
But Scott's absorption in feudalism has been greatly exaggerated; he was the delineator of chivalry in only three or four stories; in the great body of his work he was the recorder and interpreter of Scotland. In those romances Scotland lives in scores of men and women who are blood of her blood and bone of her bone. To recall these romances is to summon those fair apparitions in whom the pathos and tragedy of Scottish life are preserved against the touch of time: Jeanie and Effie Deans, Bessie Maclure, Di Vernon, Mary Stuart, Flora MacIvor, Lucy Ashton. In those pages live and move a long line of kings, gypsies, lawyers, preachers, judges, soldiers, farmers; men of the Border and of the Highlands, who not only keep for us the features of a past age, but reveal to us the secret of the heroism, the prodigal loyalty, the dour ruggedness, and the deep tenderness which have made Scotland the home of poetry and romance.

Theodor Mommsen

NO one who saw the face of Theodor Mommsen in life could easily forget it. It seemed the incarnation of persistent and splendid mental vitality as against great physical drawbacks of body. No one could have watched the slight figure as it was daily seen on the streets of Berlin and fail to contrast it with the stalwart soldiers or students on the sidewalks. For Mommsen was a man of extremely small stature and of a rather ascetic cast of countenance, but with a mind and with a spirit quite in adverse proportion to his apparently frail physique.

Mommsen was almost the last of that great group of Germans who have done so much to make their fine capital notable for other things than material progress in the thirty-odd years since the Franco-German War. Adolf Menzel is almost the only remaining representative of that brilliant circle which included such scientists as Helmholtz, Du Bois Reymond, and Virchow, such historians as Curtius and Treitschke, such critics as Grimm. Mommsen stood worthily with all these men. His long life was one full of work. As a boy he studied hard at school and university, gained a scholarship, spent four years in Italy examining Roman inscriptions, returned to Germany and occupied various professorial positions, ending with that at Berlin where he remained for over fifty years, one of the leading lights in one of the foremost universities of the world. The three works by which he will be chiefly known are first of all his "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum" in seventeen volumes, second his "Roman Jurisprudence" in three volumes, and third his "History of Rome" in five volumes. The last named is, of course, his great popular work. It describes the political and social development of Rome, and is based on marvelously minute knowledge of archæological and literary remains. Its style is vivacious and animated, and the text is full of keen criticism which does not at all avoid modern allusions and comparisons. It is not too much to say that with the death of Mommsen there passes away one who deserved Freeman's characterization, "the greatest scholar of our time." The German historian's career has already been an inspiration to other scholars. Not every one can attain his skill in the use of erudition, but many can equal his industry. His books and his hundreds of pamphlets give evidence of the untiring industry of the man who began his work at five in the morning.

Theodor Mommsen's name will live in the world, not only as that of a notable scholar, but especially in Germany as that of a fearless political upholder of liberal principles. In his aggressive espousal of Liberalism, together with his great work as a specialist, he was a true successor to the Grimms, Schelling, Hegel, and Fichte. He lost the professorship in a Saxon university to which he had been appointed, because, like Jahn and Haupt, he dared to protest against Beust and the Saxon stroke-of-state. Such a man as Mommsen, then, became later the appropriate founder of the "Preussische Jahrbücher," that noted political-historical periodical. No German general physically resplendent and wearing the gorgeous trappings of war ever had the fearlessness of the little puny university professor who in 1880 spoke of the Chancellor's policy as a "Politik von Schwindel." In truth, Germany has rarely seen a character who combined greater patience in investigation and skill in criticism in his chosen specialty together with keener acuteness in political thinking and more genuine frankness in its expression. Mommsen's liberalism was not socialism. He could be as radical as Herr Bebel without meeting that opposition which other Socialists encountered. But in freedom and causticity of utterance the historian seemed the equal of any Socialist. Men who can think with foresight as Mommsen thought, and who can speak with courage as Mommsen spoke—particularly in his persistent and timely recommendations of Anglo-German friendship—are needed in every land, but especially in a country like the Fatherland, still bound by much inveterate prejudice.



THEODOR MOMMSEN

Autumn in the Garden

By Henry van Dyke

When the frosty kiss of Autumn in the dark
Makes its mark
On the flowers, and the misty morning grieves
Over fallen leaves,
Then my olden garden, where the golden soil
Through the toil
Of a hundred years is mellow, rich, and deep,
Whispers in its sleep.

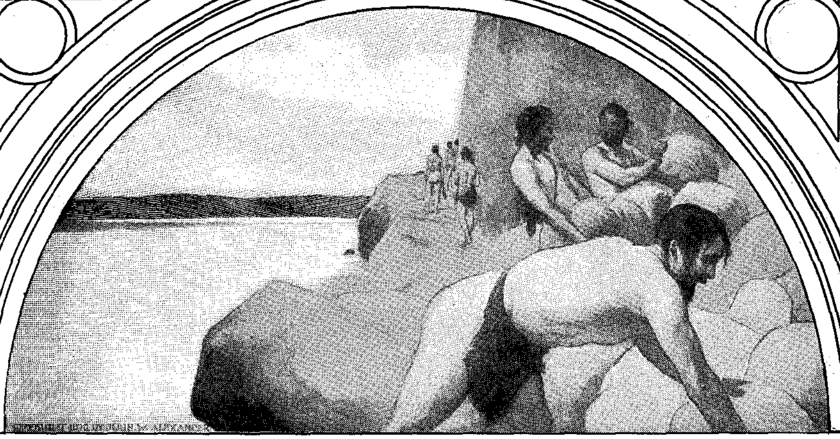
'Mid the crumpled beds of marigold and phlox,
Where the box
Borders with its glossy green the ancient walks,
There's a voice that talks
Of the human hopes that bloomed and withered here,
Year by year,—
Dreams of joy, that brightened all the laboring hours,
Fading as the flowers.

Yet the whispered story does not deepen grief:
But relief
For the loneliness of sorrow seems to flow
From the Long-Ago,
When I think of other lives that learned, like mine,
To resign,
And remember that the sadness of the Fall
Comes alike to all.

What regrets, what longings for the lost were theirs!
And what prayers
For the silent strength that nerves us to endure
Things we cannot cure!
Pacing up and down the garden where they paced,
I have traced
All their well-worn paths of patience, till I find
Comfort in my mind.

Faint and far away their ancient griefs appear:
Yet how near
Is the tender voice, the care-worn, kindly face,
Of the human race!
Let us walk together in the garden, dearest Heart,—
Not apart!
They who know the sorrows other lives have known
Never walk alone.

Avalon, October 30, 1903.



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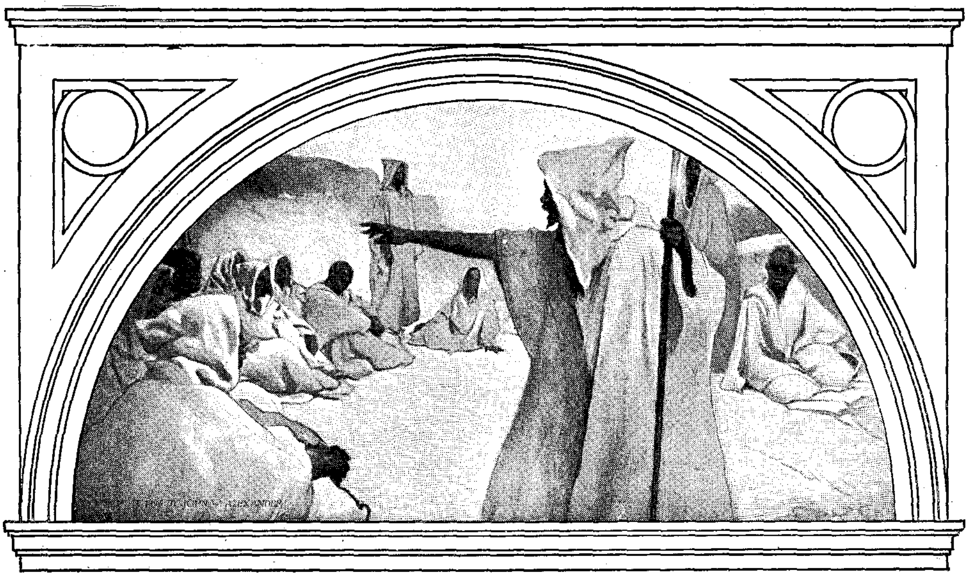
THE BOOKS OF A SEASON

A Record and Review

Under the Direction of

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

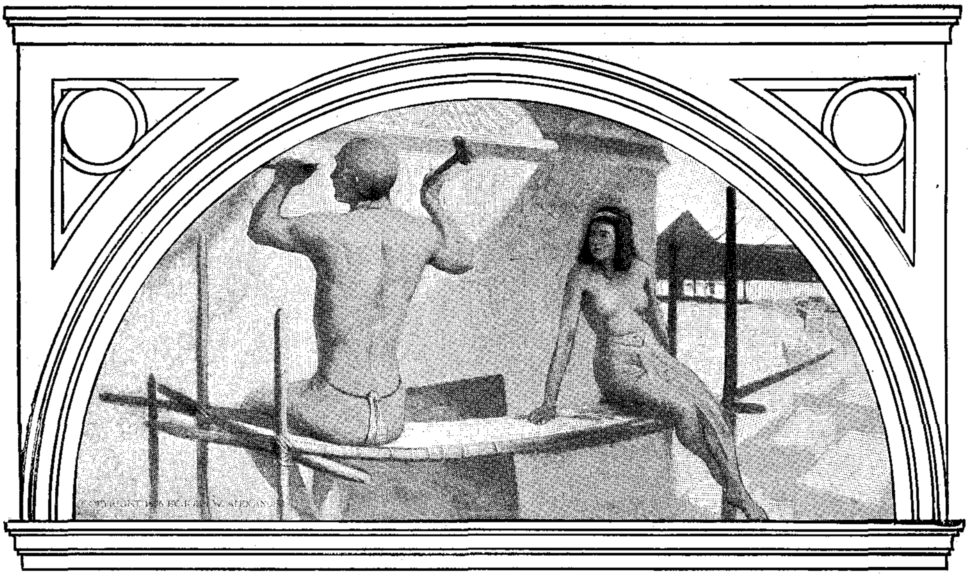
With Headings Representing
THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK
Six Lunettes in the Library of Congress
by
JOHN W. ALEXANDER



ORAL TRADITION. Copyright, 1896, by John W. Alexander. From a Copley Print, copyright, 1898, by Curtis & Cameron.

IF there is safety in a multitude of counselors, there is confusion in a multitude of books. So prolific are the presses in these times of cheap paper and machinery of magical swiftness that the bare cataloguing of publications from week to week is a heavy task. To pass deliberate judgment on the great mass is impossible; The Outlook endeavors to describe and characterize briefly, week by week, the great majority of these records of present-day experience, tragedy, comedy, and melodrama, these reports of social, industrial, religious experiments, these almost numberless endeavors to treat the old motives and present the old themes in the light of new conditions or with the interest of fresh combinations; and to select for extended comment the relatively few significant publications in the different fields.

The most important contributions to the literature of this season are in the department of biography. These studies are in several cases so elaborate that they cannot be adequately treated in a general survey. To the most comprehensive and notable of these biographies, Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone, large space is surrendered in this issue. General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," a book of beautiful temper and great interest; Mr. James's characteristically delicate analysis of the talent and achievement of W. W. Story; Senator Hoar's "Memories of Seventy Years;" the new study of Dr. Howe's methods of giving knowledge and speech to Laura Bridgman; the elaborate biography of Mr. John Fiske; and the story of the lonely childhood, the arduous maturity, and the courageous old age of R. H. Stoddard, will be commented upon at length at an early date. The second part of Sir George Otto Trevelyan's "American Revolution," a narrative full of insight into and sympathy with the American cause; Mr. Long's story of the building of "The New American Navy," and Mr. Schouler's "Eighty Years of Union," also demand more space than a general review of the books of a season affords. For the same reason, comment on Mr. Kipling's new volume of poems, "The Five Nations," Dr. George A. Gordon's "Ultimate Conceptions of Faith," and a few other volumes, does not appear in this issue. The endeavor has been made to present the readers of The Outlook with a running comment on the novels, the studies in literature, the books for younger readers, and such of the special holiday books as seem most significant, with a brief account of new editions of standard works.



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EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS

Studies in Literature

MR. BAGEHOT somewhere says that as a result of the teaching of Greek and Latin in the English public schools the boys did not always learn those languages, but they became convinced that there are such languages. Books which deal with literary subjects are not always literature, but they involve recognition of the fact that there is such a thing as good writing, and they evidence the existence of a widespread interest in it. When that interest shall take a foremost place in the minds of those who govern by virtue of superior intelligence is simply a question of time; sooner or later the expression of the soul of a people becomes a matter of necessity. In this country many have become impatient because the adequate voices are so late in speaking, and some have begun to despair; but there is no occasion either for impatience or despair. Art was never born in a day, and there are good and sufficient reasons why Americans should be later than other peoples in producing the most sensitive and perfect flower of civilization. We have said some true and deep things already, and we have said them in a language which has not lacked beauty or nobility; we must give the great processes of growth time to run their course before we demand the ultimate insight and power. Meanwhile we are dissatisfied with our achievements, and that is a good sign; and we are groping about eagerly, if somewhat blindly, for the larger products and the deeper forces of art, and that is a better sign.

If Mr. Frank Norris had lived, the collection of his short papers issued in book form by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., under the title "The Responsibilities of the Novelist," would probably have remained unpublished; now that he has gone, at the beginning of a very promising career, they are interesting as disclosing his ideals of art and his discontent with existing conditions. The papers are short, and have the newspaper rather than the book quality; they are fragmentary, discursive, and brusque in style. They must be read in connection with "The Octopus" and "The Pit" in order to be understood. Mr. Norris made the mistake, at the beginning of his career, of confounding crudity with strength, and delicacy and refinement with weakness. He had the consciousness of the possession of individual force, and he felt deeply the vital connection between life and art. He looked for force, virility, bold speech, original power; and these things are rare in current literature; its excellences are of another kind.

Norris began with an omnivorous appetite for life and a very untrained instinct for art. His early stories were powerful, but in a very elementary way; they dealt with coarse forms of life in a blunt, crude fashion. But as he went on toward clearer vision and deeper knowledge he began to distinguish between the really characteristic and the essentially vulgar, and to learn the secrets of that art which is the very quintessence of power without a suggestion of raw energy. He had long passed out of the blacksmith stage of hammering his themes by main force, and had given substantial evidence not only of remarkable growth but of unusual power, and when his career was arrested he seemed to stand on the threshold of a notable artistic achievement.

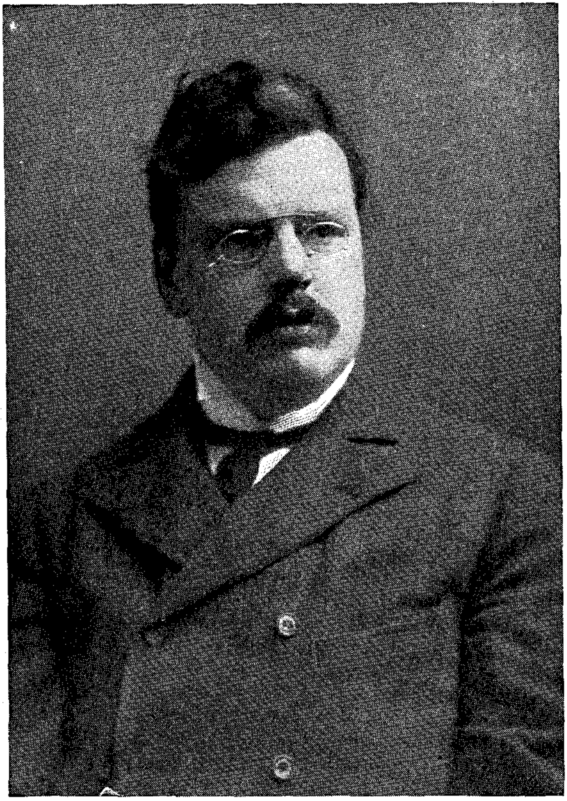
These papers must be read in the light of this brief history of a powerful mind working itself clear of a tendency towards raw individualism in selection and construction. They are often crude in form and rough in style; they were written for the moment in the speech of that moment; they are full of rash judgments, of misconceptions of the relations of the books of the time to the conditions of the time; they are not, in themselves, of permanent value. But when all these things have been said, it must be added that this volume is highly significant of that reaction against imitation, conventionality, and commercialism in book-making in which all young writers of real power share, and which is prophetic of the better things which are to come.

Mr. Crothers's volume of essays, "The Gentle Reader," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is in another vein, and would perhaps draw the fire of some of Mr. Norris's young contemporaries, who would charge it with a too easy surrender to old-time standards, a too facile adoption of old-time methods. The title suggests slippered ease, indoor content, and class distinctions; it recalls the time when reading was a privilege, not a necessity, and writers spoke chiefly to a small circle of readers.

Now, it must be confessed that these essays do not deal with elemental passions, burning questions, the turbulent contentions of contemporary business life; it must be confessed that they have the air of having been written in a library, and that they assume a considerable familiarity with books and history on the part of the reader. But shall there be no quiet places in the world, no ease of mood, no play of the mind, no charm of humor or grace of manner in modern writing? In order to be strong must we cease to be good company to our friends and agreeable persons to our generation? Mr. Crothers is, by reason of his quiet humor, his easy, restful touch, his fine idealism, a writer peculiarly adapted to speak to a restless time and to remind it that there were good things before our age, and that if wisdom is not to perish with us we must take time to ripen as well as to stir and storm through our allotted years.

There is a fine flavor of intellectual good breeding about these papers; a pervading air of familiarity with the best intellectual society. They are in no sense imitative of the work of Charles Lamb or of that of Dr. Holmes, but they belong in the same field; they skillfully conceal the progression of thought under a discursive, loitering, intimate style. They are full of clear characterization, of keen comment on art and life, of well-poised judgments; but these serious qualities are penetrated by fresh, unforced, and subtle humor. Such chapter headings as "The Mission of Humor," "That History Should be Readable," "The Evolution of a Gentleman," "The Cause of Wit in Others," are significant of Mr. Crothers's interests.

Still more distantly removed from the strife and tumult of the time are Mr. Aldrich's delightful "Ponkapog Papers." Those who think that literature must always be "up and doing," with the battle-ax of the reformer in one hand and a didactic volume in the other, will look askance at this slender



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
Author of "Varied Types."

collection of miscellaneous essays, many of them on unimportant themes. To such persons the modest preface is commended, with a hint that it must not be taken too seriously; no one knows better than Mr. Aldrich that there is often more real art in a miniature than in a canvas of vast dimensions. These short, unpretentious chapters are, as a matter of fact, much more closely related to literature than many substantial volumes of essays. They are pervaded by the atmosphere which envelops good, sound, thoroughbred writing; they reveal the light touch, so elusive, so difficult to command, so unmistakable; they bear the mark of the artist.

The chapters might be called the recreations or diversions of a man of letters; so full are they of reminiscences of the library, so redolent of the best literary associations. There are touches, too, of that gay, unforced, and quick-witted humor with which Mr. Aldrich has made the path of life a place to loiter in for his friends. There are critical comments full of literary feeling, there are quaint conceits, there are detached images and reflections, and there is a careful study of Herrick. There are some trifles in the volume, but it is, as a whole, so sane, so companionable, so well written, that one welcomes it as he welcomes a friend of rare quality who drops in, not for serious discussion, but for a half-hour of light, vivacious chat about things of such inherent interest that even a casual approach to them is not without profit. The book bears the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Aldrich writes like a man of letters; Mr. Chesterton like a journalist. The first is steeped in leisure and plays with his subjects; the second has his eye on his theme and the clock at the same time. This is not denying Mr. Chesterton's literary insight and feeling; it is saying that he is entirely modern and up to date. His mind is alert, keen, quick to see the salient points and swift to define them, with a tendency to paradox, but with the gift of fresh and entertaining statement. His study of Browning was a direct, unconventional, and vivacious biography of a poet who has been so wrapped about with the fog of philosophical interpretation that he has almost disappeared from the view of plain people. It was refreshing to come upon a student and critic so unawed by the piles of dust through which he made his way to his subject.

This young London journalist has a fresh voice and something definite to say. The collection of short essays recently published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., under the title "Varied Types," deals with a wide range of subjects, from Byron to Savonarola and from Charlotte Brontë to the German Emperor. On all these subjects Mr. Chesterton has something suggestive and cogent to say and says it without waste of time; he eschews introductions of every kind and takes his topic up at the very start. The third sentence in the book "throws down the glove" by declaring that realistic biography insists on "exactly those things in a man's life of which the man himself is wholly unconscious: his exact class in society, the circumstances of his ancestry, the place of his present location;" and then goes on to point out a quality in the work of the Brontës which has by no means escaped observation, but which is very vividly brought before the mind by Mr. Chesterton's paradoxical way of putting it. There is nothing final or conclusive about these papers; their method and brevity preclude the possibility of saying the last word. That is what Mr. Chesterton would not do if he could; his mission is to keep the ball rolling; and he does, with great good humor, with high spirits, and in a most diverting fashion.

Mr. Brander Matthews brings to the discussion of the drama thorough knowledge, notable good sense, and a familiarity with the craftsmanship both of the play and the stage which many students of the drama as a form of literature have conspicuously lacked. He has, moreover, the habit of simple and lucid statement. His latest venture in this field is also his most important contribution to the literature of the subject. In "The Development of the Drama," issued by the Scribners, he set before himself the task of tracing, within the limits of a single volume, the evolution of the drama from its modest beginnings to present-day complexity; excluding the almost numberless controversies which have enlivened every generation since Shakespeare's, and confining himself to rapid narrative, to description, and to the kind of criticism involved in an intelligent elucidation of his subject. His deepest interest is in the drama as acting literature; this is the keynote of his treatment; to this must be added his familiarity with the practical conditions under which the dramatist must present his work. The result is a very clear, well-planned and well-executed survey of the unfolding of the drama, with emphasis on craftsmanship in the widest sense of the word. The Greek, Roman, mediæval, Spanish, French, and English drama, and the drama of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, pass in rapid survey before the mind of the reader, and the volume closes with a chapter on "The Future of the Drama."

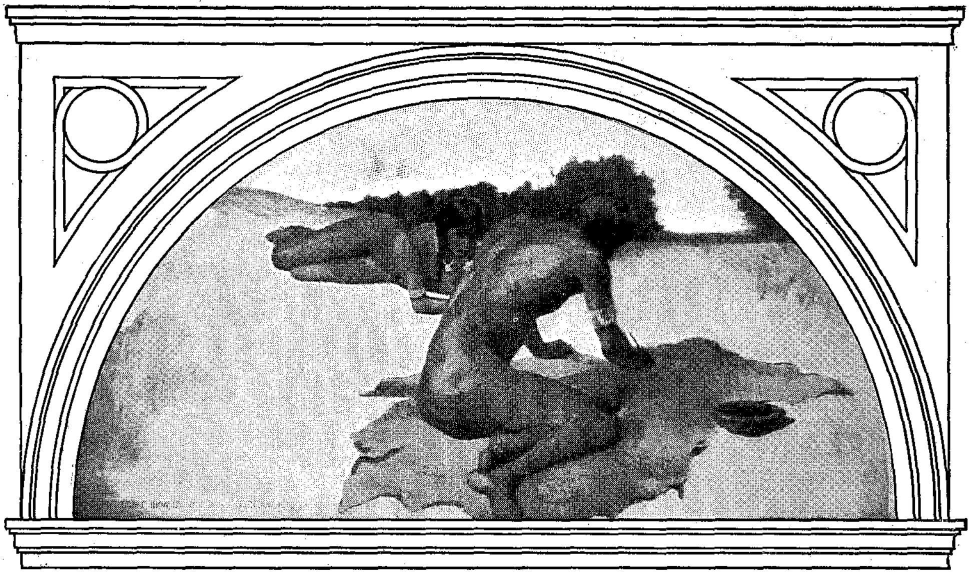
The treatment is so direct, simple, and competent that it is interesting from beginning to end. No similar work covers the field so completely or presents so much important information about the conditions under which plays have been presented in every age. This feature of the discussion is a distinct contribution to the literature of the subject, and is of great value to the student of the drama, not only as related to the theater but as one of the greatest and most significant forms of literature.

The reader who is looking for a wholly new view of things will not find it in Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.'s, "Essays on Great Writers" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); but he will find a fresh, unconventional, and somewhat iconoclastic treatment of some old matters and a spirited dash at some contemporary writers and methods. Mr. Sedgwick concerns himself very little with the traditions and is not solicitous of the literary conventions; he writes with a free pen and in a mood which is often critical and always frank and communicative. The first impression of one who reads these discussions of the qualities of certain writers of rank is that the book is unliterary. This does not mean that it is lacking in the qualities which make the literary atmosphere, but that it is singularly free from the technical influences of the library. Very little account is taken of what other writers have thought and said; Mr. Sedgwick is concerned solely with what he thinks and means to say. He gets at his subjects with no preliminaries, looks at them with a curiosity which has slight reverence either for accepted opinion or for exclusively literary standards, and develops his own thought without delay and with entire informality. The result is a considerable gain of freshness, many well-put judgments, and some one-sidedness and over-confidence.

The chapters on Scott and D'Annunzio are typical of Mr. Sedgwick's clear moral discernment and his catholicity of judgment. Being an honest man, he loves Scott and sees no reason for concealing his feeling that Scott was a better writer for being a good man; for the same reason, the extraordinary sensitiveness of the Italian novelist and dramatist to the magic of words, to the cadences of a delicate and fastidious diction, receives full justice at his hands without blinding him to the fact that D'Annunzio's lack of moral insight tells heavily against his mastery of the deeper materials and finer structure of his art. What he says about Montaigne is sound and to the point, and no right-minded reader will object to the generous space which Lake George occupies in one of the essays. When one is taking a holiday with Montaigne, the lunch-basket and canoe are part of the day's pleasure. When Mr. Sedgwick comes to Thackeray, he is somewhat too summary and does not carry conviction; he is a little too offhand with the greatest genius that has expressed itself in English fiction. In truth, Mr. Sedgwick is a little too sure of himself at several points; but he is, in the length and breadth of his discussion, so direct, sincere, and outspoken that one can forgive the excess and condone the faults of such wholesome qualities.

One of the most interesting records of the many Emerson celebrations last May is Mr. Edwin D. Mead's interpretation of the poet, essayist, and philosopher, in a volume on "The Influence of Emerson" (The Unitarian Publishing Company, Boston), in which Emerson's work is presented, and the personality of the man as revealed in that work, under three heads—"The Philosophy of Emerson," "Emerson and Theodore Parker," and "Emerson and Carlyle." This is a concrete way of developing three important aspects of Emerson's interests and work. The discussion of his philosophy affords the opportunity of presenting his fundamental ideas, the study of his relations with Parker of presenting his attitude toward organized religion, and the study of his relations with Carlyle furnishes material for a significant contrast between two leading personalities in literature in the middle of the nineteenth century. Mr. Mead is an idealist of the most uncompromising sort. His comments are on high lines, though they sometimes lack definiteness, qualification, and shading. A profound admirer of Emerson, Mr. Mead interprets his work with the deepest sympathy, and often in glowing phrase. "The Influence of Emerson" is neither a definite nor final statement of Emerson's place and work, but it is a very interesting and high-minded interpretation of a profoundly interesting and high-minded man of genius.

The volume of literary essays by Mr. Mabie which the Outlook Company has issued under the title of "Backgrounds of Literature" contains seven studies of writers, mostly of the first rank, including Wordsworth, Emerson, Whitman, and Goethe. Special emphasis is laid, in the treatment of these writers, on the environment, both scenic and racial, of their work, and the endeavor has been made to point out the influence of this double environment on that work. This is, however, but part of the whole of the author's endeavor, which has been to lay bare the characteristics and secrets of power in a group of writers who have deeply influenced the life and thought of the last century and a half.



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PICTURE-WRITING

A Shelf of Children's Books

WITH the oft-forgiven indulgence practiced by modern mothers, the youngest children will be served before their elders, at the feast prepared for them by the many friends who vie with one another to meet their unappeasable appetite for stories.

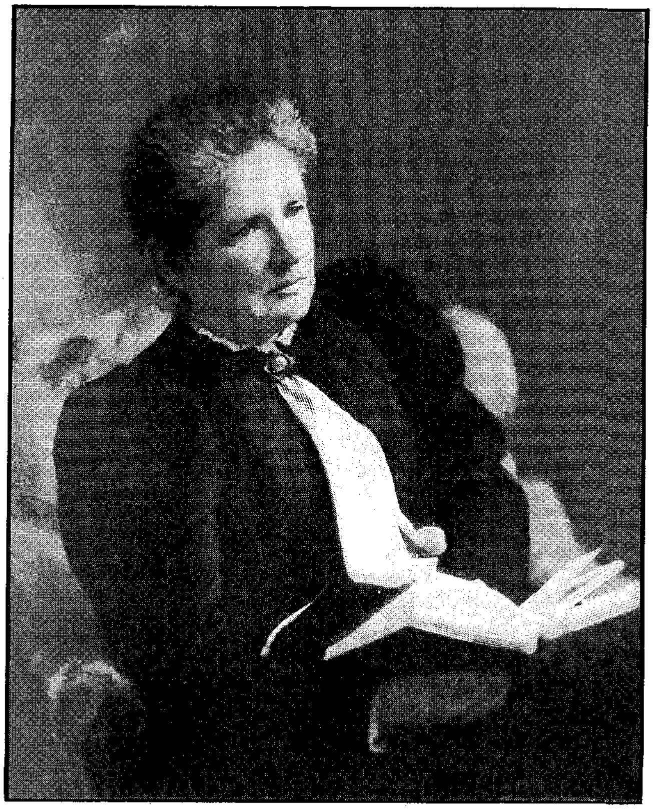
Long ago—at least so it seems now—we were made familiar with the graceful, lithe child figures drawn by Reginald Birch. The famous Little Lord Fauntleroy owed no small share of his popularity to the artist, and—may we venture to say at this distance?—the public suffered much from the vogue, so charmingly begun, of little boys in velvet suits and wide collars. That his pencil has not lost its cunning, but has gained in breadth of treatment, may be seen in a new book by Robert W. Chambers, "Orchard-Land." (Harpers.) Printed in type easy for very young or very old eyes, there is nothing in the tone of the story that suggests "talking down" to children. Peter and Geraldine came very naturally into complete understanding of outdoor land, and learned there the oldest song in the world, "The Joy of Life." They talked with the woodchuck, whom at first they took for a bear! And he, to oblige them, offered to chatter his teeth. But Peter urged that if he chattered one tooth it would be quite sufficient. This led up to a most interesting talk about sights and sounds, and woodchuck life in general. Other friends were the dragon-fly, the impudent blue jay, and the curious bat. The children grew wise and thoughtful of creatures, and had more and more fun every day, as all real children should have.

From Orchard-Land we wander with Jimmy, in "The Magic Forest," into a truly modern fairy story. Jimmy's father and mother knew he walked in his sleep, but Jimmy did not know. So, once, when he was on a Pullman sleeping-car crossing the continent, he quietly walked off the train, and awoke after a while alone in a wild Western land. Having a firm belief in the fairies, Jimmy concluded that he had come into "The Magic Forest" by their aid; and so, when a band of Ojibway Indians came along the river in their canoes, he accepted his adoption among them as quite natural. Although only nine years old, he soon learned woodcraft, and he and the Indian boys and girls became fast friends. He stayed several months in the Magic Forest, with the fur-traders, kindly treated, but obliged to share the work and hardships of the other boys, which developed him finely and cured him of his home habits. Mr. Stewart Edward White shows his knowledge of both outdoor and human nature in the delightful and novel scheme of his fairy tale. How Jimmy walked into his own home surroundings, and, finding no one believed that he had really been in fairyland, shut his experience up in his own memory, is a skillful touch, for it indicates all the faith and all the curious reticence of childhood. Many marginal drawings are scattered through the pages, showing quaint Indian figures and utensils. It would be a queer boy who would not enjoy Jimmy's adventures. The full-page colored plates are soft in tone and pleasing in effect. (Macmillan.)

One turns to Mr. Thomas Nelson Page with the certainty of finding evidence of that subtle gift called style. His touching story, "Two Prisoners," is entirely free from the morbid strain so apt to appear in any tale of childish suffering. (R. H. Russell.) Molly, the little cripple, left alone all day in her dreary, dark room, attended occasionally by Mrs. O'Meath, who, as all the tenement knew, was sometimes drunk, is a pathetic figure enough. But the little ray of happiness that came into her life, and grew into a flood of sunshine of love and joy, is so beautifully indicated by Mr. Page that the final impression left is one of pleasure. Far away from Molly's window, at the back of a house on another street, hung a cage with a mocking-bird in it, whose notes could not reach the little girl's ears. But from her own experience Molly understood why the caged bird drooped and ceased to sing. When her happiness came, her one desire was to own the bird and let it fly. Very naturally, through the friendship of another child in happier circumstances, her wish was gratified. Soon after she had opened the cage of the bird and rejoiced in its glad flight away off to the open fields, her own cage was opened, and her longing little heart was free to enjoy the love so long denied her. The dainty colored plates are unusually attractive, with subdued tints and sweet child faces done by Virginia Keep.

We enter a different circle among "The Children who Ran Away," to whom Evelyn Sharp introduces us. These are of the vigorous, rugged English type, a group of school boys and girls who race over the hills on paper-chases, climb walls and trees, wade brooks, and use the most distressing slang with it all. One can feel the glow of their youthful strength, and enjoy the real nature shown in their childish moods and whimsical ideas, but why they should not be allowed to talk in ordinarily refined language one is at a loss to comprehend. It is rather melodramatic, to begin with, to find a little boy and girl, left in the care of a good, commonplace woman, who decide to run away to a young lady of whom they have heard rumors "that she likes people that nobody else wants." After some adventures they really find Miss Cecilia, and are taken in and cared for, sent to school, loved and petted. Prue, the little girl, is a regular tomboy, and finds companionship among the pupils of a neighboring boys' school much more to her taste than are the other girls at Miss Cecilia's, whom she describes variously as "awfully rum" or "beastly," and whom she enjoys "rotting," whatever that exercise may be. Yet, apart from their "langwidges," these boys and girls have a jolly time, and are kept up to the sturdy, honest English ideals of honor and courage. A love story lurks in the background, and Miss Cecilia succeeds by kindly subterfuge in reconciling the obstreperous Prue to her guardian and Miss Cecilia's lover, the man from Patagonia. The pictures by Paul Meylan are quite photographic in effect and admirably suited to the story. (Macmillan.)

In "The Golden Windows," by Laura E. Richards, young and old meet, and each finds pleasure in these beautiful and ingenious fables. The first one is a pretty tale of a boy who feasted his eyes on a palace where, in the evening glow, he beheld shining its windows of clear gold and diamonds. On a holiday he walked over the hills until he reached the dazzling palace, to find it a farm-



LAURA E. RICHARDS
Author of "The Golden Windows."

house like his father's, in which he was made welcome with homely kindness. The little girl of the house told him she too knew of a house with windows of gold, and at sunset pointed out to him his own home far away ablaze in the light. So when he again was at home and his father asked if he had learned anything that day, he said, "Yes, I have learned our house has windows of gold and diamonds." In this same sweet spirit are all these pretty fables woven, some to teach the children and some to make older people wise. Especially good for us who are grown up are the pithy parables of "The Prominent Man," "The Blind Mother," "Anybody," and "The Scar." Untidy little children should read "The Pig Brother," quite as effective as some of the ancient Moral Tales for Youthful Minds. Some of the fables remind one of Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature, and yet without the least shadow of imitation. There is an original touch in Mrs. Richards's writing that gives fresh pleasure in this volume. It is exquisitely illustrated by full-page plates, most delicately conceived and drawn. (Little, Brown & Co.)

With the light, easy swing of a trained writer of verse, Charlton M. Lewis carries us along in his narrative poem, "Gawayne and the Green Knight." A pretty tale of the Round Table, amusingly diversified by surprising bits of modern humor or phrase, it rises frequently to noticeable beauty of thought, always simple in expression. When, in answer to the boastful challenge of the stranger Knight whose features were lighted "with a bright green smile," Gawayne lifted the ax to strike the blow agreed upon, it is, to say the least, astonishing to read this passage:

"And now,"
Said he to Gawayne, "wheresoe'er you choose
To strike your blow, strike on; I'll not refuse;
Head, shoulders, chest, or waist, I little reck:
Where shall it be?" Quoth Gawayne, "In the neck!"

After the blow the head dropped off and the thick, hot blood gushed forth like a flood of "*crême de menthe*"! Yet with this delightful fooling there is much more in the poem of real beauty and true sentiment. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

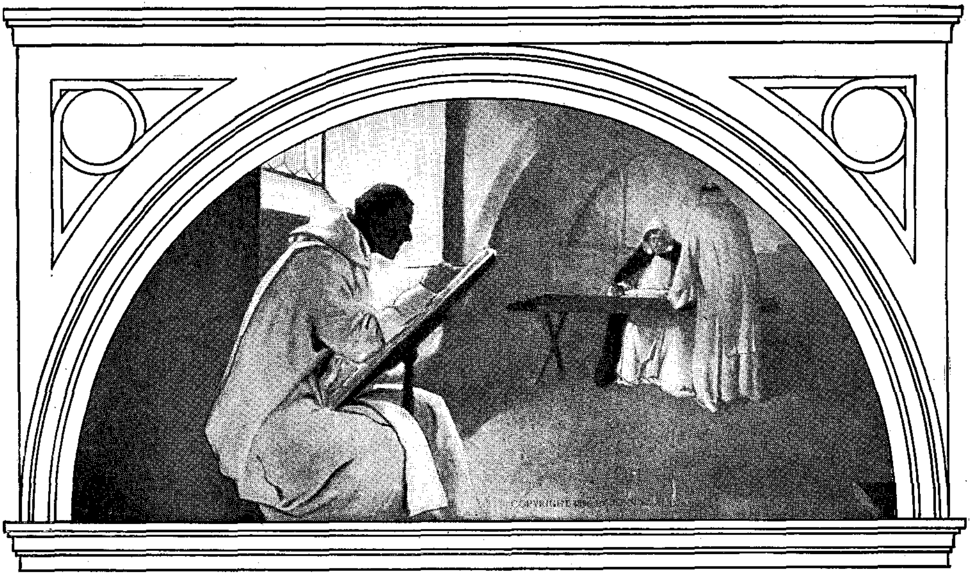
Behind all the play lies the purpose of the fairy guardians of sweet Elfinhart to test the man of her choice. That Gawayne is proved and found worthy is as it should be, and the writer, having taken him successfully through his trials, each with its surprising little modern touch, leaves him behind the veil, "whose sacred shelter their two hearts enshrined" when Gawayne and Elfinhart were blest

"As none may be, save they who have confessed
Allegiance to that mighty spirit's law,
And trod his holy ground with reverent awe."

"The Adventures of Dorothy," by Jocelyn Lewis, is the history of a mischievous, unconscious little girl who gets into all sorts of scrapes, just because she has not been in this world very long, and she *has* to find out about it. Her courage, good temper, and absolutely exasperating faculty for doing surprising things that no one would dream of warning her against, keep the grown-up reader in a prolonged state of delight; while a child will respond immediately to the challenge Dorothy flings down to every one. Another thing that will appeal strongly to the mature reader is the inherent refinement that pervades the simple little story. The pictures by Seymour M. Stone show Dorothy in action, all over the farm, where she sought and found adventures, perhaps more thrilling to her Aunt Sarah than to herself. (The Outlook Company.)

In "Two Little Savages" Ernest Thompson Seton mingles with his detailed knowledge of woodcraft his own interpretation of human nature; and we have more confidence in him as a forest guide than as delineator of character. The boys he really likes are convincing; the others are not to be relied on. Yan was born with a craving for wild life, and as his parents were narrow, pious folk given to quoting the Bible, he was harshly forbidden to indulge his longings. Consequently he disobeyed and was happy ever after. With this human element left behind, Mr. Seton weaves a delightful story of wood-lore, full of exactly the sort of information all natural boys absorb without an effort. Taking this book and studying the simple sketches outlined in the margins, they can build Indian camps and revel in savage customs, and jabber the comical jargon they regard as Indian talk to their heart's content. That the example of the "Two Little Savages" has already been eagerly followed, since the story first came out, is certain. Now, with all the accessories of numberless illustrations and attractive print, it will be absolutely read to pieces. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Two books with something more in common than their titles are "The Goldenrod Fairy Book" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) and "The Outlook Fairy Book" (The Outlook Company). The first, a group of tales selected and translated by Esther Singleton, riots in colored decorations. Every page has margins filled with upright branches of goldenrod, in which are tangled fairies and strange creatures, varying in tint from pale green to the strongest orange. The effect is somewhat bewildering. The colored plates are original and striking in design. Strong winged fairies dash across the fly-leaves, and the book is bound in dark blue enlivened by gold and colors. In all, it certainly must attract a child's eye. In a pleasant preface we are told that all the stories have been tested by time in far countries, the compiler trying only to retain in the translation the quaint language and simplicity of the original. "The Outlook Fairy Book," edited by Laura Winnington, is made up of a tried group of fairy tales from many languages. The pictures by J. Conacher are many, especially suited to the style of the book. Among the score and more of stories we note the beloved Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, Hansel and Gretel, and Goldielocks. Some of those classic bits of verse that should be interwoven with the thoughts of a child before he is conscious of taste are here, from "The Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream."



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THE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT

New Editions and Holiday Books

TO speak of holiday books, nowadays, is really to use a misnomer. It is true that publishers, to a large extent, present their most attractive wares to the public between September first and January first, as the fashion has greatly changed in what used to be termed gift-books. Books of permanent value and interest are now sought for by the publishers, and the autumn seems the best time to issue these. This season's books are no exception to the general rule; in fact, fewer than ever gift-books, strictly speaking, have come forth. One may note, in passing, that some valuable reprints of standard books are now in process of publication, notably two new editions of Lamb, one of Thackeray, and a new edition of Matthew Arnold. Of the former one need only state that Lamb is in danger of being over-edited, and Thackeray of being over-published. Mr. E. V. Lucas has added to our knowledge of Lamb, it is true, but hardly sufficiently to make a hue and cry over; while Mr. Macdonald, in his desire to outdo his rival editor, has given us some writings not by Lamb at all.

The "Works" of Matthew Arnold have been issued by the Macmillan Company, uniform with their edition of Lamb, Pater, FitzGerald, Tennyson, and Kingsley; the paper and type being all that one need have for a fine library book. Although only four volumes are issued, it is interesting to note that Mr. Arnold's contributions to the "Pall Mall Gazette" are included for the first time, and are a distinctive addition to our critical literature. The binding, of a mixture of silk and linen, is all that can be desired.

The Outlook has already commented on the new edition of Richard Jefferies's "Wild Life in a Southern County," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, who have taken the liberty of substituting for the original name "An English Village," which will doubtless attract a greater number of American readers. The book is well printed and contains twenty-five pictures of natural and rural life in the country which Jefferies describes, taken by Mr. Clifton Johnson, whose skill with the camera is exceptional.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have set a high mark for themselves in their editions of Stevenson, Stockton, Tolstoy, and other standard or popular writers; but they have never done better work than in the new edition of the novels and stories of Iván Turgénieff, which have been newly translated from the Russian by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, and are to be complete in fifteen volumes, of which four have been published. The paper is of light weight with deckel edge, and the volumes are bound in brown sateen. The first volume contains a portrait of Turgénieff as frontispiece, printed on Japan paper. Each volume will present a frontispiece printed in the same manner, from drawings especially made for the edition by a group of artists.

"Little Rivers," that delightful book of outdoor idleness from the pen of Dr. van Dyke, appears with a new series of illustrations, this time from the brush of F. V. Du Mond, and his conceptions are in excellent keeping with the spirit of the text. (Scribners.)

Who has not read "Mrs. Wiggs" and who has not read "Lovey Mary"? If there are any still without the stimulus of these books, they may now gain a double stimulus by taking advantage of a new and charming illustrated edition. These little stories have done good and will continue to do good. (The Century Company.)

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have followed their admirable custom of illustrating John Fiske's works and publishing one of them on successive Christmases by putting forth this year "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America." As, in almost every instance, the illustrations are taken from historic originals, we have something more than a mere *édition de luxe*, or an appropriate gift-book; the illustrated edition is worthy of a place in the library of any serious student of history. The illustrations have also been signally well chosen. They really illustrate; they emphasize persons, scenes, incidents.

To Mr. Mumford's valuable volume on "Oriental Rugs" and to Mr. Holt's hardly less valuable one on "Rugs Oriental and Occidental" must be added, in the library of rug-collectors, Mr. Ellwanger's charming book on "The Oriental Rug." This volume, smaller than the above named, has a somewhat different scope. It is not so much a book of reference as they are, but it seems to comprise more poetry in the description. Mr. Ellwanger's style is as attractive as his text is informative. He considers not only the rug, but the Eastern carpet, saddle-back mats, and pillows. The work is illustrated with many colored plates of characteristic specimens, and will find special appreciation among those who wish some smaller and simpler book than the works of Messrs. Mumford and Holt. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

So far as we know, the most sumptuous and perhaps the most significant publication this year among books of art is the large folio which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have just issued, describing the work of the American portrait-painter, John S. Sargent, R.A., one who, more than any other, has depicted modern American nervous temperament. We see this strikingly in a recent portrait which has justly won popularity, the portrait of President Roosevelt, in which we mark a distinctively American quality, a vital and virile energy in the figure, head, eye, pose. We see another national tendency in the portrait of Mrs. Hunter; an English quality, a suggestion of vigor, courage, fresh air, exercise. In the portrait of Madame Gautreau we note a French quality, a fineness, precision, decision, and, above all, that indefinite and fascinating quality to which we apply the adjective "*chic*." Could Velasquez himself have given us anything any more ideally Spanish than Carmencita's portrait, worthily the frontispiece to the book?

But these are national qualities. Mr. Sargent is really at his best in the subtler delineation of personal qualities. He intends that we shall pass beyond the mere picture, and we do. He is observant and vigilant, as a great artist must be, but he represents something more than observation, something more than perception; he has insight. In her prefatory note Mrs. Meynell seems to us to have hit upon the main reason of Mr. Sargent's success in portraiture when she says that a painter's perception of the character of his sitter is an essential part of his work. It is, we should say, the soul of the work. Drawing and construction and brush work and color are each in their way notable in Mr. Sargent's canvases, but not so notable as to make him stand out from other artists in any of these departments as marvelously as did Rembrandt in chiaroscuro, or as Giorgione did in color. In Mr. Sargent's case we feel that all technical processes are merely steps to an end—the interpretation of the mind, the interpretation of character. It is this insight in portraiture which has made of some painters not merely masters of line or of color, but psychologists; men who go beneath the surface, and sometimes deep beneath the surface, and who can paint the mind as well as the body. It would be idle to contend that any one could match Velasquez in this, but if, in our own time, an artist has approached him in a striking degree, we may take satisfaction in the fact that he is an American, the subject of this notice. The plates which illustrate Mr. Sargent's work have evidently been executed with great care, and the whole book, text and pictures, is one which worthily commemorates Mr. Sargent's achievements up to date. It may not be accepted, however, as the definitive estimate of that work. For that we need an ampler text and the inclusion of some additional plates, including the portraits of Mr. Carter, Mr. Chase, Mr. Widener.

To Mr. Mabie's imaginative interpretation of the unfolding of a man's spirit in intimate relation with nature through the four critical experiences of the discovery of the world to the senses, the revelation of it to the imagination, the fruition of it in experience, and the final ripening of the man as the result of lifelong obedience and insight, in the small quarto "In Arcady," Mr. Will H. Low has contributed four full-page figure illustrations, and Mr. Charles L. Hinton a group of border decorations and head and tail pieces. The volume bears the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., and recalls in general appearance "A Child of Nature" and "The Forest of Arden," which preceded it and which bear the imprint of the same publishers.

Among the most attractive books of the season must be placed Mr. Thomas Okey's "Venice and its Story," the first part of which gives the background of Venetian history rapidly and in a condensed form, while the second part describes the city in twenty subdivisions, arranged, Mr. Okey tells us, "rather in regard to their relative historical and artistic importance than to strict topographical considerations, although these have not been lost sight of." The volume is the fruit of a residence and study of Venice extending over twenty years, and reveals, not only in its historical treatment, but in the feeling for the beauty of the city and the knowledge of the details of its picturesque side, the fullness of the writer's knowledge of his subject. No small part of the value of the book resides in the well-printed illustrations, of which fifty are in colors, fifty in black and white, with twelve reproductions from well-known writers of the best-known Venetian painters. No book can do adequate justice to a city upon which Ruskin lavished all the resources of his rich vocabulary; the charm of which has been felt, without being perfectly conveyed, by a group of writers of fine quality; the picturesque aspects of which have many times been painted since Canaletto's admirable canvases were finished; but Mr. Okey's volume, by reason of the arrangement of its text and of the admirable quality of its colored and black and white illustrative work, goes a long way toward making Venice vivid and real to the imagination. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney has completed her series of books on the French Châteaux by the publication of a handsome volume on "Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). The scheme of the book is identical with that worked out in the "Romance of the Feudal Châteaux" and "Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux," which is to localize an agreeable present-day romance, with sufficient story-interest and a good deal of entertaining narrative, within the walls of the châteaux, bringing out the historical background of architecture, of history, and of personal association more effectively by a touch of contemporary association. Versailles, as pre-eminently the château of the Bourbon family, forms the background of a considerable part of the volume and is described with affectionate intimacy; for Mrs. Champney knows the parks, the galleries, and all the points of interest at Versailles with the greatest thoroughness. In this volume, as in its predecessors, she has succeeded in introducing something of the atmosphere of the time about which she writes; and as in the earlier volumes she made her readers see the landscape of Brittany and Normandy, and later of the beautiful country of the Loire, so in this volume she makes the parks of Versailles and the forests about the other châteaux associated with the Bourbon family very real and near. The book has marked story-interest.

John Dickinson's "Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colony" had much to do with the making of American history. At first printed anonymously in a Pennsylvania paper, they were reprinted over and over again in Boston and New York, and soon also in England, Ireland, and France. Their clarity, their appeal to reason and common sense, and their sound political and financial philosophy strengthened the hands of patriots at home, and, as Mr. R. T. H. Halsey in his entirely adequate Introduction shows, gained many friends for the colonies in England itself. The Letters form an American political classic and well deserve the advantage of being again reprinted for reading of our age in this fit and worthy form. Collectors and historical students will appreciate the extreme care with which Mr. Halsey has edited the work. The typographical dress—presswork, choice of paper and type, and style of binding—has been pronounced by experts to be unsurpassed by any similar reproductions. (The Outlook Company.)

The Countess of Warwick is not only a beautiful but a clever woman. To see the Countess's beauty one has only to glance at the exquisite frontispiece to "Warwick Castle and its Earls;" to appreciate her cleverness one has but to read the text. In truth, we have seen but few books which so happily combine in description the purely popular and the really instructive. There are many and charming illustrations to keep our attention fastened to the text, even if Lady Warwick's vivacious text itself did not do so. The work has much more than mere charm, whether in picture or in print. It has some informative value for the student of English history. A description of the Saxon Earls constitutes the first part of the work; the next part consists of the house of Beauchamp; the next, the houses of Neville and Plantagenet; the next, the house of Dudley; the next, the house of Rich; the next, the house of Greville. The present Earl belongs to the Greville family. He and his wife are justified in feeling that their castle is not only a personal possession; it is a national possession. As to those who have been masters in the castle, it is significant of our more democratic times that the present mistress can say, "No Earl of Warwick could be a king-maker nowadays, though he had more than a king-maker's energy and genius; nor will any Earl of Warwick ever again behead a royal favorite. . . . We are also free from the later conception of an Earl who could only maintain his dignity by holding the multitude at arm's length. . . . One is in touch with life at more points. There is an opening for the exercise of broader sympathies. . . . Moreover, the modern conditions are such that women are no longer deterred from bearing their share in the work that waits to be done for the amelioration of the world. . . . What pleasure can be greater than that of being active in the promotion of causes that one has at heart? I, at any rate, have felt this pleasure keenly." (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Mr. Gibson's latest volume, "Eighty Drawings, including 'The Weaker Sex,'" which includes eighty drawings of types of women, is a more attractive book than some of its predecessors. The drawings of arms and legs are less wooden than has been the case in some of Mr. Gibson's otherwise very artistic endeavors in previous volumes and years. His endeavors are all of them clever, however, and none of his imitators seem to have attained that caustic, pungent touch which is necessary to American satire whether exercised by pen or pencil. (Scribners.)

Mrs. Dodd, well known to all travelers in northern France as the author of "Three Normandy Inns," has now published a sumptuous work called "In the Palaces of the Sultan," which, by its excellent paper, print, binding, and wealth of interesting illustration, will take place among Christmas gift-books. She has enjoyed unusual opportunities of seeing that monarch, since, as the guest of General Horace Porter, American Ambassador at Paris, she, together with General Porter and his party, was recently received at the Sublime Porte, dined with the Sultan, and was personally conducted through his immense private domain. Mrs. Dodd describes these palaces for us in a very graphic and vivid manner, and gives to us much incidental information as to Turkish political life. As a serious contribution, however, to the knowledge of that life from the inside, the work can hardly pretend to high rank. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Gustav Kobbé, the well-known musical and dramatic critic, has given us a pleasing volume entitled "Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes," with numerous illustrations in half-tone. This volume combines a discriminating appreciation of the work of the people about whom he writes, together with a distinctive literary style. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Who could write better and more sympathetically of "Old Quebec," the fortress of New France, than Sir Gilbert Parker? The book, which has already been reviewed in The Outlook, contains many illustrations of a superior excellence. (The Macmillan Company.)

In "Hill Towns of Italy" E. R. Williams, Jr., discourses pleasantly about his journey through Central Italy, as though no one else had ever been there, and forgets that Hare, Symonds, Blashfield, and many others have described the same towns with accuracy and discrimination. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

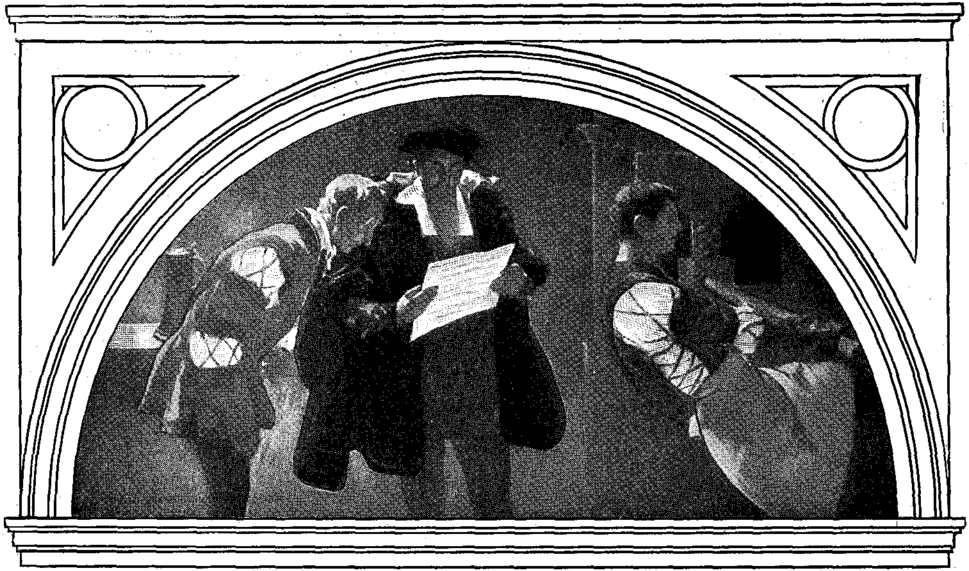
"World's Children," by Mortimer Menpes, has for an accompaniment a text by Dorothy Menpes. Within this book are described twenty-four children from as many lands. The pictures are colored, and drawn with that charm which characterized Mr. Menpes's other work. (Macmillan.)

"Stately Homes in America from the Colonial Times to the Present Day," by Desmond and Cooley, fully illustrated by photogravures, recalls to memory the fact that even this country, with its brief history, can show houses which have taste, elegance, and architectural beauty quite equal to those of other countries built during the same period. We have little historic background, however, to make them notable. (Appleton.)

Rossetti's "Poems," in two volumes, with illustrations by himself, and edited by E. L. Carey, is a sumptuous edition of his works. (Putnams.)

"Wood-Carving Design and Workmanship," by George Jack, is a volume of great utility to amateurs in an interesting art which has been a source of pleasant occupation to thousands who have had no desire to practice wood-carving as a business. The volume is one in an excellent series of technical handbooks which aim to set up the standard of quality in those crafts which had design as the basis of their art. (Appleton.)

Nothing could be handsomer in form than the finely printed and illustrated quarto on "Old London Silver," by Montague Howard. Naturally, the demand for such a book is limited, but, on the other hand, those who want to know about the distinguishing marks of English plate, and the relative value of the products of many famous London silversmiths, wish to have the information and illustration made elegant and agreeable to the eye, as is fitting to the subject treated. There are in all some two hundred reproductions of specimens of the silversmith's art, together with an immense number of reproductions of makers' marks. Mr. Howard writes for the amateur, and has avoided technical phrases. When used, they are carefully explained. Many people, for instance, may be ignorant of the fact that in England the terms silversmith and goldsmith are practically synonymous, and that the word "plate," so far from meaning what we call plated articles, is used to describe either gold or silver manufactures. (Scribners.)



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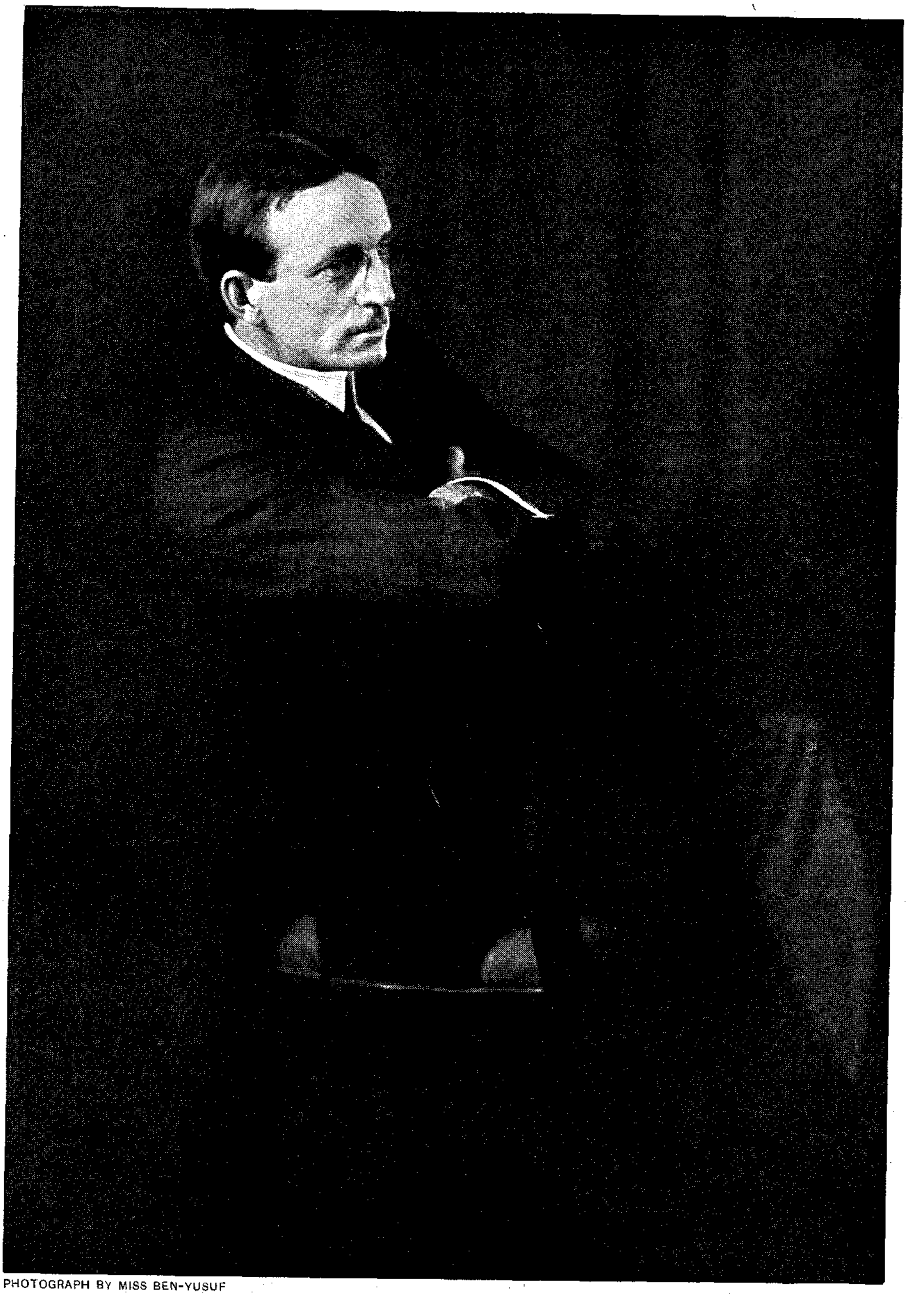
THE PRINTING-PRESS

The Fiction of the Season

THE fiction of the autumn is, as a whole, conspicuously deficient in originality, freshness, and power. Many of the stories recently put into the hands of American readers have not lacked certain elements of interest and promise, but they have been crude in construction and raw in style. There are three or four young novelists now writing who are not without significant gifts, but they are pushing their faculties too fast and too far; their work is manifestly unripe. The temptation to write stories before the material has been mastered and the story taken form in the imagination is very great, and those who yield to it are not always mercenary; they are often eager for self-expression; they feel the pressure of an impulse which has defined itself before knowledge of life or skill of hand has been acquired. There are others, however, to whom writing is entirely a matter of business, and whose chief anxiety is to catch the wind of popular favor from whatever quarter it sets and turn every contemporary mood or incident to immediate profit. Of these worthless books, written for the market in precisely the same spirit in which pig iron is manufactured or potatoes raised, there are far too many in every season; in this season they almost bury the sound, fresh, genuine pieces of fiction out of sight.

In this mass of dead mediocrity it is a pleasure to come upon so sweet and human a tale as "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" (Scribners). It is not a great novel, but it rings true; the breath of nature is in it and the touch of life is in it. It is a very simple story; that is one of its good points. It makes no pretension to psychological insight or deep-going analysis of character; that is another. It is a straightforward, warm-hearted, delightfully told story of a waif in the Kentucky mountains whose boyhood is spent among "our contemporary ancestors," as Dr. Frost calls them; who drifts down in the Blue Grass country, meets his opportunity and recognizes it; is swept into the Civil War, and comes out to find himself at the beginning of his career, but with an immense capital in the love of a spirited and devoted woman and in his own character and ability. It is an indigenous story, and, although an unblushing romance, has an air of reality about it. Mr. Fox



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BEN-YUSUF

JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

may not know his mountains any better than does Miss Murfree, but he has the faculty of bringing them nearer to his readers. This latest book from his hand is distinctly his best, and it is as distinctly one of the most uncommercial, sincere, warm-hearted, and captivating stories that has appeared for many a day.

"Colonel Carter's Christmas," which also bears the Scribner imprint, is a Southern story of another sort; it takes the reader back of Kentucky into Virginia, where the roots of all that is best

PHOTOGRAPH BY FORFEY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Forest."

in the old border State are supposed to be buried; and it is another study of the old-fashioned gentleman whose business sagacity is of the dullest but whose sense of personal honor is of the keenest; whose standards are as free from the commercial taint as his spirit is free from the weight of commercial responsibility; a real creation, whose failings are but the shadows of his virtues. The story is short and packed with old-fashioned Christmas cheer. It is, in fact, a Christmas tale of the kind beloved by our fathers, but there is

ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

Author of "Pa Gladden."

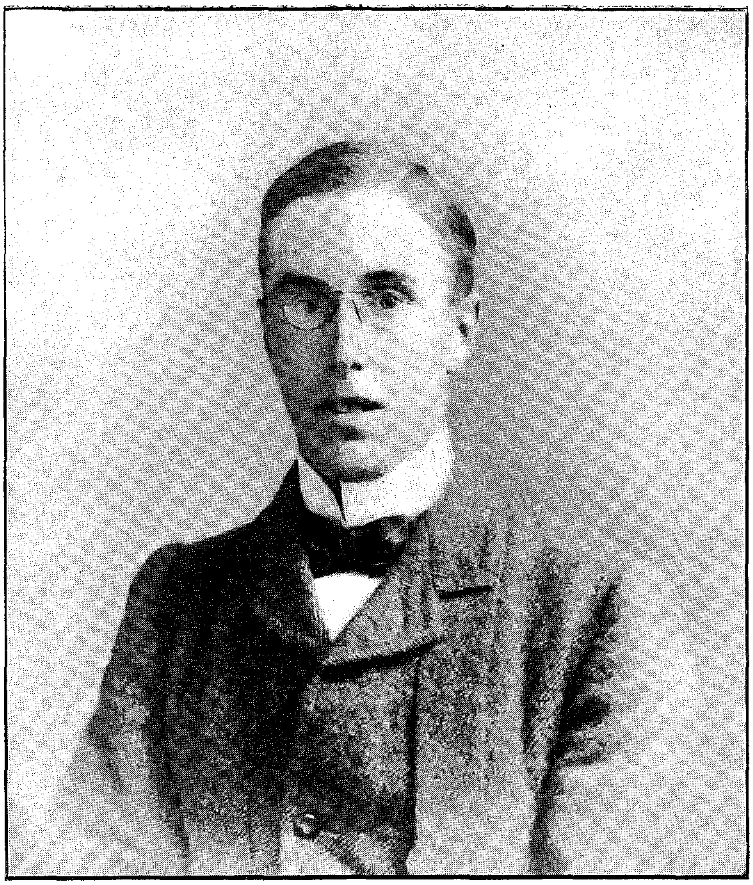
nothing hackneyed or stale about it. The good old Christmas motive is developed again amid the old-time odors of the Christmas feast, but the story is told with a new setting and with Mr. Smith's characteristic vitality.

In both these stories there are portraits of men whose personal and social standards stamp them pre-eminently as gentlemen; men, that is, who have acquired that courtesy of high-mindedness which gives to manners a touch of distinction. To this kind of portraiture, the classic examples of which are Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, Henry Esmond, and Colonel Newcome, Mr. Crawford made a fresh contribution in his study of the poor but sensitive Count

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

in "The Cigarette-Maker's Romance," and he has made another in his latest story, "The Heart of Rome" (Macmillan); a tale of marked interest, with a background of Roman structure and incident which have the rare element of novelty; and, in point of style, ranking with the best of Mr. Crawford's work. The plot turns on a difficult situation—the imprisonment for the night, in the vaults of an old palace, of a daughter of the house and a young archæologist and engineer. Such a situation requires delicate handling, especially in the circumstances in which this Roman girl is placed, and Mr. Crawford has not only gathered all the threads of the complication and kept them taut, but has inter-



WARWICK DEEPING

Author of "Uther and Igraine."

preted his chief figures with such sympathy and insight, as well as with such delicacy of feeling and refinement of touch, as to give us a new portraiture of the kind of man whose sense of honor invests him with the truest romance and the most wholesome idealism. So many novels pull men down and make women cheap and common that it is a pleasure to read a story which heightens the valuation of human nature.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, as we must now call the creator of the Sherlock Holmes tradition, has written a series of stirring experiences in "The Adventures of Gerard" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), and added a new character to the gallery of portraits in modern fiction. Conan Doyle always does his work well, even when he is dealing with what appears to be purely popular material. "Micah Clarke" and "The White Company" disclosed the seriousness of his endeavor to give fiction solidity and semi-historical value. Familiarity with the personal records of the Napoleonic era has enabled him to sketch in Gerard the soldier of fortune who followed the Emperor over half of Europe, and whose life in camp and on the march has fashioned a distinct type of man, bold alike in fact and in fiction, boastful, unmoral, gifted with a pictorial imagination which invests his own exploits with the audacity of his great commander's genius, and ready on slight provocation to tell the amazing story of his career with high regard to dramatic effectiveness and innocent disregard of fact. The stories lack the buoyant and spontaneous inventiveness of the master of the fiction of adventure, Dumas the great; they are not as well told as the Sherlock Holmes tales, but they are very entertaining.

When Mr. David Gray published "Gallops," everybody who loved a horse and knew a good story rejoiced that two interesting qualities had met in a young writer, and that a story-teller who was clean, clever, fresh, and entertaining had appeared again among the ranks of the journalists. The stories were not epoch-making, but they were lifelike, full of brightness, and genuinely amusing. "Gallops 2," which comes like its predecessor from the Century Company, is a collection of very taking tales, told with spirit and with unflagging interest from first to last. They have an out-of-doors atmosphere, and, although they deal largely with horses, there is very little of the stable in them. They are light in treatment, gay in mood, and particularly to be commended to jaded readers of the beginning-of-the-century novel, with its genius for stating a problem and its incapacity to solve it, its strenuous failure to be powerful, and its success in leaving a bad taste in the mouth. Mr. Gray has no lessons to enforce, and is content to be what nature or training have made him, a spirited, vivacious, and delightful story-teller.

Mr. Howells has never disclosed the delicacy and refinement of his art more clearly than in his latest novel, "Letters Home," which bears the Harpers' imprint. The experiment of telling a story by correspondence is always perilous. In hands less sensitive and sure than Mr. Howells's another failure would have been inevitable; instead of disaster, however, he has made a distinct addition to the half-dozen stories in the long list of his novels which will remain as the most genuine records of his rare talent and his charm of manner. This new story has not the power of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" or of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," in which Mr. Howells reached the high-water mark of his achievement; it belongs rather with his lighter studies of character and manners. It is a minute comparative study of American manners as disclosed by a little group of people in New York, among whom there are Boston, Western, and metropolitan types. The art of the story is found in the skill with which the writers of the letters not only tell the story but draw their own portraits. The digressions and delays incident to narration by letter are evaded without apparent effort, and letter follows letter as deftly and consecutively as successive chapters flow together in one stream of narration. There are little plot and very little incident, but there are charming humor, delicate discrimination, and a use of English which gives the reader the delight of feeling that he is in the presence of an artist.

Not less conscientious but far less direct and simple is the art with which Mrs. Wharton has described, defined, and worked out an ethical problem in "Sanctuary," which bears the Scribner imprint. The work of this accomplished writer bears witness on every page to the scrupulous and studious selection of the one word upon which she has set her heart, to the fullness of her culture in certain fields, to the refinement and subtlety of her mind, and to her deep interest in the psychology of action. She is concerned not so much with action as with the mental and moral processes which it reveals; she cares less for the dramatic interest than for the psychological interest. Her work does not deal with the primary forces of life acting directly and powerfully, but with these forces as they are deflected, modified, checked, by the manifold influences of a highly developed nature. In one or two stories there has been the throb and pressure of passion beating against the barriers of law or custom with something approaching tragic intensity; but, as a rule, Mrs. Wharton's stories have been highly sophisticated studies of men and women of complex rather than powerful natures, and she has been content to state her problem rather than to solve it.

In "Sanctuary," however, she has not only defined her problem but solved it. The problem is novel in fiction and fundamental in character, and is worked out with genuine insight and feeling. It must be added that the conception of love which is developed in the working out of the problem on the part of the mother is not only noble in itself but in its statement. The story element is slight, but the interest is sustained. The style exchanges at times the charm of the distinctively artistic feeling for the greater definiteness of psychological statement, and always to the disadvantage of the story as a piece of literature. There are no character studies so vivid, so lifelike, so full of revelation, as those which have been made by the masters of fiction; but they have always been stated in terms of literature.

When the chapters which make up Mr. White's "The Forest" were appearing in The Outlook, their fresh feeling for nature, their vivid and vivacious style, and the charm of the narrative gave a new kind of enjoyment to many readers. Now that these delightful chapters have been issued in book form by the Outlook Company, their unique quality is more definitely revealed and more deeply felt. "The Forest" is not, strictly speaking, a novel; but it has all the interest of fiction plus a sense of reality which is conveyed by a recital of actual experiences. The narrative is connected, it is full of movement and incident, there are distinctly drawn characters in it, and it has a background of great beauty. The mystery of the woods pervades it from beginning to end, and its transcriptions of remote and lonely landscapes are peculiarly refreshing to those who are shut up in cities or are in the habit of reading the novels of the day. The happy blending of keen observation, of stirring incident, of studies in elemental character, and of vivid description of habit and life in the forests of the far north, gives this volume a woodland flavor quite its own and suggests a new kind of writing about nature. The illustrations in color seem part of the text, so entirely do they express the spirit of the book.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has her most formidable competitor in the author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and the three sprightly and witty reports of Penelope's journeyings, which seemed to epitomize the American quickness of perception, aptness of statement, and alacrity in making the most and the best of every situation. There are always those who believe that you never can "strike twelve" twice. Mrs. Riggs has disposed of this musty tradition by several times equaling and once or twice surpassing herself. She may have written more brilliant stories than "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm;" it is quite certain that she has written nothing more wholesome, sincere, and wholly delightful. No story could be more simple in construction or familiar in material than this quiet tale of a country girl in Maine, who goes to live with two maiden aunts in order that she may attend the village school and, later, the good old-fashioned New England academy in a larger and more ambitious community. There is not a sensational incident in the story, nor is there a dull page; no child with whom Mrs. Riggs has any concern could be uninteresting. Rebecca is the most human and lovable of girls; full of integrity, and with the touch of imagination which annexes fairyland to the solid earth, and a strain of poetry which tinges the barest rustic life with mystery and charm. Rebecca is a child of passion, but is held in her place and shaped to the most substantial uses by her capacity for love and her impatience with inefficiency. She is a vivacious, spirited person, whose wit is quick to flash but slow to burn; whose inventiveness takes her mischief out of the region of offensiveness, and who wins her way by sheer unselfishness and hard work. There are some very good portraits of country folk in the story. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Miss Margaret Sherwood's refinement of imagination and of style, the essential delicacy of her mind, are shown again in "Daphne," issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is a slender volume likely to be lost among the mass of more pretentious books; but it has a quality of its own. It is made of gossamer so deftly spun that it floats in midair like a dream of the pastoral age. It is a kind of pastoral masque in prose and in story form; and yet it is a very modern romance: a young New York girl and a young twentieth-century man, masquerading as a shepherd, falling in love under the spell of autumn in Italy. The background is sketched with a light hand but with delicate art; the air is redolent of grapes, and the glamour of Italy is over it all. A charming bit of fancy is "Daphne;" a delicately carved window opening on to the old world of romance.

Mr. Booth Tarkington has the gift of the light and effective touch in conveying what he wants to say without weight of expression. His "Monsieur Beaucaire" was a piece of delicate technical work infused with genuine literary quality. His latest story, "Cherry," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is not quite so successful as it would have been if he had chosen as his mouthpiece a more interesting character. The story is told by a man of pedantic temper from a pedant's point of view; it is a romance interpreted in the most prosaic terms. It gains in a certain way by the contrast between the dashing lover who carries off the prize and the dull competitor whose lack of humor and heaviness of mind fail to keep him in the race. It is a romance of a century ago, when journeys were made in family carriages and the roads were not free from highwaymen, and there is an old-fashioned hold-up by way of climax.

In "The Mannerings" Miss Alice Brown showed psychological insight and some skill in characterization. The book as a whole, however, left an unpleasant impression; there were too many morbid persons in the story and there was too little general sanity. It could not be accepted as a literary achievement of permanent value, but it could not have been written save by a woman of literary ability. "Judgment," which bears the imprint of the Harpers, is a much shorter and less complicated story. It deals with a single motive in what might be called, in dramatic terms, two acts. It is not devoid of incident; but it turns on the struggle of wills. The characters stand out with the utmost distinctness, and the problem is worked out, not only dramatically, but morally, in accordance with the laws of life and also to the eminent satisfaction of the reader. It is an unusually clear, vigorous, and sane piece of work; compact, well organized, a little too intense at moments, but kept well in hand to the end, and interesting in every chapter.

A number of novels have recently appeared which are significant of a tendency shared by a considerable group of young writers. Among these stories two stand out conspicuously—Mr. Baldwin Sears's "The Circle in the Square," which bears the imprint of A. S. Barnes & Co., and Mr. Philip Payne's "The Mills of Man," which bears the imprint of Rand, McNally & Co. The first describes life in a small Southern town, with special emphasis on the race question and special prominence given to certain types of negro character. The writer had a definite aim in view; in reaching that aim he has shown close knowledge of social conditions, keen consciousness of the danger involved in those conditions, and quick sympathy with the South in the suffering and perplexity which those conditions have brought with them. There is no approach in this story to an adequate treatment of this question; if there were, "The Circle in the Square" would not be as readable as it is; for it is pre-eminently a piece of fiction. One who knows the South will shrink from accepting the picture of Southern society in the little town as in any sense representative. The men, for the most part, are a worthless lot, with only the most rudimentary instincts of gentlemen. They drink, gamble, and fight like rowdies, and their attitude toward women is very different from that which one associates with Southern ideals. The talk of these well-bred Southerners is astonishing in its slovenliness and inaccuracy. It is dialect of the ignorant, not of the cultivated, and, if it is faithfully reproduced, it must be the dialect of a very small group of people. The story, however, in spite of a great deal of crudity, has dramatic power and vitality.

Mr. Payne's story, the scene of which is laid in Chicago, has a kind of downright brutal force which is fascinating, and deals, with one or two exceptions, with unblushingly unscrupulous people; people who seem to have no conscience, but who reproduce that blending of personal energy with disregard of means and methods which we associate with one type of Italian Renaissance character. It is a story, on its political side, unrelieved by a gleam of light except that it brings out the fact that in the most mercenary and unscrupulous men there are veins of human feeling, the possibilities of generosity, the ethics of loyalty to friends if not of loyalty to principle; and in the character of the girl who may be regarded as the heroine of the story Mr. Payne has developed a conception of repentance which is without remorse, but which is expressed in the most definite kind of reformation. This also is a novel of crude, elemental power. Both these writers feel the dramatic possibilities of the tumultuous American life of the day; both know by instinct that there is immense material in that life; but neither has as yet adequate command of knowledge of the life nor such a mastery of the art of writing that he gives us a coherent, highly organized, and convincing picture of that life.

The truest art in fiction, as in all work of the imagination, is to suggest, rather than to exploit, emotion, character, and the atmosphere of real life. Readers who love that which is true and choice in preference to that which is startling or melodramatic have long since recognized the rare charm of Margaret Deland's "Old Chester Tales." Now we have a new series of stories about the people of the same leisurely, old-fashioned, quaintly and unconsciously humorous town. "Dr. Lavendar's People" has even more quiet power than its predecessor, and proves conclusively that there are exceptions to the rule that a second book on a given subject is inferior to the first. Dr. Lavendar deserves to be remembered as one of the most courtly but at times peppery, whole-souled and warm-hearted gentlemen of fiction—a country minister, keen and gently ironical, always awake to the foibles of his parishioners, always quick to turn weakness into strength, always the strong friend upon whom the troubled cast their burdens, little and great. About him move in this book a score or more of singular but perfectly natural personalities, and in each of the tales there is a strong situation. In the telling of these tales there is nothing hurried, nothing spectacular; the humor is all-pervasive and satisfying; atmosphere and local color are precisely rendered. Ten years from now, when the "big sellers" of the day are long forgotten, we shall take this book from its shelf and read it again with renewed pleasure and approval. (Harpers.)

Admirers of Mr. Richard Whiteing's books do not need to be told that plot and excitement are not to be sought in "The Yellow Van" (The Century Company), or that it has a strong didactic tone. Like "No. 5 John St." and Mr. Whiteing's less-known but perhaps better-written social fantasy "The Island," the present novel makes a strong appeal to critics who think first of literary finish and grace. It is not without its love story also, two or three in fact, and there are very pretty pictures of the English country life of the wealthy landholding class of ancient descent, titled and untitled. Americans, particularly, may thank the author in that for once in an English novel we find Americans of character and refinement—a Western school-teacher who becomes a duchess, and her brother, the grandson of an English agricultural laborer, now an American capitalist, who more than holds his own in courteous bearing and in fineness of purpose with the fine flower of aristocratic refinement. Mainly, however, the book is a study of the English land problem, and the "yellow van" is the vehicle in which itinerant lecturers traverse the country districts, preaching the ultimate nationalization of land and the absurdity, as they regard it, of a feudal tenure when the old reciprocal service from lord to vassal has long disappeared and the peasants' right to common has been mostly absorbed by the lord. The result the American found to be: "A land that could not even feed its own people; a competitive system that had nothing nobler than sheer hunger and destitution for its starting-point; a most appalling poverty, a still more appalling wealth." Mr. Whiteing is not an advocate of any economic cure-all, single tax or otherwise: he paints conditions, gives them the appeal that comes from their effect on individual men and women, thus touching the sympathy and affording a glimpse of the unavoidable suffering under the present social system in England, and suggests rather than urges the need of radical change if England is to hold her own in the fierce competition of nations.

A novel of positive creative force is Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Hetty Wesley." It was no doubt suggested by the recent bi-centenary of John Wesley's birth, and it makes large use of authentic letters and of biographical fact. One merit of the book is that it affords a vivid, picturesque presentation of the singular family life of the Wesleys. Samuel and Susannah, the father and mother of John and Charles and Hetty and a dozen or so other children, were, each in a peculiar fashion, so strong and at the same time so perverse or contradictory that as here presented they make salient figures for fictional purposes; the glimpses and letters of John and Charles, also, are admirably managed, and their characters are thrown out into a strong light. But the heart of the book, that which makes it intensely human, is the tragic situation into which the high-spirited and brilliant Hetty is thrown. In her ignorance and trust she is deceived under promise of immediate marriage, through a cowardly plot; her pride and hatred of the deceiver lead her later on to refuse to marry him and to vow, when her father's wrath degrades her spirit, that she will marry the first man who asks for her hand; when an illiterate and drunken mechanic takes advantage of this vow, her father holds her to it, and she submits to her lot. This strange situation is made by Mr. Quiller-Couch the central point about which he creates a vigorously human, most proud yet most pathetic personality. The book cannot be read without sympathy and emotion. (Macmillan.)

There is so much of promise in the story—really a group of stories—called "Pa Gladden," by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, that the death of the talented author has a double sorrow. It is safe to say that, had she lived, she would have done work worthy of ranking with that of the best American short-story writers. The sub-title of the book tells us that this is "the story of a common man." Pa Gladden, in fact, was common in his love of humanity and his childlike, hearty, human sympathy, but in his modest way he was also a saint. These stories of his good deeds to man and beast are full of the truest and kindliest spirit. They are told in a dialect which sometimes becomes rather monotonous but which has in it the essence of humor and in an equal degree the essence of honest pathos. The book is one of cheerful optimism and of generous inspiration. (The Century Company.)

Miss Harraden did not bring her fresh if somewhat staccato style to the writing of her latest story, "Katharine Frensham," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. This novel has more solidity of structure than some of her earlier works, but it has less vivacity, less of that quality which gave "Ships that Pass in the Night" its sudden popularity. This story deals with an unhappy marriage between a man of scientific pursuits and of fine nature and a woman of great beauty but of ungovernable temper. They finally agree to separate; and the wife suddenly dies, after wringing from her husband, reluctantly and involuntarily, the confession that she has ruined his career. Then follows a period of remorse, utterly unfounded but having its roots in the sensitiveness and conscientiousness of the man; and later appears on the horizon an attractive woman of force, who, against a background of Norwegian scenery, legend, and life, consoles the bereft husband and captivates his lonely boy. It is not a great story, and there are serious defects in it; the descriptive part is somewhat overloaded and there are many long-drawn passages; but it has a good deal of interest, and there is some close characterization in it.

Mr. Warwick Deeping's first novel, "Uther and Igraine," takes its name from the leading characters, who were the father and mother of King Arthur. The scene is laid at the time when the Britons were endeavoring to turn back the Saxon invasion, just anterior to the time of King Arthur and his famous Round Table. The whole story is suffused with deep and sensitive feeling for nature; it is treated entirely from a romantic point of view, and bears many evidences of the sincerity and fullness of a young man's imagination. The striking personality of Uther is projected against the turbulence and superstition of his period; while Igraine, one of the children of tragedy, predestined by her temperament to face the most searching experiences of life, is drawn with a free hand. The book is notable chiefly for its freshness of feeling and of imagination, its romantic charm, and its intensity of emotion. It is a love story of a semi-heroic age, told in a poetic spirit, with dramatic power. (The Outlook Company.)

We may add a word or two about stories already described, but which should not be forgotten in any survey of the season's fiction. Miss Seawell's "The Fortunes of Fifi" is a merry little tale of a sprightly French girl actress, who wins a fortune in the lottery and finds herself to be the Pope's niece, but throws the money away that she may marry a stiff-legged veteran whom she loves. (Bobbs-Merrill Company.) Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Hesper" (Harpers) is a strenuous and realistic tale of a miners' strike, with a fine background of mountain peaks. Robert W. Chambers's "The Maids of Paradise" (Harpers) is a romance of the Franco-Prussian War, with a fine battle scene and a pretty love story. Margaret Sutton Briscoe's "The Change of Heart" (Harpers) is an unusually pleasing collection of short stories with humor and acuteness of motive study. Helen W. Moody's "A Child's Letters to Her Husband" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is deliciously naïve and childlike. Elizabeth Bisland's "A Candle of Understanding" (Harpers) gives an intimate and true picture of Southern plantation life just after the war. Frederick Palmer's "The Vagabond" (Scribners) is in the main a rattling story of the Civil War, with a love story at the end and a pretty study of boy character at the beginning.

A Book of Cheerful Reminiscence

A READER must be well over fifty years old who can recall the first appearance of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's "Neighbor Jackwood," which remains to this day his most ambitious and in some respects his best work of fiction, while "Father Brighthopes," his first book (beloved of Sunday-school scholars in our youthful days, and written to order, as its author now tells us), appeared exactly a half-century ago. From that day to this Mr. Trowbridge has pleased successive generations of boys, and while he has never preached, he has frequently "stuck in a sound principle and a wholesome ambition here and there." We doubt if any boys' books of to-day are as thrilling and at the same time as free from feverishness and morbidness as was that patriotic series in which the boys of the war time reveled—"Cudjo's Cave," "The Three Scouts," and "The Drummer Boy," while later "The Tide Mill," "Toby Trafford," and "Jack Hazard" were read and re-read. And now, as he approaches a ripe old age, Mr. Trowbridge gives us in his "My Own Story" a cheerful book of personal reminiscences, imbued with the skill in narration, the unobtrusive humor, and the optimistic views of life that have made his stories and poems (who does not know by heart "The Vagabonds" and "Darius Green"?) what they were. If Mr. Higginson had not pre-empted the title, "Cheerful Yesterdays" would have been an eminently suitable name for this volume. The biography proper is readable because it tells the story of an ambitious and adaptable young man from the country, with literary talent, making his way into the journalistic and literary life of Boston in the early fifties. Persistence, good nature, and willingness to accept the world as it comes are the attributes of many of Mr. Trowbridge's boy heroes, and the qualities are reflected from his own life.

The stronger interest of the book, however, we find in its reflections of the author's friendships with such men as Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Whitman, and Alcott. Anecdotes abound, and even better than the anecdotes are the clear-cut, kindly characterizations of the men. We have some charming pictures of Longfellow's love for children and his patience with bores, the best imaginable description of Emerson's force and weakness as a public speaker, and some new illustrations of the foibles of Whitman and Bronson Alcott. Of the last Mr. Trowbridge relates that he once remarked plaintively to Emerson: "Emerson, you are always talking about Plato and Jesus Christ; why don't you talk about me?" Whitman again and again acknowledged his inspiration from Emerson; once he said, "I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil;" but in later years, forgetful of dates, he is said to have asserted that he wrote "Leaves of Grass" before he read Emerson, and the imprint also declares that the "Leaves" were the outcome of his Civil War experiences, although in point of fact the book was published before Sumter was fired on. Emerson's criticism of himself as a poet, following his confession with his "wise, sweet smile" of a tender interest in his own poems, was this: "I feel it a hardship that—with something of a lover's passion for what is to me the most precious thing in life poetry—I have no gift of fluency in it, only a rude and stammering utterance." Of Dr. Holmes we are told that he was frankly fond of praise, and once exclaimed with gusto of an ardent letter from a lady admirer, "It is gushing! and I like it!" Nothing is better reading than the right kind of reminiscence written by the right kind of man. "My Own Story" is an entertaining example of an entertaining class of literature. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A Creed

By Tudor Jenks

I believe and you believe
That this world whereon we live, with its sunshine and its shadow, with its laughter and its tears,
Is afloat here in space on a voyage to—who knows where? for a time none shall reckon by a tallying of years—

I believe and you believe
That the starry depths around, on and on beyond our thought, to the faintest breath of light,
Are but promises that smile to prophesy the way to ever-widening glories in a never-ending flight—

I believe and you believe
That the outcome must be good; that who works for what is best, in faith or honest doubt,
Seeking ever what is true with what light may glimmer through, by little and by little at length shall find it out—

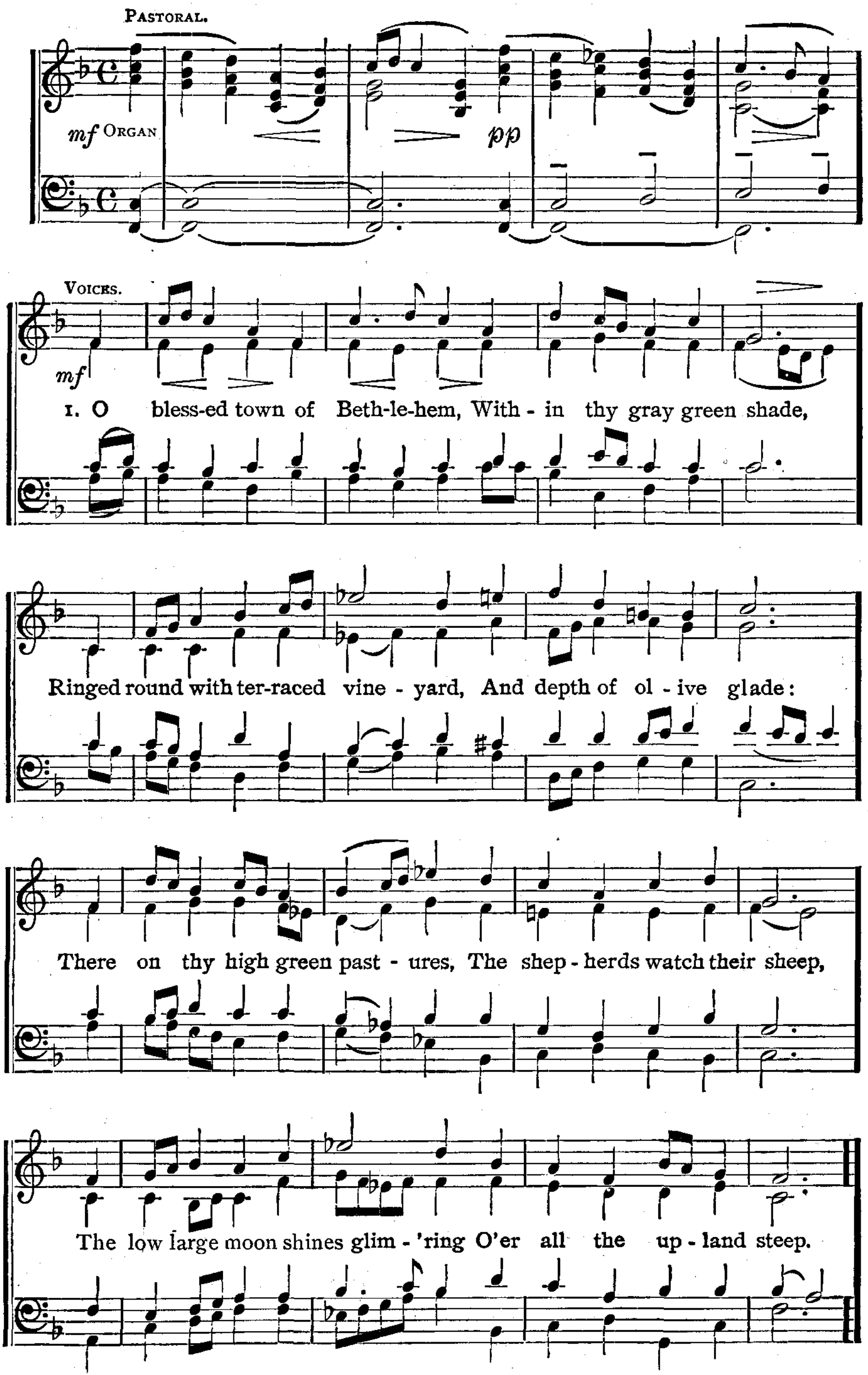
I believe and you believe
That we cannot yet be told the mysteries that lie about the soul's bewildering path,
That the power which controls is the power shown in love, in justice, mercy, tenderness, but never hate or wrath.

I believe and you believe
In the comradeship of souls, in the bond of eye and eye, in the touch of hand to hand;
That unloving creeds shall pass, though we mumble them and pray that our faith may be increased and our hearts shall understand.

So I believe, and you believe.
O Brother, must we still deceive?

Gloria in Excelsis: A Christmas Anthem

Music by T. Tertius Noble, Organist and Master of the Choristers, York Minster


Pastoral.
mf Organ
pp
Voices.
mf
1. O bless-ed town of Beth-le-hem, With - in thy gray green shade,
Ringed round with ter-raced vine - yard, And depth of ol - ive glade:
There on thy high green past - ures, The shep - herds watch their sheep,
The low large moon shines glim - 'ring O'er all the up - land steep.

Gloria in Excelsis: A Christmas Anthem

By the Very Rev. Charles W. Stubbs, D.D.

Dean of Ely

I.

O blessed town of Bethlehem
Within thy gray-green shade,
Ringed round with terraced vineyard
And depth of olive glade:
There on thy high green pastures
The shepherds watch their sheep,
The low large moon shines glimmering
O'er all the upland steep.

II.

What music of the heavens—
What magic song of bliss—
What vision of the night-tide—
What mystic light is this?
The silly sheep are blinded,
The shepherds in amaze
Stand awestruck, all the hillside
With glory is ablaze!

III.

The angels' joyous chorus
Rings out into the night.
O Gloria in Excelsis!
Sing praises in the height.
Sing praises, men of Bethlehem,
Sing praises here below,
For Peace on earth and good-will
He doth on you bestow.

IV.

For on this day is born there
Within your little town
A child who Christ the Lord is
Yet wears no earthly crown:
He bringeth joy and gladness
To you and all mankind,
Yea, Peace on earth and good-will
To men of equal mind.

V.

O blessèd town of Bethlehem,
How happy is thy state!
How blest above all palaces
The stable at thy gate!
For there in manger-cradle
(Oh true the angel word!)
As King enthroned of all the worlds
Reigns Jesus Christ the Lord.

Deanery, Ely, All Saints' Day, 1903.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

After Dinner Stories: A Collection of the Latest, Best, and Most Catchy Stories. By John H. Harrison. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6 in. 208 pages.

American History and its Geographic Conditions. By Ellen Churchill Semple. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 466 pages. $3, net.

A scholarly essay upon the effect of geographic conditions in determining our National development.

American Myths and Legends. By Charles M. Skinner. In 2 vols. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. $2.50, net.

These two dainty volumes contain many score of romantic and picturesque traditions, stories, or myths connected with nearly as many localities from Long Island to Pike's Peak. Mr. Skinner retells them with spirit and in many cases with real literary charm.

Around the Caribbean and Across Panama. Illustrated. By Francis C. Nicholas, M.Sc. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 373 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Aunt Jimmy's Will. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 272 pages.

A pewter teapot, eccentric Aunt Jemima's legacy to her favorite nephew's wife, constitutes a theme for gossip in her New England neighborhood and the element of mystery in Mrs. Wright's pleasant story, which otherwise concerns itself with the fortunes of a little orphan girl, Bird O'More, who, through the good offices of Lauretta Ann, Aunt Jimmy's niece-in-law, and that sturdy woman's son Lammy, her good man Joshua—and the teapot—is brought back to Laurelville from a tenement experience "down in York" and happily adopted into the Lane family.

Art Album of the International Studio (The). Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 8×11½ in.

This volume comprises a collection of one hundred representative plates, many of which are quite well worth framing. The book constitutes an interesting survey of the progress of the art of pen, pencil, and brush during the past seven years.

Awakening of the Duchess (The). By Frances Charles. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 227 pages.

The awakening of mother-love in the heart of a worldly San Francisco woman is the theme of this little girls' story, which will no doubt interest also many mature readers.

Beauty of Wisdom (The). Compiled by James De Normandie, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 412 pages. $2, net.

The treasure gathered into note-books from forty years' reading of the masters of thought, ancient and modern, is here distributed into selections of one or two pages each, for every day of the year. Such a work carries its own commendation to all thoughtful minds. The purpose, however, which Dr. De Normandie avows "to revive, if possible, some form of family service, grown often so formal, so undevout, or, more commonly, entirely given up," seems more commendable than hopeful.

> "Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
> Tempus eget. . . ."

Bisocialism: The Reign of the Man at the Margin. By Oliver R. Trowbridge. The Moody Publishing Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 427 pages.

Blood Lilies (The). By W. A. Fraser. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 262 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Fraser has called his book after the courage flower of the Crees, which was an omen in the naming of Mas-ki-sas, son of Wolf Runner and Mi-yah-tis; but in the early chapters, so intense is the realism of his portrayal of life amid the mixed civilization existing in the trading-posts of the great Northwest, where French-Canadian, Scot, Indian, and half-breed are equally representative, one almost loses sight of the story of Mas-ki-sas. In the end, however, the pathetic figure of the little brave stands out clearly, with a background of parental devotion to complete the picture.

Bondage of Ballinger (The). By Roswell Field. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 214 pages. $1.25.

A sympathetic and charming portraiture of one Ballinger, a bibliomaniac, and Hannah, his gentle Quaker wife. A pretty story is woven around this lovable old couple, which ends in their final rescue from financial difficulties by a wealthy young woman who delightedly enacts the part of a feminine Mæcenas as she had planned doing in the days of her little-girlhood when first her old friend introduced her to the companionship of books.

Budapest: The City of the Magyars. By F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 292 pages. $1.50.

This is a vivacious, vivid, virile book, as might be expected from the son of Mr. Hopkinson Smith. While written with the same light touch as distinguished the text of Mr. Berkeley Smith's books on Paris, the style has become more forceful. We also are glad to add that the illustrations seem more appropriate than those which accompanied the books on Paris. In the present volume they were painted, drawn, and photographed by the author. The work should find wide acceptance, since regrettably little seems to be known about one of the most noble and fascinating cities in the world. With an artist's unerring instinct, Mr. Berkeley Smith finds interesting Magyar types everywhere, whether he is at the opera or theater, in the private houses of the nobles, in Parliament, or among the tziganes and gypsies.

Butternut Jones: A Lambkin of the West. By Tilden Tilford. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 370 pages. $1.50.

A tale of an irresistible cowboy called Lambkin, shooter of rattlesnakes, wrestler with bears, hero of stampedes, who, when the beautiful Eastern visitor expresses her love for all Westerners, inquires in his soft and most innocent drawl, "Could you ever love one of them in particular?"

Captain's Daughter (The). By Gwendolen Overton. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 270 pages.

A slight but pleasant tale of army life on a frontier post. The captain's daughter, in trying to shield a scoundrel whom she believes to be a reformed and desperate man, gets into a bad plight, from which she is rescued by a fine old sergeant—a capital character and a fine rough soldier man.

Castilian Days. By John Hay. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (New Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 343 pages. $3.

Mr. Pennell was the best man possible to illustrate this new and holiday edition of Secretary Hay's altogether pleasing narrative of travel in Spain—although we may frankly add that we do not think that Mr. Pennell is always at his best in these drawings.

Children of the Old Masters. (Italian School.) By Alice Meynell. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9½×12 in. 86 pages. $12.

One of the finest Christmas books of the present season is Mrs. Meynell's "Children of the Old Masters." The subjects are taken from the Italian school only. We have examples chosen with admirable taste from Filippino Lippi, Giovanni Bellini, Donatello, Quercia, Luca della Robbia, Botticelli, Pinturicchio, Raphael, Titian, Carpaccio, and others, both painters and sculptors. As Mrs. Meynell says, the Italian school of painting dealt less with children than with one Child. The Madonna and Child were the first and the prominent group. Hence the child representation especially in Gothic and early Renaissance ages was perhaps more serious than it is now. Mrs. Meynell also admits that, despite an Italian spontaneity, the Italian old masters' child is seldom childlike. We are grateful to her, therefore, that her illustrations in this sumptuous volume represent mostly the exceptions. Beyond all of the artists whose names find place here, Luca della Robbia justly finds chief place. Mrs. Meynell's task is worthy of the lavish illustration which accompanies it, and the book as a whole cannot be exceeded in charm by any publication of this holiday time.

Christmas Snowflake (A): A Rhyme for Children. Illustrated with Life Pictures. C. M. Gaines, Hartford, Conn. 5½×7¼ in. 22 pages. 50c.

Christmas Stocking: Being a Stockingful of Stories for Girls and Boys. By Annie Flint. Bonnell, Silver & Co., New York. 3½×6 in. 40 pages. 35c.

City of the King (The): What the Child Jesus Saw and Heard. By Mrs. Lew Wallace. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 6×9½ in. 97 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Civics: What Every Citizen Should Know. By George Lewis. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6 in. 210 pages. 45c., net.

Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia. Compiled by George P. Huntington. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 201 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage extra.)

A compilation by Mr. George P. Huntington which aims to include "all the passages in Ruskin's writing in which reference is made to the 'Divina Commedia,' whether for the purpose of elucidating particular verses of the poem or special characteristics of the poet, or for that of enforcing an argument, or for the sake of poetic or historic illustration." The excerpts are taken largely from "Modern Painters," "The Stones of Venice," and from many of the later books, for Ruskin was in the habit of quoting from "The Divina Commedia." The selection is prefaced by an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, the foremost American student and scholar of Dante's great poem, who is of opinion that, while Ruskin's genius was intellectually very remote from that of Dante, they were morally akin, and that Ruskin was endowed by experience as well as by genius beyond almost all other men to interpret "The Divina Commedia."

Courtship of Miles Standish (The). By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana. 7×10 in. 152 pages. $3.

This poem is well established in the heart of the American people. Its story of love, devotion, and reward is simple, true, and fine. The present edition is admirably adapted for gift purposes by general beauty of form and most of all because of the drawings by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, who is widely recognized as one of our best American illustrators. His pictures here included (many of them are printed in color) have in turn purity, sternness, or tenderness as the subject requires.

Dearie, Dot and the Dog. By Julie M. Lippmann. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5½×7½ in. 194 pages. 80c., net.

Drawing Room Plays. By Grace Luce Irwin. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 4½×7¾ in. 165 pages. $1.25, net.

Elsie and Her Loved Ones. By Martha Finley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 299 pages. 85c., net.

From Friend to Friend Kalendar 1903. Published by William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 3×5 in. 32 pages.

Great French Painters (The), and the Evolution of French Painting from 1830 to the Present Day. By Camille Mauclair. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9×12 in. 168 pages. $7, net.

M. Camille Mauclair, who has already interestingly instructed us concerning the French impressionists, has now put forth a larger volume in which he describes the evolution of French painting from the Romantic period to the present day—a space of about seven decades. M. Mauclair's text is, as one might expect, of great suggestiveness. Thoroughly informed as to what he says, he has his own individuality in saying it. No one can put down his book, after reading even a few pages, without fuller knowledge concerning French painters, whether Romanticists, Academicians, Realists, Orientalists, Symbolists, Idealists, Impressionists, or the so-called Intimists. The value of M. Mauclair's text is doubled by the great amount of accompanying illustration—albeit of rather uneven excellence in the reproduction.

Greek Story and Song. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 362 pages. $1.75.

Mr. Church has no superior in the art of adapting ancient myth and legend to the taste of modern young people. He preserves a tactful middle course between translation and paraphrase, and in selection of subject and form of narrative keeps the story interest always to the front. A due order of imaginary time is followed. Prometheus, Hercules, the voyage of the Argo, form one division. Then comes the siege of Troy, then the "Return of the Heroes," with chapters on Ulysses, Orestes, the false Helen, and Iphigenia. Finally, a selection of famous passages from Greek prose and verse. The illustrations are from the antique or from Flaxman's famous drawings.

History of Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for Sound Money. By A. Barton Hepburn, LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 666 pages. $2, net.

A clear and compact review of the Nation's currency struggles, supplemented by a valuable appendix containing the most important acts of Congress and reports to Congress upon the subject in hand. The author defines "sound" as "money made of (or unquestionably redeemable in) a commodity which has a stable value in the markets of the world independent of fiat." "Sound money as applied to coin," he adds, "means money wherein the commercial value of the bullion equals its coinage value." Somewhat inconsistently with this definition, he treats with evident favor the recent changes in India and other parts of the Orient, giving silver coin a value different from that of the bullion it contains. Apparently it is the convertibility of currency into gold which he really regards as the essence of soundness.

House of Life (The). By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 6½×8¼ in. 109 pages. $2.50.

Rossetti's famous sequence of sonnets is here carefully reprinted from the first edition, and one suppressed sonnet has been restored, the present editor holding that Rossetti in the second edition was too much influenced by British ideas of strictness. The book is handsomely printed and the border designs are fit and well drawn. The frontispiece, on the other hand, is rather silly.

How to Deal with Doubts and Doubters. By H. Clay Trumbull. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association, New York. 4½×7 in. 131 pages.

Cases of religious doubt growing out of the feelings or from intellectual perplexities that have been treated by the writer are here presented, together with the practical suggestions or solutions that he has found helpful to those whose experience he here relates.

Johnnie: A Memory of Boyhood. By E. O. Laughlin. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 212 pages. $1.25.

A very live and jolly boy is Johnnie—not idealized or etherealized at all, just plain boy. His adventures will amuse other boys and perhaps still more those grown-up boys whose memories of fun and mischief may be stirred by this story.

Life of General Philip Schuyler, 1733–1804. By Bayard Tuckerman. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8½ in. 277 pages. $1.60, net.

A fine biography of a Revolutionary general who, like Washington, fought on the side of independence at the risk of a private fortune and a social position such as few of the patriot leaders commanded. He was not, indeed, quite so much of a democrat as the great Virginian, but the influences which surrounded him as a member of one of the foremost Dutch families in the aristocratic colony of New York were more strongly anti-democratic. The present volume gives an insight into social life among the old manorial families, and one wonders almost that so many of their members became leaders in the popular movement.

Literary New York: Its Landmarks and Associations. By Charles Hemstreet. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 271 pages. $1.75, net.

Mr. Hemstreet has here turned his extended knowledge of old New York into the special task of identifying the landmarks connected in association with famous writers. He has gathered and recorded much that will be new even to those fairly well acquainted with the subject. Moreover, he has infused into his narrative much that is of real human interest. Anecdote, incident, and illustration are very happily employed to this end. From the home of the old Dutch poet Steendam down to Pfaff's beer cellar, where the "Bohemians" used to meet, and even to the houses of some living writers, the author points out and talks cheerily about everything in New York that has had to do with books and authors. The volume is printed in dignified and handsome form, and has many portraits and drawings of interesting places.

Littledom Castle and Other Fairy Tales. By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 377 pages. $1.50.

Very alluring to the eyes of children is this book of fairy tales, artistically bound in blue and gold, printed from excellent type, and liberally illustrated. Most of the tales here presented have already delighted readers of "Little Folks." In the list of illustrators one finds such names as Kate Greenaway, Phil May, Madame Ronner, Harry Furniss, and others, each artist graphically displaying his own particular charm.

Life and Public Services of Simon Sterne (The). By John Foord. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 348 pages.

A well-written life of one of New York's foremost public men, whose public life was lived entirely as a private citizen. Moderate reformers along many lines recall Mr. Sterne's services with gratitude and will welcome Mr. Foord's work to preserve them in the public memory.

Marjie of the Lower Ranch. By Frances Parker. Illustrated. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 393 pages.

An impossible young woman, an outlaw, a band of desperadoes, and some others take part in this story of ranch life, wherein character, sentiment, style, and incident are alike cheaply melodramatic.

Missions and World Movements. By Bishop Charles H. Fowler. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 103 pages. 25c., net.

The core of this little book is political, but its motive and climax are religious. It is terse, virile, eloquent. Every American interested in our National future should read it.

Modern Methods in Sunday-School Work. By Rev. George Whitfield Mead, Ph.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 376 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 17c.)

Dr. Mead's valuable book on "Modern Methods of Church Work" is called to mind by this comprehensive volume, showing how the best Sunday-schools in the country do things and prosper. It digests the contributions to the solution of Sunday-school problems of some two hundred successful workers, to whom the editor-author makes acknowledgment by name. With this book in hand, together with Professors Burton and Mathews's admirable treatise on "Principles and Ideals for the Sunday-School," the worker in that field need ask nothing further from present-day sources.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 247 pages. $2.50.

An attractive and light-weight edition of the immortal Mother Goose.

Music in Art. By Luna May Ennis. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 255 pages. $1.60, net.

The latest addition to the Art Lovers' Series is entitled "Music in Art," by which the author means the illustrations of musical subjects in art. For instance, we have description, in sculpture, of the "Apollo Citharædos," of Raphael's "Parnassus," of Rembrandt's "Singing Boy," and of Luca della Robbia's "Singing Boys," of Giorgione's "Concert" and of Carpacchio's "Child Musicians," of Alma-Tadema's "Sappho" and of Burne-Jones's "Chant d'Amour." The descriptions of these and other representations of music in art are extremely interesting and in many cases markedly original. The book should make an appropriate gift to any one interested in music, sculpture, or painting.

Napoleon Bonaparte: A History Written for Boys. By William C. Sprague. Illustrated. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 236 pages. $1, net.

As a story of brilliant achievement this is a book that boys will enjoy, but its failure to make due note of the selfish egotism of its hero makes it in a moral point of view unwholesome.

Negro Education in the South: Two Addresses. By A. A. Gunby. H. C. Thomason, New Orleans. 5×8 in. 66 pages.

New Era in the Philippines (The). By Arthur Judson Brown, D.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 314 pages. $1.25, net.

This is the best account of religious conditions in the Philippines that we have seen. It is the result of a personal visit to the archipelago and a study of its institutions, its people, and the trend of its present life. It is in tone rigorously and somewhat polemically Protestant, but in other respects wholly undenominational. To any one familiar with the Roman Catholic Church and its past history in the islands, a somewhat polemical Protestantism in a non-Catholic observer will not be surprising. For the Romanism of these islands was, prior to the American occupation, both Spanish and mediæval. Thus, "There still stands on the statute-book Article 226 of the Philippine Penal Code, which reads: 'A person who publicly performs acts of propaganda, preaching, or other ceremonies not those of the religion of the State shall incur the penalty of prison correctional in its minimum grade.'" Of course it is a dead letter, although so late as October 7, 1901, an attempt was made to enforce it against two Protestant native preachers. But Dr. Brown's Protestantism does not lead him to close his eyes to benefits conferred by the Roman Catholic Church. It has abolished the grosser forms of paganism; it has produced a substantially universal monotheistic belief; it has done some educational work; the Jesuits have established, in the Manila Observatory, "the best and most completely equipped institution of the kind in the East." But the religious work of the Roman Catholic Church has been superficial and ceremonial; its educational work generally narrow and sectarian. It has given the people very little preaching. Partly in consequence, they flock in great numbers to the Protestant preaching stations. Dr. Brown's account of the enthusiasm with which the preaching of the Gospel is received by the people recalls the stories of the rapid spread of the new life in the Apostolic times. He devotes one chapter to the question, "Shall Protestant missionaries go to the Philippines?" The chapter is to be commended to those critics who think that the Roman Catholic Church should have a monopoly of religious instruction and institutions in the Philippines. In fact, the Roman Catholic Church might itself wisely welcome the advent of Protestantism. American occupation, and consequent religious liberty, have already brought about the substitution of "more enlightened prelates from the United States for the Spanish ecclesiastics of the old régime." The introduction of the American public school system has led the Church to improve her parochial schools in order to meet the new competition. But if Rome is learning something from the Protestants, the Protestants are also learning from Rome. All the Protestant Churches except the Episcopalian—which in this matter appears to us to be acting in the Philippines as the most sectarian of the sects—have united in an Evangelical Union, and are establishing Filipino churches, bearing the one common name "Iglesia Evangélica," and are dividing the territory in which they carry on their work, so as to avoid confusion, conflict, and duplication, as the territory was divided among the Roman Catholic Orders. This has been done so effectively that Dr. Brown was able to say to a Roman Catholic Bishop that, "so far as I could judge, the Protestant bodies in the Philippines were working together as harmoniously as the Roman Catholic Orders were; that while it was true that we had no earthly head, it was because we held that Christ alone should be head; that our ideal was a spiritual unity in Him rather than an external unity in men, and that our divergencies were rather those of method and emphasis than of fundamental truth." Our space does not allow us to go more at length into a report of this volume, which is essential to ministers and others who would acquaint themselves with the religious conditions in the Philippines, and of value to all students of the various aspects of the Filipino problem, of the duties which that problem lays upon the people of the United States, and of the degree to which and the methods by which the representatives of the United States are fulfilling these duties by their legal, educational. and religious work. Throughout Dr. Brown bears strong testimony to the excellency of the work which the Taft Commission is doing, in laying the foundations for justice, liberty, and a truly Christian civilization.

New International Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D.; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D.; Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Illustrated. Vols. XII. and XIII. 7×10¾ in.

Notebook of an Adopted Mother. By Eleanor Davids. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 259 pages. $1, net.

This record of a woman's experience in adopting a child from an institution furnishes an interesting study of psychological development and a wholesome and reassuring example for other childless mothers similarly disposed.

Other Side of Evolution (The): An Examination of its Evidence. By Rev. Alexander Patterson. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 153 pages. 60c.

Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 341 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Jacobs's bargemen (some one has just announced with asperity that Mr. Jacobs does *not* depict sailors) have here as singular and amusing adventures and talk with as much unconscious humor as they did in "Many Cargoes" and "Light Freights." If any of our readers like to be amused, we advise them, in the slang of the hour, to get the Jacobs habit.

One Hundred Choice Selections, Number 38: A Repository of Readings, Recitations, and Plays; Comprising Eloquence and Sentiment, Pathos and Humor, etc. Edited by Charles C. Shoemaker. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 226 pages. Paper bound, 30c.

Organized Labor: Its Problems, Purposes, and Ideals, and the Present and Future of American Wage Earners. By John Mitchell. Illustrated. The American Book & Bible House, Philadelphia. 6½×9 in. 436 pages. $1.75, net.

A popular history of the labor movement followed by an extremely able defense of the present aims and methods of American trades-unions. In the latter and larger portion of his volume Mr. Mitchell speaks with authority as well as ability, and his contribution to the subject in hand is of great value to all students of the labor question, whatever their point of view. We expect to make frequent citation of Mr. Mitchell's views in future editorials upon the topics discussed.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1898 (The): Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. VII.—1588-1591. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9½ in. 320 pages. $4, net, per vol.

Portraits of the Sixties. By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 340 pages. $2, net.

Where are the readers of English history who have not profited by Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," comprising some of the most generally helpful volumes ever written? Mr. McCarthy has now published a book which in some senses may be regarded as a companion work to that history. With peculiar lightness of touch he gives to us in the present volume a description of many interesting characters of English society during the period between 1860 and 1870. As is natural from the narrator's distinguished career in the House of Commons, these characters are first of all political, next they are literary, and then dramatic, musical, artistic—in short, they represent various sides of life. They are such men as Lord John Russell, Sir Stafford Northcote, Goldwin Smith (happily still alive among us in America), Sir Richard Burton, the brothers Newman, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Carlyle, Richard Owen, and many others. The volume is, like every other historical work of Mr. McCarthy's, vivacious, full of color, and alive with a Gallic touch-and-go. The world seems flooded with books of reminiscences nowadays, but it is a true instinct which leads men to turn to this kind of writing. No one has met the want more exactly than has Mr. McCarthy.

Pleasant Street Partnership (The). By Mary F. Leonard. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 269 pages. 85c., net. (Postage, 10c.)

Two young women's experiment in shopkeeping in a conservative little Southern town furnishes a theme which the author has treated in a manner as agreeable as the neighborhood which she here makes known. The introduction into the story of a delightful small boy and the relation of incidents specially concerning a willful but lovable little girl will make it interesting to juvenile as well as older readers.

Practical Course in Spanish. By H. H. Monsanto, A.M., and Louis A. Languellier, LL.D. Revised by Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 398 pages.

Primer of Hebrew (A). By Charles Prospero Fagnani. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 119 pages. $1.50, net.

Problems of Living. By J. Brierley, B.A. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 356 pages. $1.40.

Mr. Brierly is eminently gifted with human sympathy and spiritual insight. His treatment of themes that interest the thoughtful is both graceful in literary style and strong in intellectual staple. Though but recently introduced to American readers, he has won an appreciation that grows as each new volume of these brief essays appears, in which he discourses on the principles of thought and conduct that are involved in the conditions and problems, both personal and social, of the modern world.

Quaker Maiden (A): A Story for Girls. By Evelyn Raymond. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 324 pages. 90c., net.

Reading a Poem. By William Makepeace Thackeray. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 50 pages. $2.50, net.

Despite the fact that this early and forgotten sketch contains Thackeray's amusing Yellowplush as a character, there is hardly substance or humor enough in it to justify its resuscitation.

Red-Head. By John Uri Lloyd. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5¾×8½ in. 208 pages. $1.60, net.

Mr. Lloyd is a close and sympathetic reporter of Kentucky life a generation ago. This story has a tragic intensity that sometimes becomes oppressive, but none can doubt its faithfulness, and the incidents of feud hatred are relieved by a truly delicate and charming love story. Mr. Reginald Birch, in his pictures and decorations, has caught the spirit of the author admirably.

Religious Freedom in American Education. By Joseph Henry Crooker. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 216 pages. $1, net.

This volume is the report to the American Unitarian Association of a committee of prominent educators upon "the condition and progress of unsectarian education in American schools, academies, and colleges," amplified by Dr. Crooker for publication in book form. It exhibits the modern movement away from clericalism and sectarianism as beneficial alike to education and to religion. The historical and statistical material it embodies is of much value. To this Dr. Crooker adds a discussion of the principles involved in the question of teaching religion in the public schools. Here he is practically in accord with the position of The Outlook, editorially stated October 31. But his contention that if the Bible is to be studied as literature the work is to be done in church schools only does not seem so tenable. He reasons that to attempt it in the public schools "would involve the State in sectarian wrangles." To avoid political wrangles between Protestant and Catholic the study of English history, we are informed, has been discontinued in some schools of Ireland. Surely we may postpone a similar sacrifice till necessity enforces it. In discussing the general subject the distinction between religion and *a* religion needs to be more clearly observed than it is by most writers. When Dr. Crooker says, "The secular State which our Nation is . . . has no religion," it is true only as any given form of religion is meant; not true with reference to religion unspecialized in various forms. That the American Nation has and exhibits religion in this deeper sense of the word significant facts attest. It provides chaplains for its deliberative assemblies and armed forces, and stamps a religious confession upon its coins. How far unspecialized religion can receive expression in our public schools is one of the coming questions, and Dr. Crooker does not seem to have this question as well in hand as others less central.

Representative Women of the Bible and the Representative Women of To-Day. By Rev. Len. G. Broughton. The Pepper Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 235 pages. $1, net.

Richard Baxter: A Story of New England Life of 1830 to 1840. By Edward F. Jones. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 331 pages. $1.50.

Ship of State (The). By Those at the Helm. (The Youth's Companion Series.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 264 pages.

A gift for any and every school-boy. Its clear and readable accounts of the departments of the United States Government derive added interest from the fact that each has been contributed by Secretary, Senator, Justice, or other official.

Shoes and Rations for a Long March: Being Sermon Growths from an Army Chaplain's Talks in Camp and Field and Prison and at Home. By H. Clay Trumbull. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 353 pages. $1.50, net.

Dr. Trumbull learned homiletics in no theological seminary, but in his experience as an army chaplain in the Civil War. These sermons, some of which were originally given in the Union army and some in Confederate prisons, are of peculiar interest, not on that account only, but as specimens of the art, acquired in such a school, of putting things plainly and forcibly.

Shorter Poems of Alfred Tennyson (The). Edited by Charles Read Nutter, A.B. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 285 pages. 50c.

Sibyl, or Old School Friends. By May Baldwin. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×7½ in. 310 pages.

Six Giants and a Griffin and Other Stories. By Birdsall Otis Edey. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 8×10½ in. 49 pages. $1.25, net.

Sixteen Years in Siberia: Some Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist. By Leo Deutsch. Translated by Helen Chisholm. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 372 pages. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Some Fruits of Solitude. By William Penn. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4×6 in. 261 pages. 75c.

Story of the Nazarene in Annotated Paraphrase (The). By Noah K. Davis, Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 428 pages. $1.75, net.

The life of Christ is here retold in vivid style, with some help from lively imagination. A striking case of this is the Miltonic picture of a conclave of the infernal angels in "the dark region between the world and Hades," preliminary to Satan's assault upon Jesus in his grand temptation. Dr. Davis's use of his material is often quite impressive, but his general treatment, while picturesque, is uncritical, with some extravagance thrown in, as in representing the Spirit leading Jesus to his temptation in the wilderness as a humiliation of the second Person of the Trinity by the third Person.

Teacher Training with the Master Teacher: Studies of Christ in the Act of Teaching as a Means of Learning how to Teach. By Rev. C. S. Beardslee, D.D. The Sunday School Times Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 178 pages. 50c.

Through the Gates of Old Romance. By W. Jay Mills. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 282 pages. $2, net.

This well-made book, with its attractive title, narrates a number of incidents from the lives of people prominent in New York when Canal Street was the Mecca for retail trade, and a family's social position was assured provided they could boast of a house on Broadway anywhere between the Battery and Wall Street. It goes back even further, to the time when Bowling Green was a romping ground for Tory children, and the chapter entitled "Major André's Last Love" is as dainty a bit of romance as could be found anywhere. In the same vein is "The Love Story of the Noted Nathaniel Moore." Among other chapters are "The Ghosts of an Old Staten Island Manor House," "A True Picture of the Last Days of Aaron Burr," and others. There are fifteen illustrations by John Rae.

Two Sides of the Face. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 325 pages. $1.50.

Queer and thrilling tales of old days in Cornwall, largely, we judge, founded on fact and authentic tradition. The book will hardly rank with "The Delectable Duchy," and there is much to choose between the best and the poorest of the tales; yet, at its best, the volume has a singular fascination for the imagination.

Understanding Heart (The). By Samuel M. Crothers. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. 5×7½ in. 187 pages. $1, net.

The fault that Jesus found with the religious leaders of his people—their inability to understand a new time and its new demands—Dr. Crothers finds widely prevalent in the church to-day. Our time needs "the understanding heart" for the readjustment of ideals to facts, of our inherited views to actual experience, and of material ends to spiritual. Dr. Crothers would have the sacredness of secular interests recognized, and the essentially religious character of many activities not formally religious, for the development of a larger religious unity than now exists. His thought is often parallel with that of Dean Fremantle, and is marked by large spiritual insight and sympathy.

Web (The). By Frederick Trevor Hill. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 344 pages.

A novelty in recent fiction in that the ins and outs of legal procedure furnish the texture. The fight of a brilliant lawyer to save an honorable woman from a disgraceful persecution is well contrasted with the trickery and knavery of unscrupulous attorneys. The personal story has life and go and the plot is kept moving with skill. The novel will almost certainly find a wide reading.

When Malindy Sings. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 141 pages. $1.50, net.

There is a great deal of character as well as artistic excellence in the photographs taken by the Hampton Institute Camera Club to illustrate Mr. Dunbar's poems. And the poems themselves have music in their rhythm and gentle human pathos in their feeling.

"Winks:" A Book of Recitation for Boys. By Alice Lewis Richards. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 153 pages. 75c.

With Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. By W. Bert Foster. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. 90c., net.

With Rodgers on the President. By James Otis. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 348 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 15c.)

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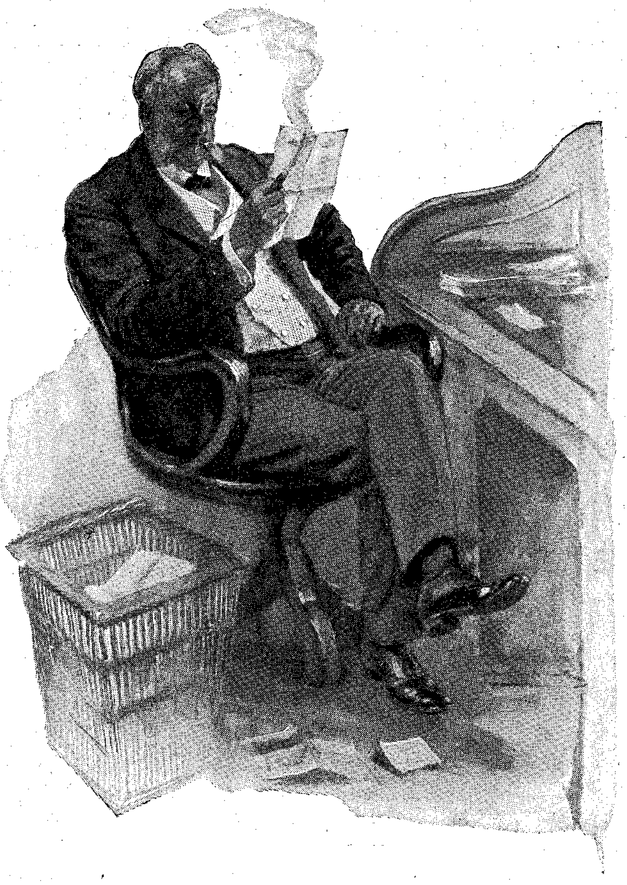

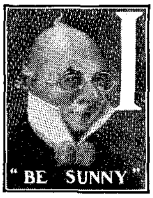

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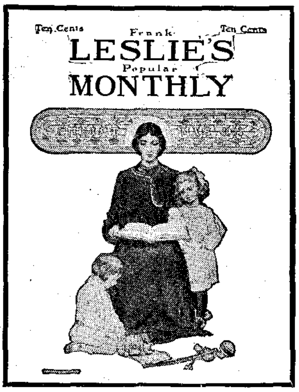

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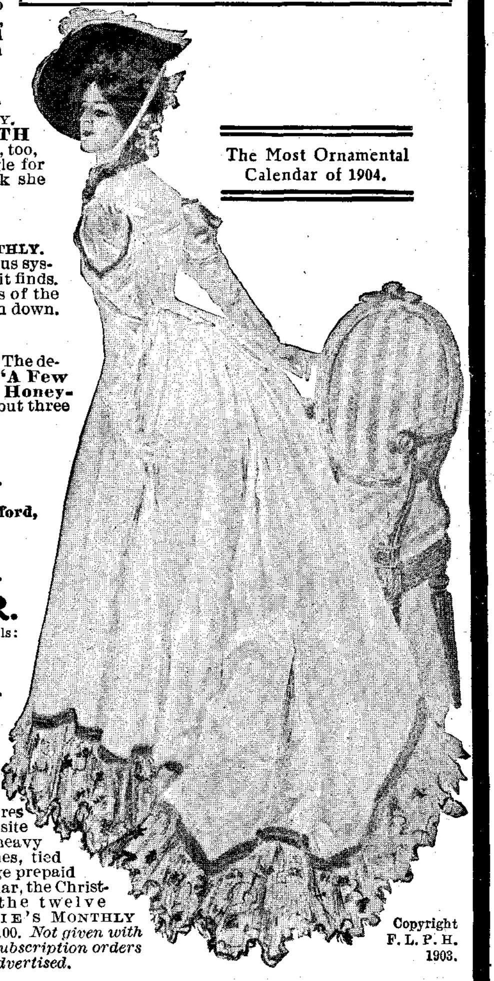

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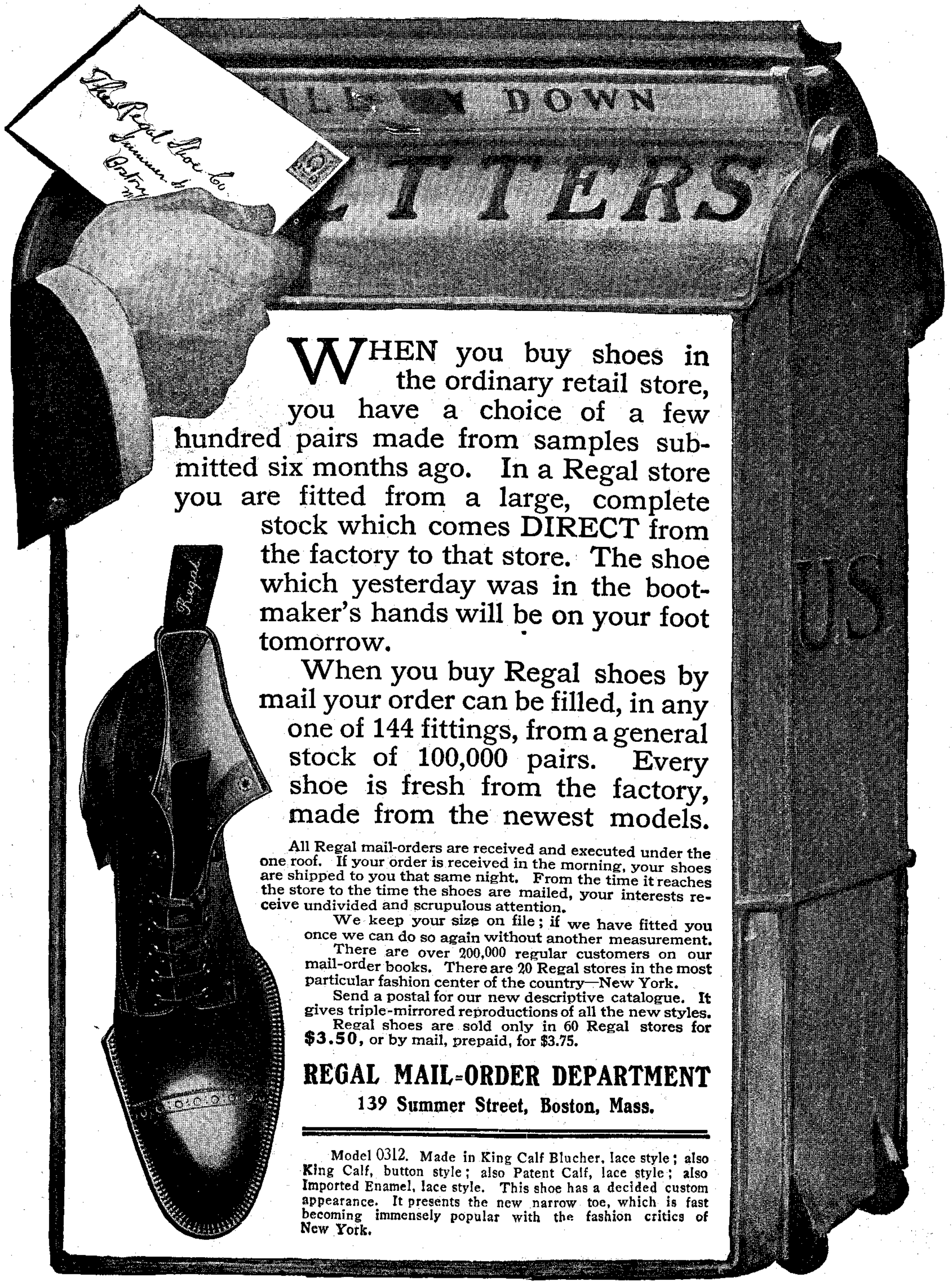

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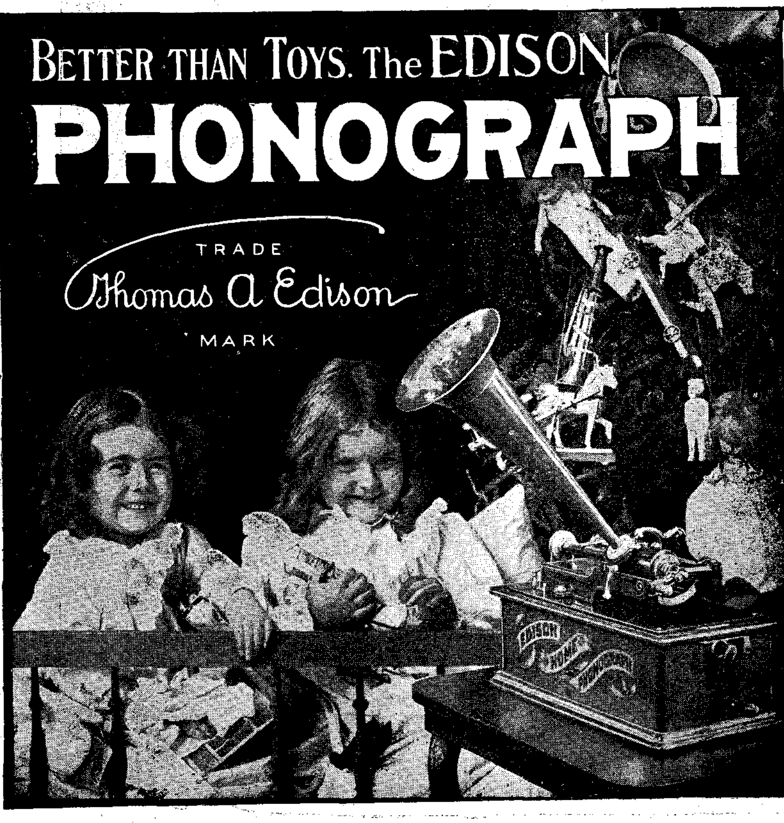

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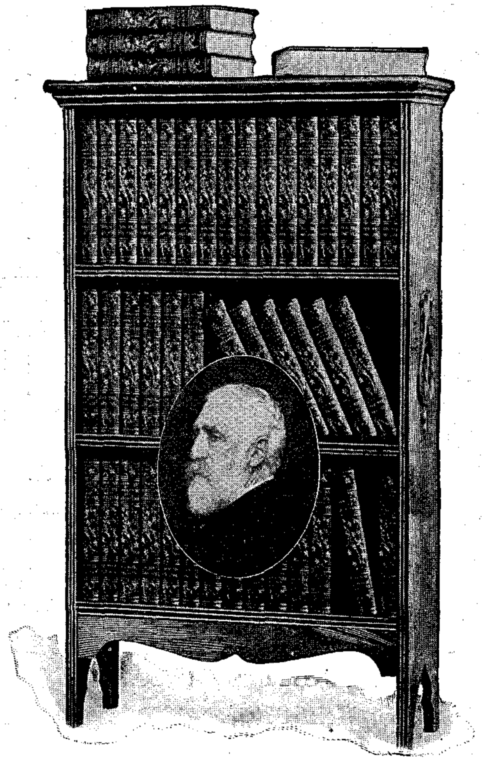

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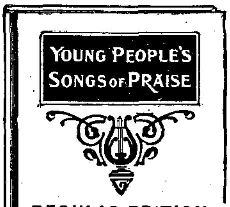

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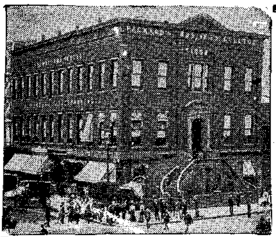

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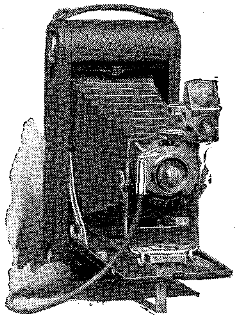

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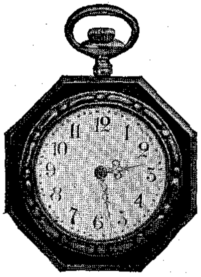

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